EXCLUSIVE

The Final Irony of Senator Joe McCarthy

By His Lawyer Edward Bennett Williams

The Saturday Evening POST

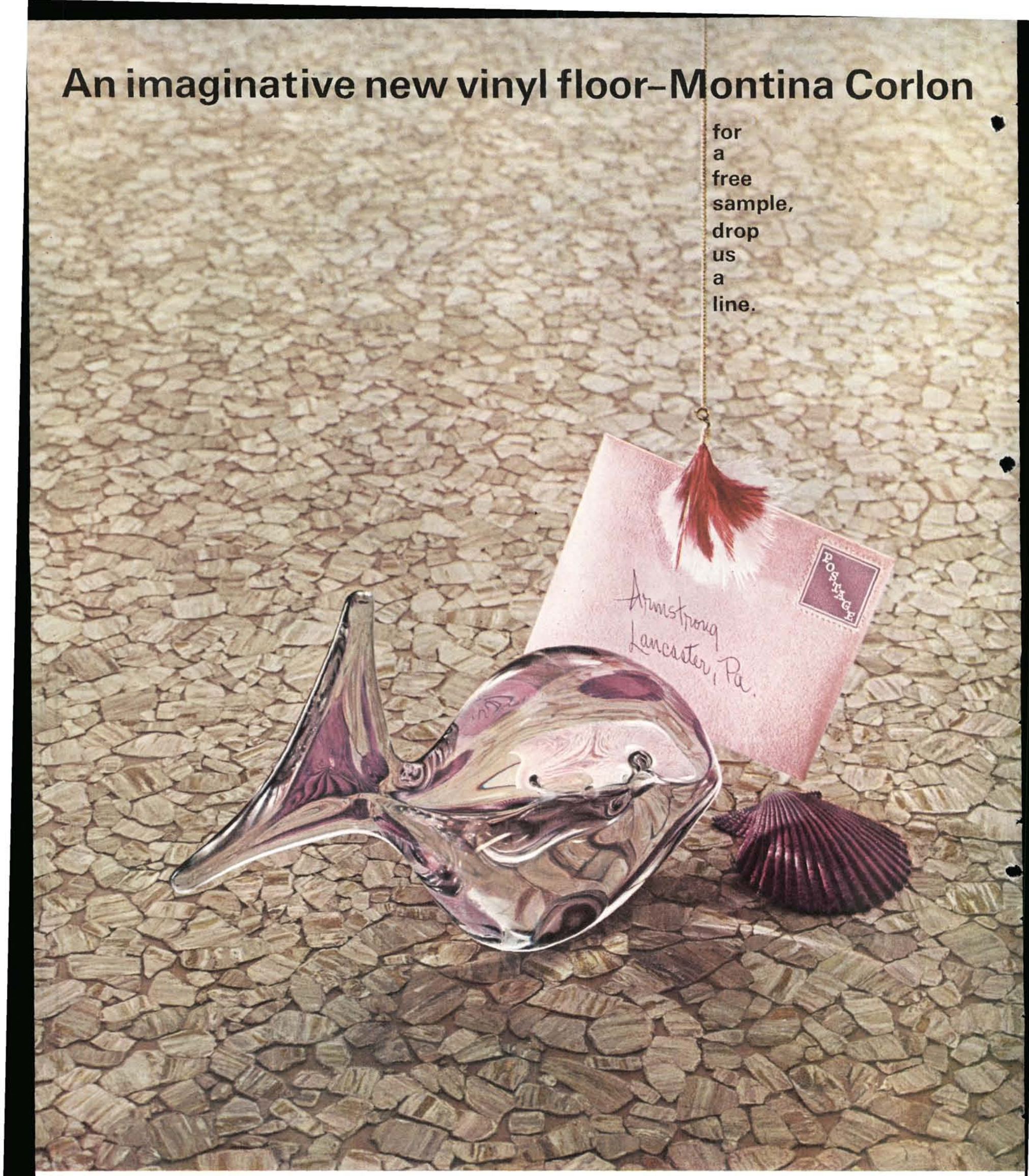
June 9, 1962

20¢

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

An imaginative new vinyl floor–Montina Corlon

for a free sample, drop us a line.



Everything about Montina Corlon is refreshingly new. Each vinyl chip is delicately veined with color, each irregularly shaped. And all are of different sizes, like pebbles on a beach. They're set in translucent vinyl, creating intriguing random patterns and a gently textured surface. You can use this new sheet vinyl floor in any room in your home—even in a downstairs recreation room, directly on the concrete. Drop us a line for a free sample of Montina Corlon and a folder showing its fashionable colors. Armstrong, 6206 Madison St., Lancaster, Pa. In Canada, Dept. 62-J, Box 919, Montreal, P.Q. □ Montina Corlon is one of the famous Armstrong VINYL FLOORS

SHOWN, STYLE 86700. MONTINA AND CORLON® ARE TRADEMARKS OF ARMSTRONG CORK CO. FLOOR PATTERN COPYRIGHTED.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

gargle LISTERINE and be sure

Anytime, anywhere, anybody can have bad breath, because most bad breath is caused by germs in mouth and throat. Listerine is antiseptic—to kill germs in mouth and throat on contact, by millions. It combines more active ingredients for killing mouth germs and stopping bad breath than any other leading oral antiseptic or mouthwash. Listerine stops bad breath instantly and for hours on end. *You actually feel it working.* LISTERINE® ANTISEPTIC

SPECIAL OFFER BY LISTERINE!

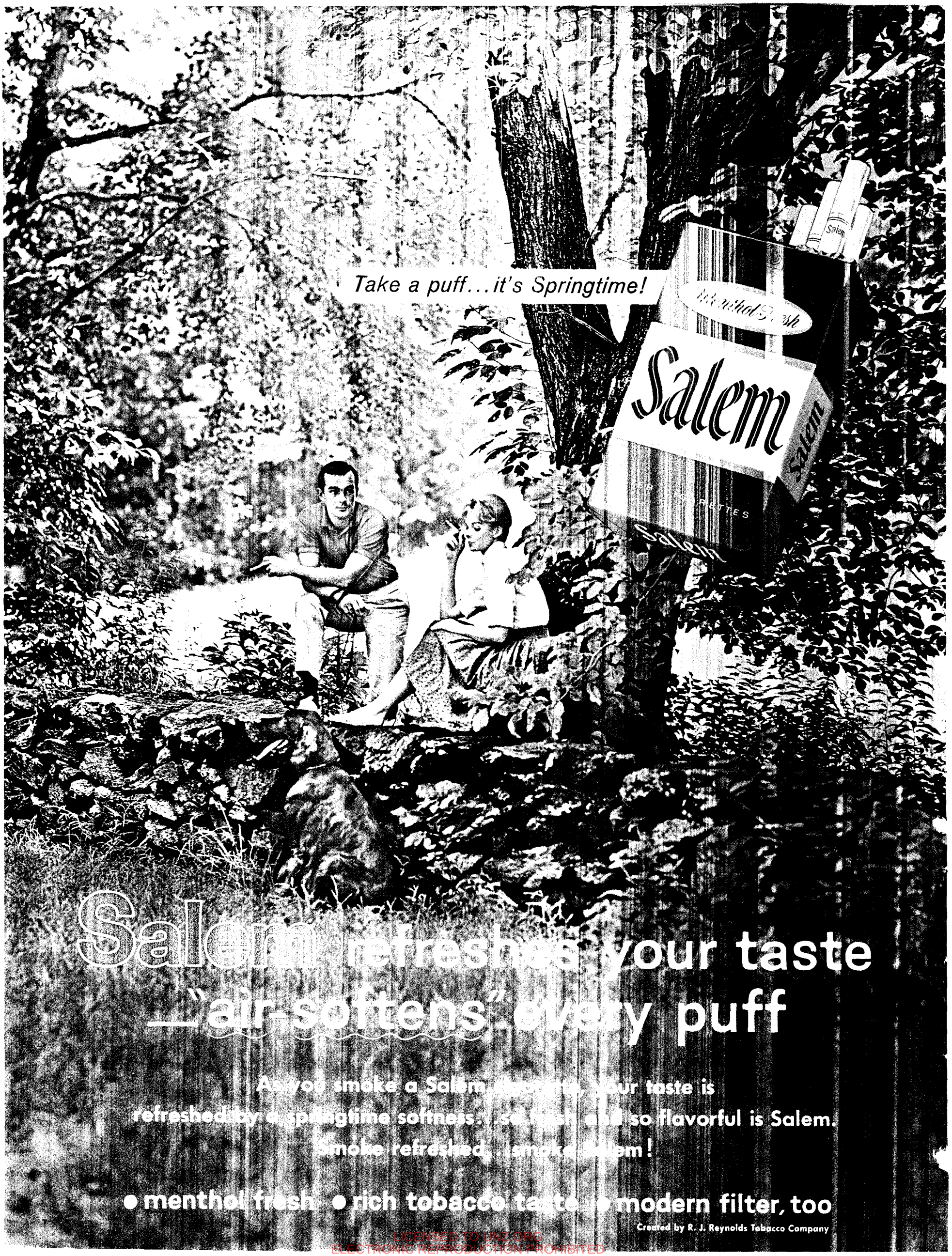
HOME "WEATHER STATION"

ONLY $2.00 and a Listerine wrapper (reg. $5.00 value)

Precision, bi-metal construction Thermometer and Humidity Meter mounted on rich, wood-grained panel, for home or office.

ORDER NOW: Mail $2.00 (check or money order payable to Weather Station) your name and address, plus the wrapper from medium or large Listerine Antiseptic—to Weather Station, P.O. Box 292, Morris Plains, N. J. Offer good only in continental U.S., Alaska and Hawaii; except where regulated, licensed, taxed or otherwise prohibited by law. Delivery in 21 days. Offer expires August 31st, 1962.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED


Take a puff... it's Springtime!
Salem
Salem
Salem
Salem refreshes your taste
"air-softens" every puff
As you smoke a Salem, your taste is
refreshed by springtime softness. So fresh and so flavorful is Salem.
Smoke refreshed... smoke Salem!
• menthol fresh • rich tobacco taste • modern filter, too
Created by R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Editor:
ROBERT SHERROD

Managing Editor:
CLAY BLAIR JR.

Art Editor:
KENNETH STUART

Assistant Managing Editors:
JOHN BIRD
DAVIS THOMAS

Foreign Editor:
MARTIN SOMMERS

Washington Editor:
STEWART ALSOP

Photography Editor:
DOUGLAS BORGSTEDT

Senior Editors:
BEN HIBBS
RICHARD THRUELSEN
STUART ROSE
PETE MARTIN
ROBERT MURPHY
WESLEY PRICE
ROBERT L. JOHNSON JR.
WILLIAM K. GOOLRICK

Contributing Editors:
BEVERLY SMITH JR., *Special Assignments*
ARTHUR W. BAUM, *Business*
DEMAREE BESS, *Foreign Affairs*
ERNEST O. HAUSER, *Foreign Affairs*
HARRY T. PAXTON, *Sports*
STEVEN M. SPENCER, *Science*
HAROLD H. MARTIN, *Special Assignments*
JOHN KOBLER, *Special Assignments*
PETER WYDEN, *Special Assignments*
DON A. SCHANCHE, *Special Assignments*
BILL DAVIDSON, *Special Assignments*
PETER MAAS, *Special Assignments*
ROUL TUNLEY, *Special Assignments*

Assistant to the Editor:
DAY EDGAR

Associate Art Editor:
FRANK KILKER

Associate Editors:
PEGGY DOWST CRONLUND
ARNOLD NICHOLSON
ASHLEY HALSEY JR.
MERRILL POLLACK
RICHARD L. LEHMAN
BILL BREISKY
MORTON D. HULL
ROBERT N. TAYLOR
IRV GOODMAN
THOMAS B. CONGDON JR.
ROBERT CAHN
ART SEIDENBAUM
KATHARINE BRITTON MISHLER
BENTON R. PATTERSON
JOHN R. WELLS
ZEN YONKOVIG
JACK HARING
DAVID A. LYLE

Assistant Editors:
WILLIAM J. BAILEY
GWEN LYSAUGHT
VIVIAN CROAKE WARD
MARY DUNCAN WRIGHT
DICK PRYCE
HOMER GROSVENOR
HAROLD P. HOSTETLER
NATHAN A. HAVERSTOCK
ELIZABETH L. GREEN
DON OBERDORFER

Editorial Assistants:
GLADYS ANN MÜLLER
JANE DENIS SMITH
SALLY A. REUKAUF
ROGER VAUGHAN
ANDREE L. ABECASSIS
STEPHEN BERG
JOHN HORAN
KENT OWEN
NANCY MAHONEY

© 1962 The Curtis Publishing Company in U.S. and Great Britain. All rights reserved. Title reg. U.S. Patent Office and foreign countries. Published weekly with the two year-end issues combined. Second-Class postage paid at Phila., Pa., and at additional mailing offices. Entered as Second-Class Matter at the Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada, by Curtis Distributing Company, Ltd., Toronto, Ont., Canada. **Subscription Prices:** U.S. and Possessions, 1 Yr., $5.95; longer terms $5.00 each additional year. Canada add $1.00 per year. Pan American Countries, 1 Yr., $8.45. All other countries 1 Yr., $10.95. **Unconditional Guaranty.** We agree, upon request direct from subscribers to the Philadelphia office, to refund the full amount paid for any copies of Curtis publications not previously mailed. **The Curtis Publishing Company,** Robert E. MacNeal, President; Mary Curtis Zimbalist, Sr. Vice Pres.; Cary W. Bok, Sr. Vice Pres.; Edward C. Von Tress, Sr. Vice Pres. and Director of Advertising; E. Huber Ulrich, Sr. Vice Pres. and Director of Circulation; Ford F. Robinson, Sr. Vice Pres. and Manager, Business Department; Brandon Barringer, Treasurer; Robert Gibbon, Secretary; Peter E. Schruth, Vice Pres. and Advertising Director of The Saturday Evening Post. The Company also publishes Ladies' Home Journal, Jack and Jill, Holiday and The American Home.

Changing Your Address?
DON'T FORGET YOUR POST

The Post Office will not forward copies unless you pay extra postage and we cannot replace lost copies. SO PLEASE . . . at least six weeks before the first issue to go to the new address, send us your new address, including postal zone, your old address and a label from a back copy. With SERVICE ADJUSTMENT requests send us latest mailing labels, including those from duplicate copies.

POST Subscription Service, Philadelphia 5, Pa.

In This Issue

Volume 235, Number 23

ARTICLES

Speed Reading Is the Bunk (*Speaking Out*) . . . . . *By Eugene Ehrlich* 10
The Final Irony of Joe McCarthy (Part 1 of 3) . *By Edward Bennett Williams* 21
Paintings by a Prodigy . . . . . *By Art Seidenbaum* 36
Durable Den of Wits . . . . . *By Corey Ford* 40
Manuel Ycaza: Terror on Horseback . . . . . *By Sandy Grady* 65
An American Hero (Conclusion) . . . . . *By Don A. Schanche* 91

FICTION

Take a Chance . . . . . *By Louis Paul* 30
Coffin Ship (Part 1 of 2) . . . . . *By Norman Reilly Raine* 54
Symphony for Solo Cornet . . . . . *By Paul Darcy Boles* 82

DEPARTMENTS

Letters 4
People on the Way Up 32
Post Scripts 76
Hazel 88
Editorials 96

Edward Bennett Williams, whose three-part series begins on page 21, has attained the status of a legend at the age of forty-two. During the past three years he has lectured at twenty-five American law schools, including Harvard, Yale and Columbia. In setting out to write, Mr. Williams says quite simply, "I wanted to document my conviction that most of the history of civil liberties in this country has been written in the criminal courtrooms." Here you will read about Frank Costello, Adam Clayton Powell, James Hoffa, Bernard Goldfine, Joseph R. McCarthy and Mrs. "Machine Gun" Kelly.

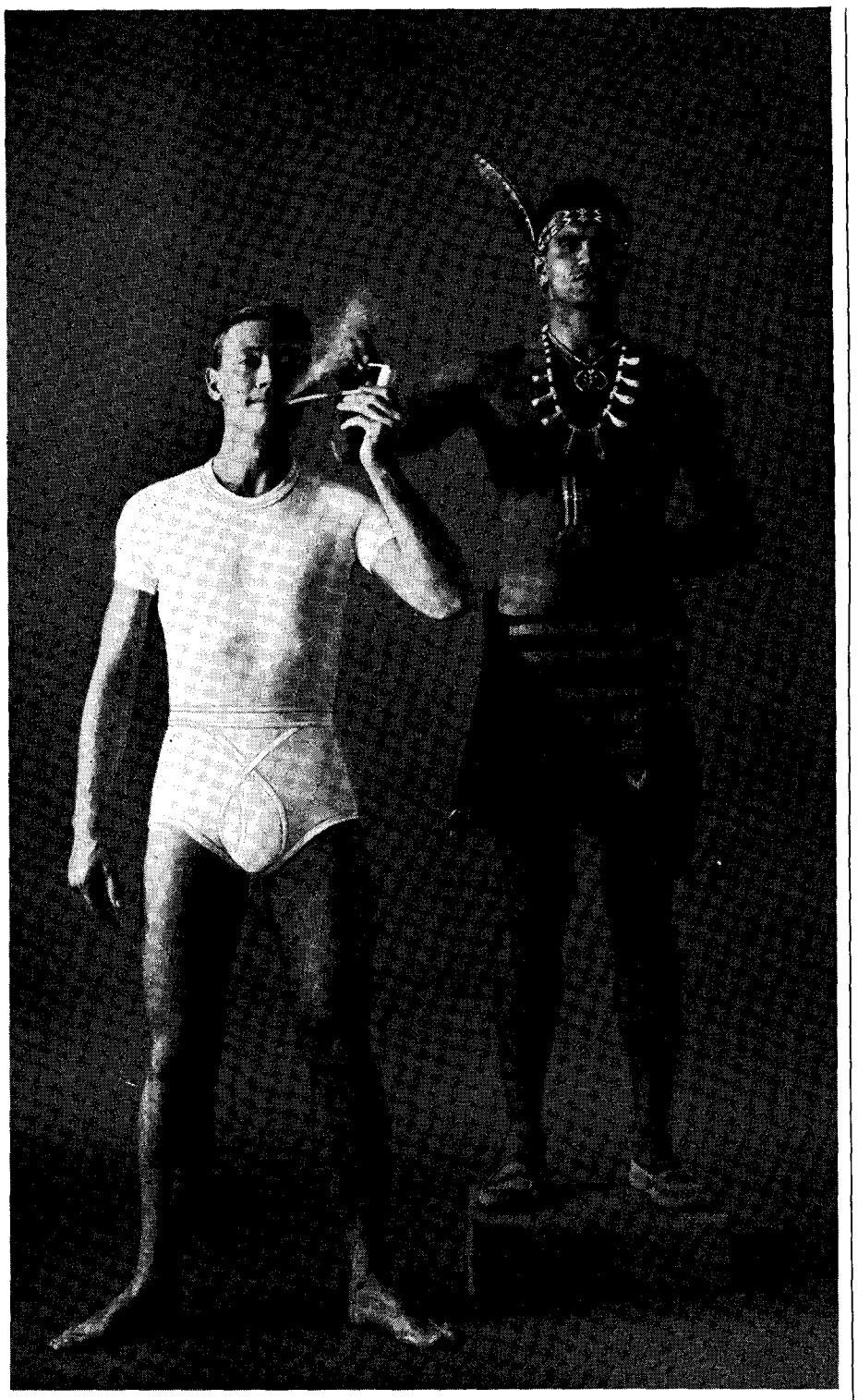
Mr. Williams's clients include "the scorned and the degraded, or the nonconformist and the unorthodox." Why? Mr. Williams quotes Justice Frankfurter's famous sentence, "The safeguards of liberty have frequently been forged in cases involving not very nice people."

Mr. Williams was born in Hartford, Connecticut, won a scholarship to Holy Cross College, where he was graduated *summa cum laude* in 1941, then went into the Army Air Forces. He studied law at Georgetown University in Washington, D.C., and stayed on until 1956 to teach criminal law and procedure. He began practice with a "respected law firm" in Washington, later opened his own office to defend those who frequently assayed low in the scale of respectability. He lives outside Washington with his wife and four children.

Other By-Lines. Reading expert **Eugene Ehrlich** is a stern father: "I have four children, each of whom must read one book a week in order to buy time in front of the television tube. No reading, no watching." . . . Art on art: Associate Editor **Art Seidenbaum,** our man in Los Angeles, writes about art prodigy Janel Lessing. . . . Durable wit **Corey Ford** of Hanover, New Hampshire, has been a member of The Players Club (DURABLE DEN OF WITS) since "the unripe age of twenty-four." . . . **Sandy Grady** writes a sports column for the Philadelphia *Bulletin*. . . . **Don A. Schanche** is a special-assignments editor in our Washington bureau. . . . When **Louis Paul** was a lad, he used to conjure up adventures for one of his favorite schoolmistresses. Final result: TAKE A CHANCE. . . . Hollywood's **Norman Reilly Raine,** author of COFFIN SHIP, has written for many years about the sea and the men who sail upon it. . . . While trumpeting with a school marching band in Gary, Indiana, at age ten, **Paul Darcy Boles** (SYMPHONY FOR SOLO CORNET) fell down an open manhole "and hardly missed a note of whatever it was we were playing."

The Cover. The ceremony has been consummated, and although the sun is shining, the reception appears to be wet. Artist Ben Prins has used the New Canaan, Connecticut, Country Club as the backdrop for this June-wedding reception. But he borrowed most of the wedding party and guests from the wedding of Eugene Kincaid and the former Jean Porter. Gene and Jean met at West Virginia Wesleyan College, were "received" at the bride's home in Wilton, Connecticut, presently live in Savannah, Georgia. Now their party's over: The groom works for a bank and the bride is an assistant librarian.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Healthknit®

the best value since the loincloth

Time was when heap big chiefs would tan their deerskin underwear. But these loincloths only made redskins redder. ■ *Geronimo!* Along came Healthknit underwear, and the hunting party found comfort! Briefs with patented cross tapes to give a man positive support and more freedom of action. T-shirts with reinforced "Spring-back" collars that won't sag, keep their smart shape. Undershirts that are trim and comfortable. ■ Best of all, you don't get scalped on the price. Healthknit costs less—saves you as much as ⅓ over underwear of comparable quality. Honest injun! Switch to Healthknit. Briefs: Men's 89¢ to $1; Boys' 69¢ to 79¢. T-Shirts: Men's $1; Boys' 79¢. Undershirts: Men's 79¢; Boys' 59¢.

underwear, sleepwear, sportswear, bonded sox

Arthur Godfrey talks about Healthknit on the CBS radio network.

Healthknit, Knoxville 1, Tennessee

LETTERS

Was it *Un*loveliest Day?

Dear Sirs:

I have liked to pass on to others our *Saturday Evening Post*s, but the May 5 issue I shall burn. Can't risk having an adolescent read THE LOVELIEST DAY [by Shirley Ann Grau]. Since when is promiscuity accepted with no suggestion of guilt?

GRACE B. SHOTWELL
Santa Fe, N. Mex.

Dear Sirs:

Thank you for publishing the story by Shirley Ann Grau. It's the most marvelous piece of fiction writing I've seen in a long time.

PEGGY STEPHENS
Homestead, Fla.

Dear Sirs:

Here is a beautiful bride and obviously a story about her wedding day. Then to discover it is nothing but a spoiled rich brat who gets drunk at wild parties, gets herself pregnant by some man she barely knows, tricks an innocent man into marriage and then tries to cover it all up with a fancy formal wedding! Is this what the teen-agers of our families should be reading? . . . Must we always have it thrown in our face that the spoiled rich can buy their kids out of anything?

MRS. RICHARD BROWN
Belleville, Ill.

Dear Sirs:

The Post could have had only one motive—exposure of a current evil—in publishing THE LOVELIEST DAY. Let us hope your young readers recognize irony.

MRS. G. A. COOK SR.
Trenton, N.J.

Michener Candidacy Debated

Dear Sirs:

James A. Michener's statement regarding his reasons for entering politics [SPEAKING OUT: WHY I AM RUNNING FOR CONGRESS, May 5] is the best I have ever read. I sincerely hope that safe, secure, never-get-involved citizens of this country have an opportunity to read it. It is only when the "good" people avoid involvement in their government that this democracy suffers.

ALEX CANJA
Lansing, Mich.

Dear Sirs:

I was very much surprised not to find the words "Paid Political Advertisement" at its conclusion.

ARNOLD HUPPERT SR.
Livingston, Mont.

Dear Sirs:

Mr. Michener's article reflects his ability as a writer. The country is already going broke from the dedicated efforts of too many Democrats in government. Someone should tell him.

E. J. BALLUFF
Detroit, Mich.

Dear Sirs:

I find James A. Michener's defense of this science of government to be mostly refreshing. . . . I like the fairness in his campaign-technique philosophy. And, writing of fairness, *The Post* [should] present the "Speaking Out" of Mr. Michener's opponent on, maybe, "Why I Want to Stay in Congress."

JESSE D. GROSS
Municipal Court Clerk
Canton, Ohio

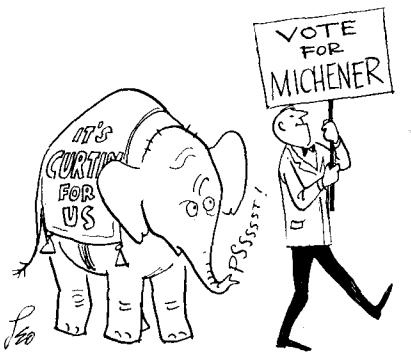
Dear Sirs:

It is one of the finest and most encouraging articles I have read in years. What we need in this country is more men with such ideas and ideals.

MARGARET O. STONE
Lexington, Ky.

Dear Sirs:

Bravo to Mr. Michener on his article. It just so happens, however, that although I agree with his views on politics, I disagree with his political views. So, just for the record, how about printing the name of the man whom he is



running against in November—the incumbent, the Honorable Willard S. Curtin.

MRS. ROBERT P. SMITH
Allentown, Pa.

● *Representative Curtin, fifty-six-year-old former Bucks County district attorney, is a Republican seeking his fourth term in Congress from Pennsylvania's Eighth District.—ED.*

They Praise Menninger Series

Dear Sirs:

Your fine four-part series on THE MENNINGERS OF KANSAS [by Steven M. Spencer, Apr. 7–28] must have been enlightening to many people who have known so little about the nation's No. 1 health problem, mental illness. A copy of each of the above-mentioned issues of *The Post* was mounted, open to first page of story, on bright-colored poster boards. This display was used as part of the Northwest Arkansas Mental Health Association's exhibit for the Fayetteville High School Careers Day program, to encourage students to choose a future in mental-health work.

MARGARET AIKEN LANG
Cochairman, Education Committee
Northwest Arkansas Mental Health Assn.
Fayetteville, Ark.

Dear Sirs:

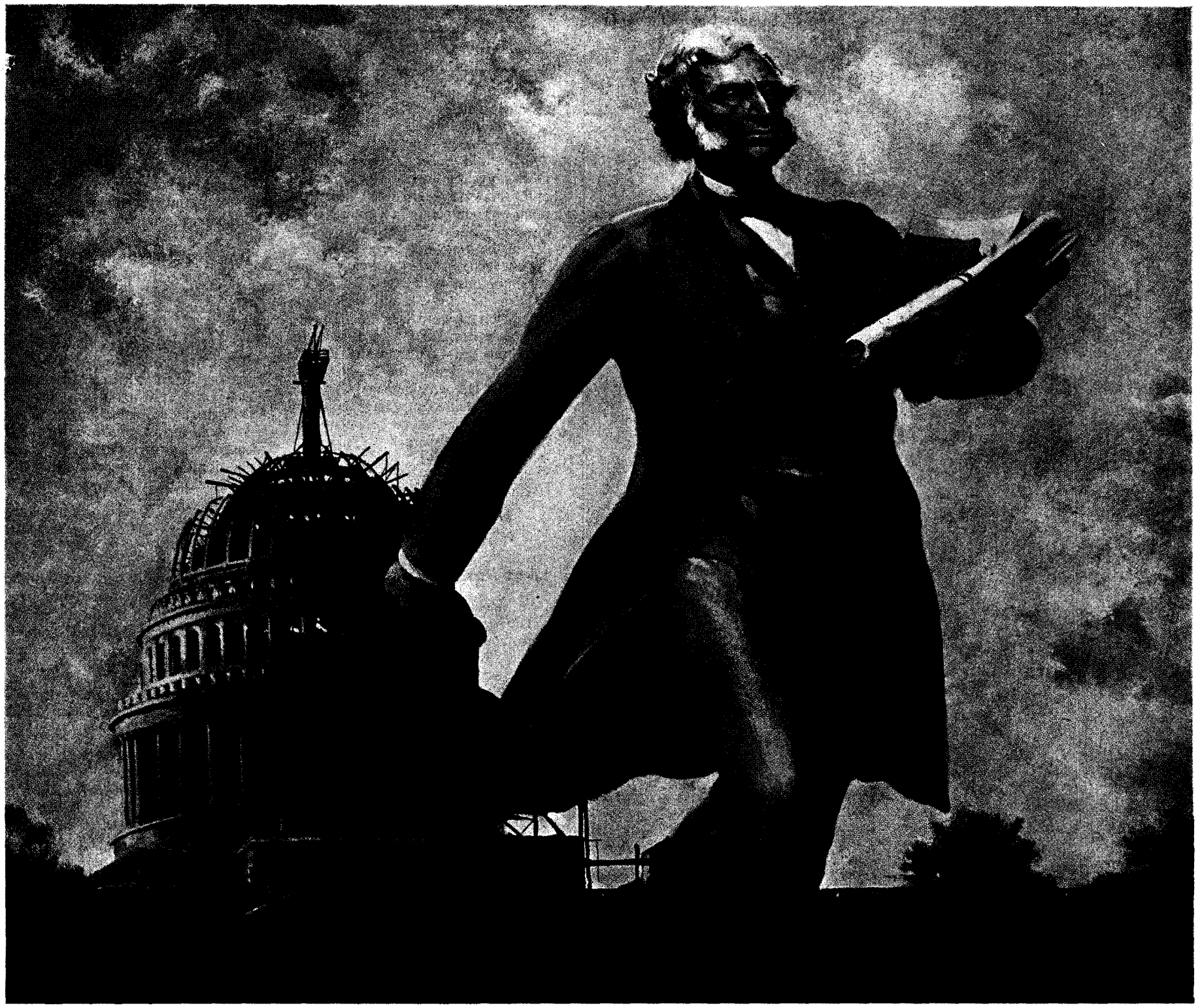
The public everywhere should learn that the mentally ill need compassionate and humane, and therefore healing, care and treatment—not custodial neglect. Like all other sick people, the mentally ill need our help—never our hindrance. My congratulations to you and the Doctors Menninger.

PAUL H. ADRIANCE
Moses Lake, Wash.

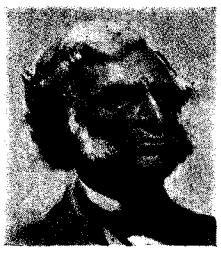
Dear Sirs:

The following incident points up what Steven Spencer is saying in his

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



He gave us freedom to learn...



Justin S. Morrill

IT USED TO BE that only the sons of rich men went to college. And it might still be that way if it weren't for the son of a hard-handed, plain-talking blacksmith from Vermont, a man named Justin Smith Morrill.

He was born with a gnawing hunger to learn. But his father was too poor to send his son to college. And that was something Morrill never forgot.

He educated himself as best he could. He borrowed books. In a bustling country store he learned the principles of sound business management and the hard facts of basic economy. And he learned to stand on his own two feet and speak out for the things he believed in.

When the people of Vermont sent him to Washington to represent them in Congress, Morrill soon discovered there were other men who felt as he did that education should be an opportunity open to all. They had an idea, and the idea was this: each state should be given so much government land. The land should be sold. The money should be used to set up colleges where young men and women, rich or poor, could satisfy their hunger to learn . . . not just history and Latin, important as they are, but the practical kinds of things that make a country flourish. Such as how to get the most from this good American soil. And how to bridge a river or dig a canal.

Few men ever worked harder for an idea, or argued more eloquently in its behalf. For five long years he pleaded and persuaded, until, just a hundred years ago, Abe Lincoln himself signed a paper that made that idea a law. We call it the Land-Grant College Act.

Today there are 68 Land-Grant Colleges and State Universities which are the fruit of Morrill's efforts. Each year they enable thousands of young Americans to gain the useful knowledge that was once beyond the reach of a poor blacksmith's son named Justin Morrill.

John Hancock
100 YEARS

JOHN HANCOCK MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY, BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Father's Day — June 17

almost every Dad wants Phillies cigars

from $1.38

Plus tax where applicable

LETTERS

excellent articles on THE MENNINGERS OF KANSAS:

Times change, and so do concepts. Ten-year-old Vincent Zubowicz, son of Dr. George Zubowicz, superintendent of the Osawatomie (Kansas) State Hospital, was competing in a county spelling bee. He had spelled down twenty-five of the thirty-one contestants, rolling out such words as "altercation" and "acrimonious" with ease.

Then he tripped and was eliminated—on the word "asylum." The boy had never heard the word. In fact, for forty-nine years the Osawatomie State Hospital was called the "State Insane Asylum." The name was legally changed in 1912. A half century later the son of the institution's superintendent had never heard the word.

DOROTHY C. BISHOP
Public Information Officer
Osawatomie State Hospital
Osawatomie, Kans.

Likes *Post's* Variety

Dear Sirs:

The May 5 issue, somewhat modified in format, is a happy medium. I like it better. . . . Your wide variance of articles gives a value to *The Post* which has increased through the years.

JOHN L. MEREDITH, *Exec. Secy.*
The Family Bible League
Chicago, Ill.

Dear Sirs:

Thank you, thank you, thank you for once again putting some cartoons on separate pages!

RANDY BOYD
Fort Lauderdale, Fla.

So It's the *British* Crown

Dear Sirs:

James Morris asks, "Will there be a Crown of England in our grandsons' hazy day?" [LOVE LETTER TO THE QUEEN, Apr. 21.] Then he feels "sure the British monarchy will survive." I also feel sure because Scotsmen, Welshmen, Irishmen, from the North at least, will continue to support the British monarchy. But it won't be the Crown of England then anymore than it is today.

It has been the British Crown and the British monarchy since the English and Scottish Crowns were joined in 1603, in the person of James Sixth of Scotland.

It was from James's daughter, Elizabeth Stuart's line, that Queen Victoria came to the throne, and the present queen is, as Mr. Morris points out, Victoria's great-great-granddaughter.

While I heartily approve of the sentiments of Mr. Morris's article, as a Scot I question his right to equate England with Britain, more so when he does it all in one sentence.

JOHN IVORY
Springfield, Mass.

Dear Sirs:

If James Morris had checked the royal genealogy, he would not have stated that Queen Elizabeth is descended from Henry VIII and Charles I. Henry VII and James I, yes; but their sons, Henry VIII and Charles I, no.

EARLE WHITTIER
Rehoboth Beach, Del.

● *Author Morris says, "I was careful to use the formula 'the blood runs in her' of Henry VIII and Charles I, and this is undeniable. James I's great-grandmother Margaret was Henry VIII's sister, and George I's grandmother Elizabeth was Charles I's sister."—ED.*

Coming . . . in next week's Post

The Costly Mutiny of
MARLON BRANDO

On Trial: Jimmy Hoffa and Adam Clayton Powell
By their lawyer Edward Bennett Williams

ALSO:

Russia's Clampdown on the Jews

Speaking Out: Let's Keep the Filibuster

Post Picture Credits *Reading across pages, then down:*
10–Robert Osborn. • 21–Philippe Halsman. • 22, 23–Wide World. • 25–Ollie Atkins. • 26, 27–Wide World. 29–Ollie Atkins. • 30, 31–Joe Bowler. • 32–Ormond Gigli. • 33–Bill Shrout. • 34, 35–Larry Keighley. • 36, 37, 38, 39–Bob Willoughby. • 40, 42, 50–Larry Fried. • 54, 55–Carroll N. Jones. • 65, 67–Jerry Cooke. • 68, 69–Pix • 70, 71–Jerry Cooke. • 82, 83–Douglass Crockwell. • 91, 92, 93, 95—Don Schanche

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

NEW POSES! For prints of Northern's 4 little girls (11" x 14") in their new poses, send 25c in coin to Northern, Box 895, Hinsdale, Ill. (Offer limited to U.S.)

"Oh, tie a string around your finger
So you won't forget
That Northern Tissue colors are
The softest colors yet."

Softness is Northern

Northern Tissue is made with fluff
Nothing else is soft enough

ANOTHER FINE PRODUCT OF AMERICAN CAN COMPANY

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

WITH TUFSYN... 1962 Custom Super-Cushion run for 21,501 fast-wear miles.

New Tufsyn in Goodyear tires

These 2 tires were run the same distance. On the same car. To let you see the difference Tufsyn makes in Goodyear's new tread compound.

What is Tufsyn? Tufsyn is the name for Goodyear's polybutadiene—the new *tough synthetic*—as developed and specially processed for use in Goodyear tires.

Tufsyn is different from conventional "rubbers"—either natural rubber or previous synthetics. It looks the same. It feels the same. It's in the same family. But, it's tougher. More durable.

Proof? Look at the unretouched photos above. The tire at the right—a 1961 Goodyear—is *famous* for mileage. That's why it was standard equipment on so many makes of new cars last year.

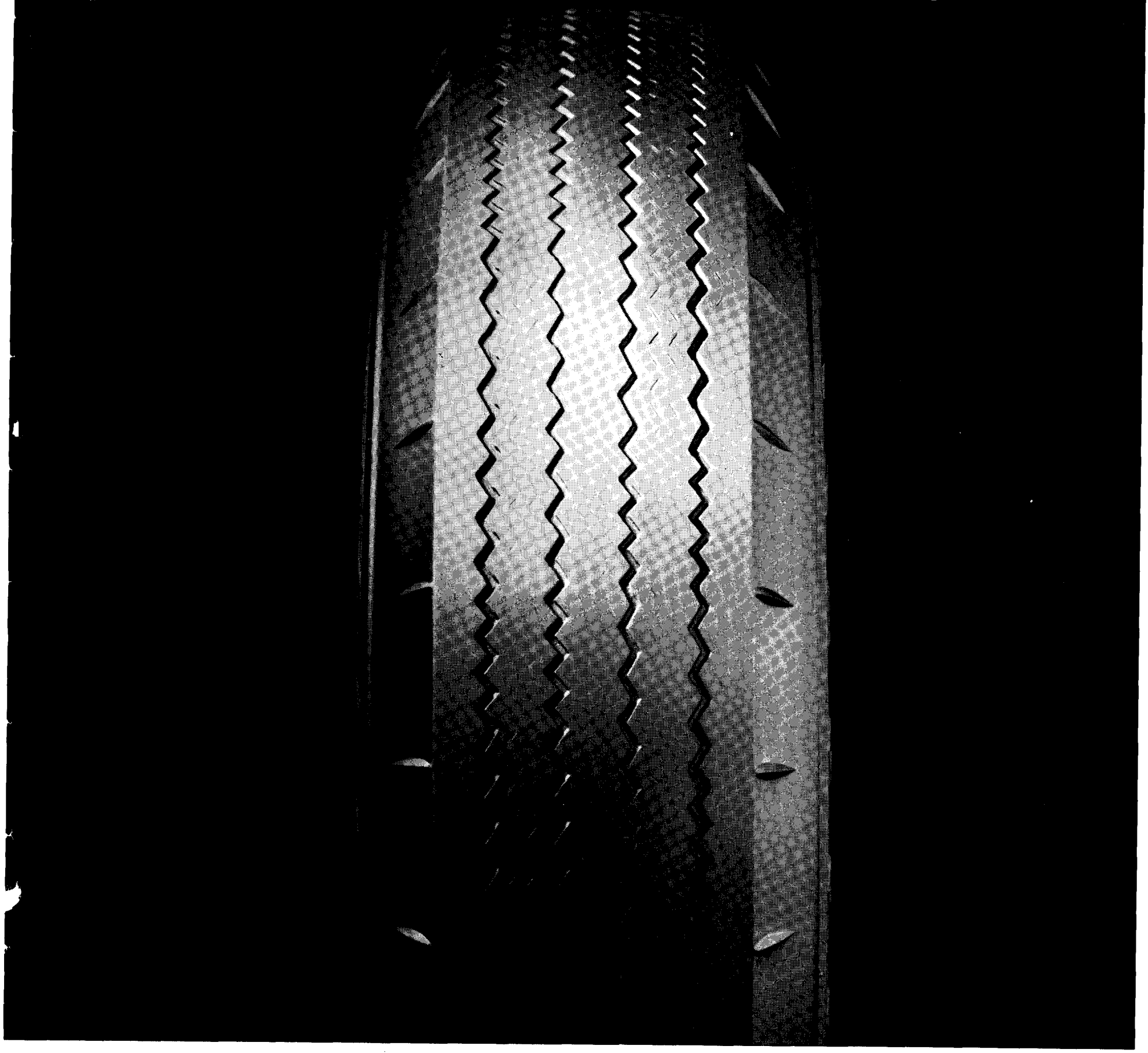
Thousands more miles with Tufsyn—The tire at the left—a 1962 Goodyear with Tufsyn in the tread compound—was still good for thousands of miles when the test was over. Remember—both tires went the *same* mileage over the *same* roads on the *same* car—rotated every 1000 miles. Speed: 60-65 mph.

And we didn't stop with the tread. We added new Tufsyn to the tire body, too—to make it safer. Because Tufsyn holds a tire together

TUFSYN, SUPER-CUSHION, T.M.'s THE GOODYEAR TIRE & RUBBER COMPANY, AKRON 16, OHIO

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

WITHOUT TUFSYN . . . 1961 Custom Super-Cushion run for the same mileage.



makes this much difference

better. Meaning you're better protected against separations, chunking, cracking, or chipping—especially at today's turnpike speeds.

25% more durable tire body—In fact, Tufsyn when combined with Goodyear's 3-T triple-tempered cord—now improved for even greater resistance to road shock—increases tire body durability by as much as 25%.

More than ever, you get a tire that's built for turnpikes. A tire that's *Turnpike-Proved*. And it's all made possible by Goodyear's *know how*.

Our constant search for *better* materials and *better* methods means you get a *better* tire. You can count on it.

Remember the name: Tufsyn. Because you're going to want it. Your Goodyear Dealer or Goodyear Service Store has it. Now.

GOODYEAR

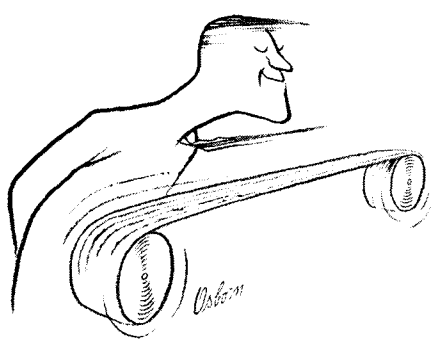
More People Ride On Goodyear Tires Than On Any Other Kind!

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Speed Reading Is the Bunk

Beware of "experts" who claim they can teach you to read thousands of words per minute. Nobody can read that fast.

By EUGENE EHRLICH



Wherever I go these days I hear people talking not about *what* they've read but about how *fast* they've read it. A lot of them have plunked down hard cash to self-designated "institutes," "foundations" and "laboratories" to learn the secret of reading up to 25,000 words a minute.

That's fast enough to gobble up *The Origin of Species* and *The Divine Comedy* in less than half an hour, or zip through the five-foot bookshelf of Harvard Classics over the weekend with time for golf or tennis. At such rates, say some speed readers, their biggest problem is turning the pages fast enough.

Before the speed merchants start selling a method for instant reading, thus eliminating even the need to open the book, I would like to reveal the real secret of reading improvement: that there isn't any secret.

Everything we know today about improving speed and comprehension has been known for at least the twenty years during which I've been conducting reading courses for university students, scientists and businessmen. Certainly an intelligent adult can learn to read better and faster. But in my opinion the claims made for speed reading are pure eyewash. It is not, in fact, reading at all, but a form of nonreading for the faster consumption of nonbooks.

The other day, at one of the corporations which hire me as a reading consultant, the head of an engineering group informed me that he and two of his associates had just completed a commercial rapid-reading course and could now read at the astonishing rate of 6000 words a minute. Another man had signed up for the course but hadn't started. When I suggested a speed-and-comprehension test the following week, the men agreed enthusiastically.

Eugene Ehrlich is in charge of reading improvement at Columbia University School of General Studies, consultant to industry on problems of reading and writing, and the author of How to Study Better and Get Higher Marks *(Crowell).*

The test I prepared was a typewritten composite of two articles from an engineering journal. Two lines of one article alternated with two lines of the other without regard for sense or punctuation.

I passed copies of this mishmash to my unsuspecting engineers and signaled them to begin. As the speed demons finished, they looked at me with an I-told-you-so expression. I clocked them at around 5500 words a minute. Then each read the material two more times "to make sure of the meaning." This cut the effective speed to the still fantastic score of about 1800 words a minute. The three were completely unaware that anything was amiss until their untrained colleague, still plodding along in the old-fashioned way, finally burst out, "Whoever typed this must have been nuts."

The men then took a standard reading test developed by Columbia University's Institute of Psychological Research. They were graded on the time they took to read five selections and on the number of questions they could answer correctly about what they had read. The man who hadn't started the rapid-reading course scored higher than two of the three who had completed it.

J.F.K., High-Speed Skimmer

How fast can people be taught to read? Let's start at the top. President Kennedy said recently that he was able to go through newspapers and certain other kinds of reading material at about 1200 words—or two columns of *Saturday Evening Post* type—per minute. But he was careful to point out that in reading that fast he was only hitting the main ideas. I know of few people who can skim faster than that and get much out of it.

In high-speed skimming you don't actually *read* more than a few hundred words a minute; you try to spot the key words and lines that give you the general drift of the material. How well you do this depends partly on your familiarity with the subject and partly on your familiarity with the structure of writing. In well-organized English prose, almost every paragraph contains a new thought and the key line is the first or the last.

The average word-by-word speed for college freshmen is 300–350 words a minute. That's for fairly light material of the kind one finds in a best-selling novel or a national magazine. The highest speed attained with such material by the thousands of individuals I've tested is about 800 words a minute. At this rate you could read this article in slightly less than four minutes. But speeds of 600–800 words per minute are as rare as "genius" scores on IQ tests. When I get my better students to read at 400–500 words a minute, I am tickled pink. I would never expect such speed on technical material.

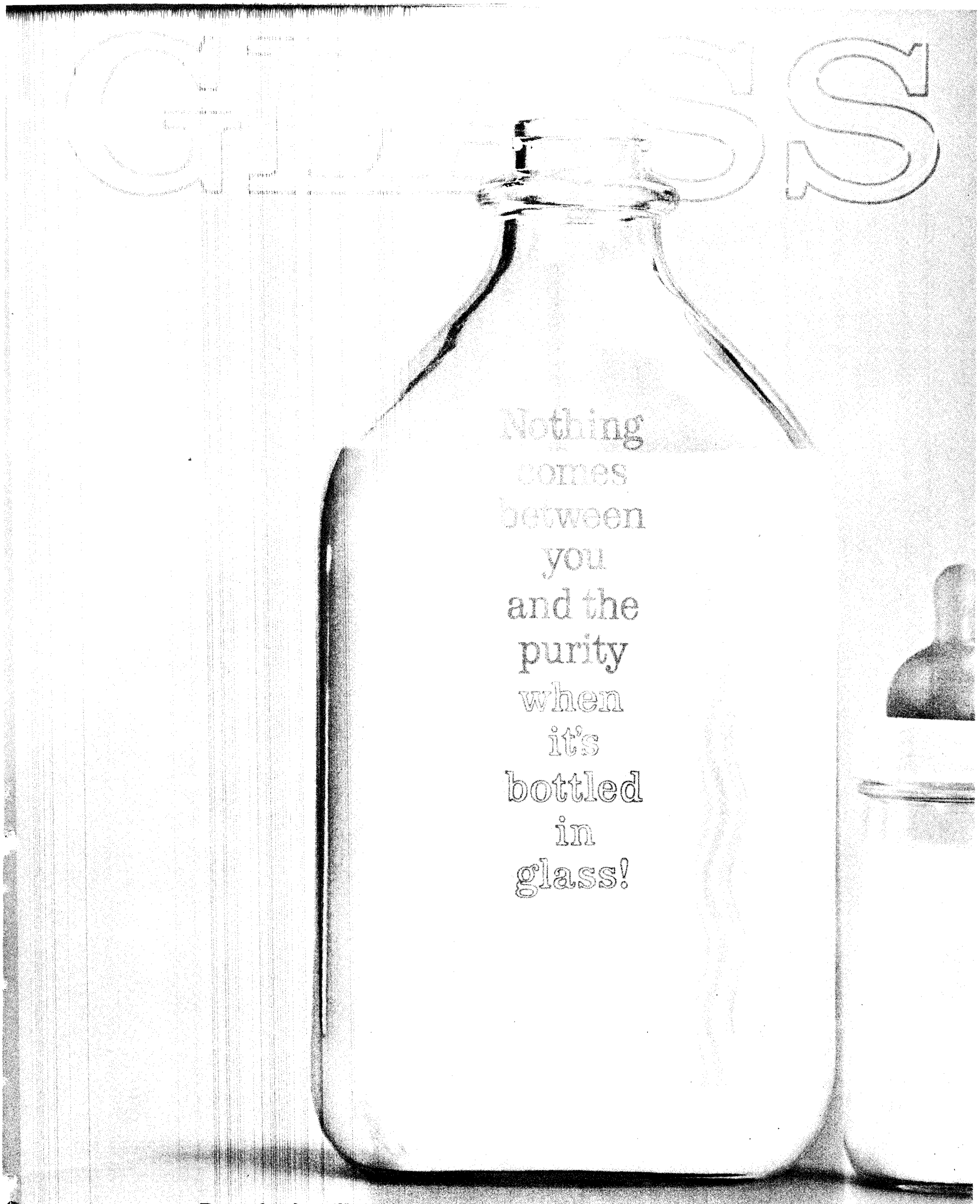
The Two Extremes

A few months ago at a meeting of the College Reading Association at Lafayette College in Easton, Pennsylvania, a colleague of mine who teaches reading at Temple University described his work with a group of law students. At the start of the course the students were reading law texts at a speed of seventy-five words per minute. After a whole semester of daily drills and exercises they had managed to raise their average speed to about 125 words per minute.

The next speaker was Mrs. Evelyn Wood, the former Utah schoolteacher who in 1959 founded the thriving Reading Dynamics Institute with headquarters in Washington, D.C., and branch schools in several cities. Mrs. Wood told us her institute doesn't feel it has succeeded if a student reads at less than 1000 to 2500 words a minute at the end of the 10 three-hour sessions. Her better students, she said, learn to read 10,000, 20,000, even 25,000 words a minute. The fee for the thirty-hour course is $150.

In the question period after her talk, Mrs. Wood turned aside critical questions by saying the only way skeptics could accept a method as revolutionary as hers was to attend a demonstration meeting. I attended two such demonstrations in New York. At the first one, three attractive young women and a young lawyer

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Pure, fresh milk stays so pure and protected in glass. Clean, clear glass never intrudes, never changes the flavor. **Wouldn't it be great if all milk came in glass?**

Glass Container Manufacturers Institute, 99 Park Avenue, New York 16

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

STOP

Isn't it time to say STOP? Your taxes have been used for years to push this country a long way down the dangerous road toward government ownership of business. And some people are proposing that billions more in taxes be spent for the same purpose.

They are proposing, for instance, that the federal government build electric power plants and power lines with money from you and other taxpayers. Yet there's not the slightest need for this kind of spending. America's investor-owned electric light and power companies can supply and deliver all the additional electricity the growing nation will need.

Needless spending of your tax money would be senseless at any time, but it's downright dangerous today when so many billions are needed for defense.

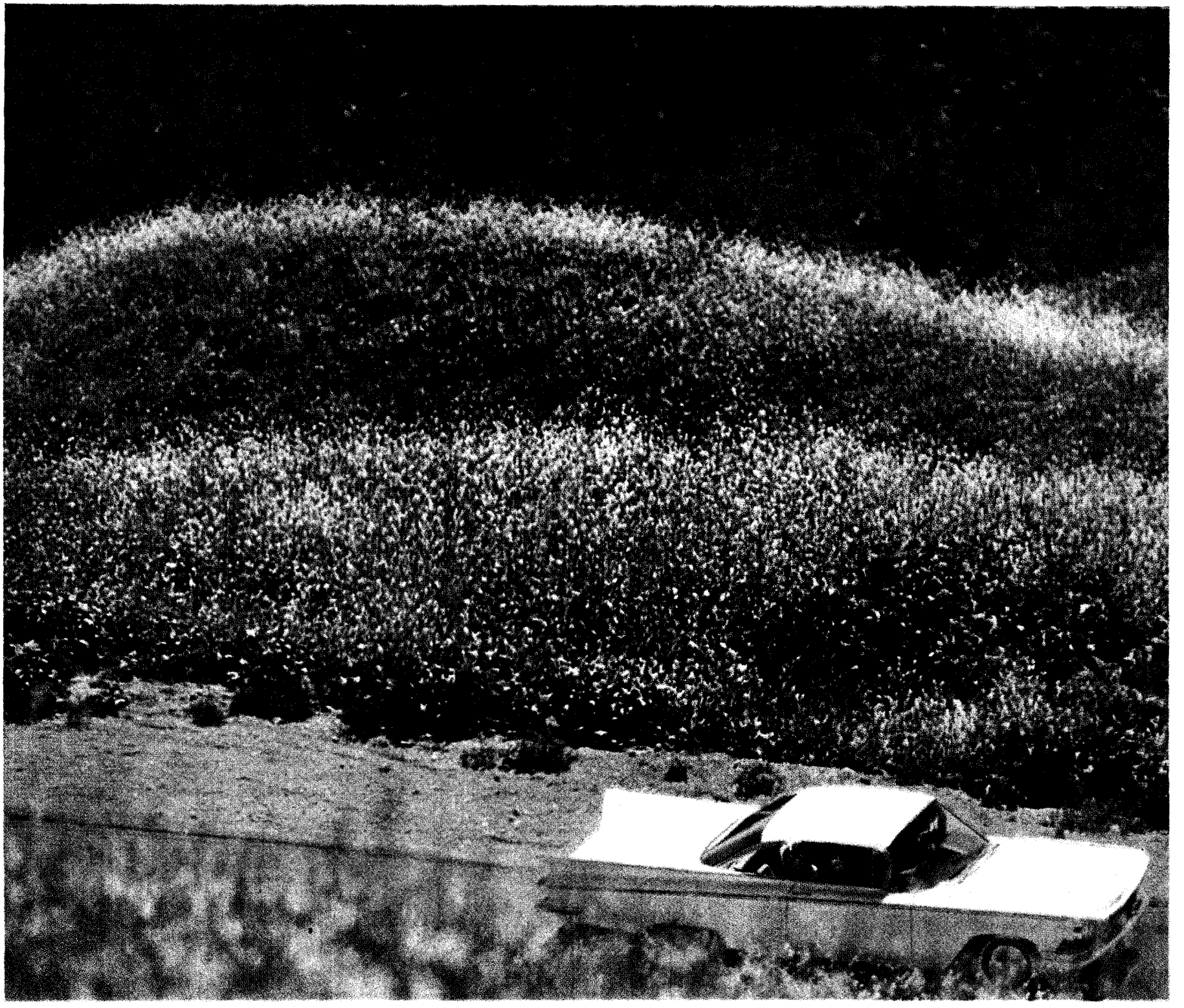
Isn't it time all taxpayers cried "STOP"?

Investor-Owned Electric Light and Power Companies

. . . OWNED BY 4,000,000 INVESTORS ACROSS THE NATION

Sponsors' names on request through this magazine

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Latigo Canyon, North of Los Angeles

YOU'VE LEFT CAR CARES BEHIND WHEN YOU

simply say Delco

It's the short way to say, "Fix 'er up so we can *really relax* on vacation." Your United Delco serviceman does the rest! ■ He tunes up your engine for response you can count on . . . checks shock absorbers, wheel bearings, cooling system and brakes for safety and comfort. He combines practical experience with the advantage of thorough instruction at United Delco Training Schools. And if replacement parts are needed, he installs Delco parts, engineered to work together perfectly. ■ Service is his specialty, and you'll find him just around the corner . . . way across the country . . . and everywhere in between. For a vacation that's *all* vacation, drive in where you see the United Delco "Circle of Service" . . . then relax!

LOOK FOR THIS SIGN WHEREVER YOU DRIVE

United Delco

. . . ELECTRICAL REPAIR SERVICE . . . BATTERY SERVICE

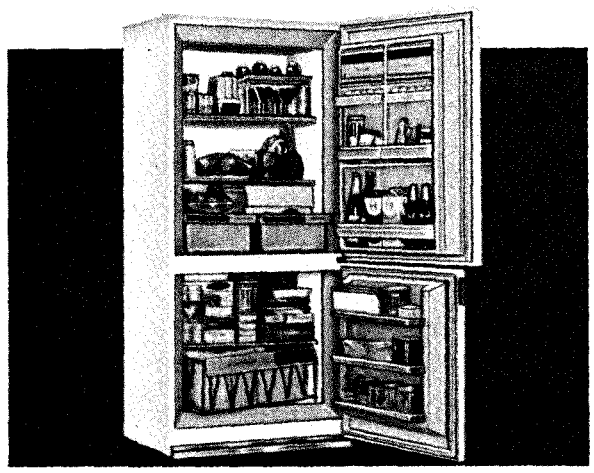
DELCO REMY ELECTRICAL SYSTEM PARTS • DELCO BATTERIES • DELCO ROCHESTER CARBURETORS, REPAIR KITS AND CHEMICALS • DELCO PACKARD WIRE AND CABLE • DELCO SUPERIDE SHOCK ABSORBERS • DELCO HARRISON THERMOSTATS • DELCO HYATT BEARINGS • DELCO NEW DEPARTURE BEARINGS • DELCO GUIDE AUTOMOTIVE LAMPS AND LAMP PARTS • DELCO MORAINE BRAKE FLUID AND BRAKE PARTS • DELCO APPLIANCE WINDSHIELD WIPER SYSTEMS, HEATER, DEFROSTER AND ACCESSORY MOTORS • DELCO RADIO AUTOMOTIVE RADIOS AND ELECTRO-MECHANICAL DEVICES

UNITED MOTORS SERVICE, Division of General Motors

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

New WIZARD refrigerator-freezer is loaded with best-buy features ... has fresh and frozen food capacity for 7 full days—*and nights!*

This Wizard Custom has exactly what most women want in a refrigerator-freezer. The most popular size — 12½ cubic foot capacity. The most popular *style,* too — a two-door model with separate true-zero freezer.



Full-size 187 lb. freezer and full-size refrigerator all in one frost-free unit. Total net capacity of almost 15 cubic feet in this frost-free, carefree Wizard Imperial Wondermart! 3WC1208

Freezer compartment stores up to 105 pounds of food. Freezer door has extra-deep shelf where you can keep half-gallons of ice cream — plus handy rack for frozen juices.

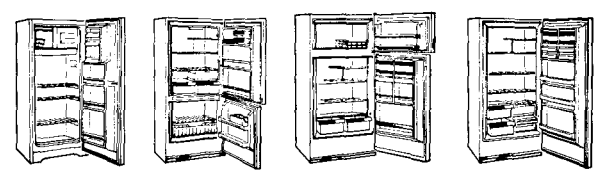
Automatic Defrosting in fresh food section. More than 19 square feet of shelf space! And extra-deep door storage with beverage and utility shelves, separate butter and cheese compartment, removable egg trays.

Lifetime Magnetic Doors with flush hinges on *both* compartments. And Wizard "Wonderwall" Construction eliminates all exterior condensation, as well as dirt-catching coils on back — lets unit fit flush against wall like a built-in.

One of the famous line of Wizard Major Appliances which have been chosen for quality over 1¾ million times!

Only $229.95 With Trade

3WC1204



There's a quality Wizard refrigerator to suit the needs of every family!

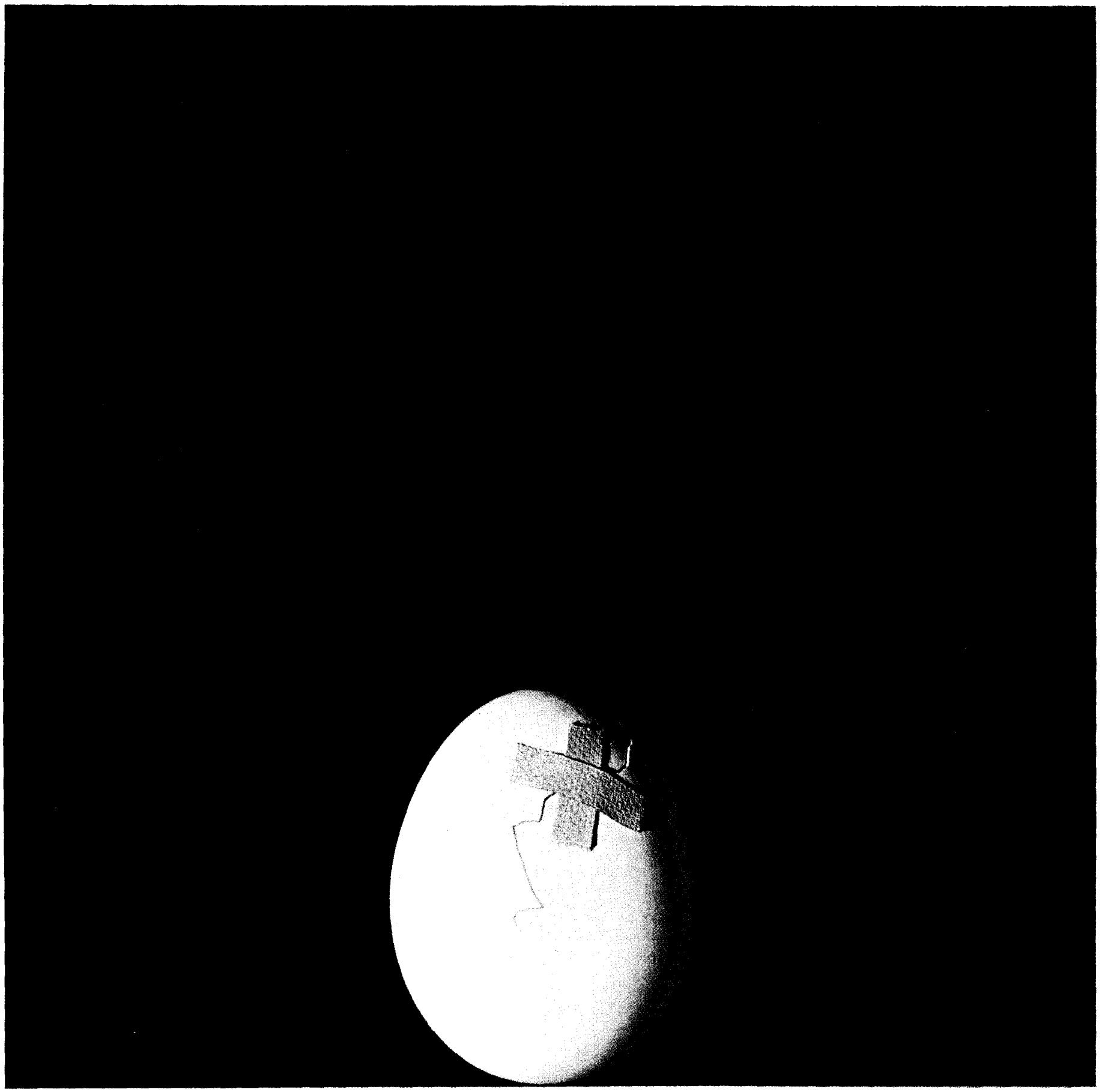
Offering outstanding values with satisfaction guaranteed or your money back...

Western Auto

the family store

Western Auto Dealers own their own stores and set their own prices and terms, which may vary in some parts of the U. S. (SP62)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



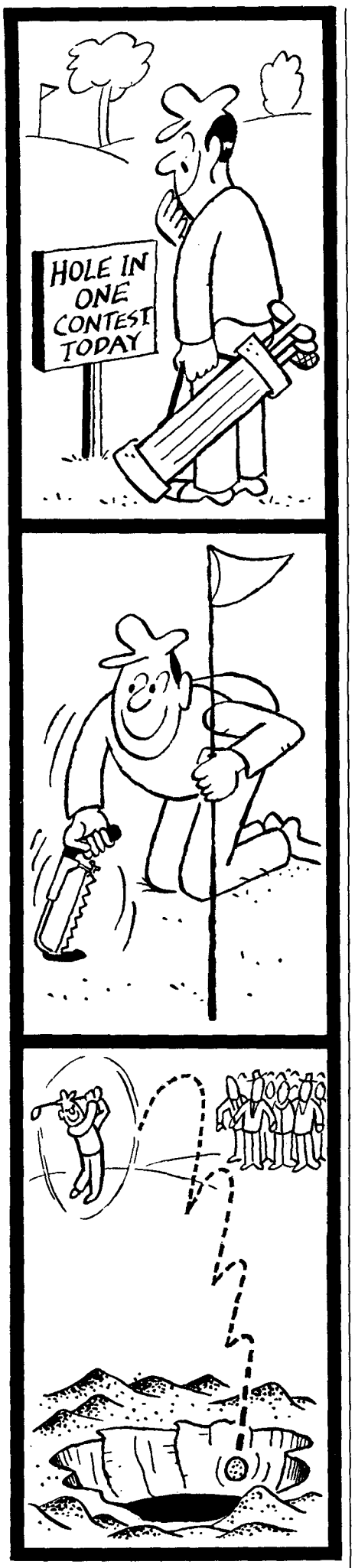
A *little* cracked?

No such thing. An egg is either cracked—or it isn't. The same thing is true of your savings. They are either safe — or they're not. And *that's* something you never have to worry about — when your money's *in the bank.*

BANK OF AMERICA ***–first in savings***

BANK OF AMERICA · NATIONAL TRUST AND SAVINGS ASSOCIATION · MEMBER FEDERAL DEPOSIT INSURANCE CORPORATION

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Blades—and "files for every purpose"

NICHOLSON

Files, Hacksaw and Band Saw Blades, Hole Saws, Rotary Burs, Industrial Hammers, Ground Flat Stock

NICHOLSON FILE COMPANY, PROVIDENCE 1, RHODE ISLAND

SPEAKING OUT

were seated with Mrs. Wood at a long table on a raised platform. As the meeting began, the four students were handed books which Mrs. Wood selected from a large carton.

While Mrs. Wood told the story of her great "discovery," the students quietly "previewed" their books by examining the dust-jacket blurb, the table of contents, the preface and selections from the first part of the text.

Finally, after ten minutes or so, Mrs. Wood gave the signal to start a three-minute reading bout. When the three minutes were up, the lawyer was the first to report. He said he had read thirty-one pages—about 12,400 words—at a little better than 4000 words a minute. When Mrs. Wood asked if anyone wanted to see the book to check what he had said about it, I raised my hand.

The young man had borrowed from the summary I found in the book jacket, had embellished this with some of his own thoughts and was warmly applauded. The clapping had scarcely died down before Mrs. Wood introduced one of the young ladies. I never did have a chance to say that the young man had turned the thesis of the book upside down. The author of the book was *for*, not against, changes in our economic structure to preserve our national productivity.

But the real prodigies were shown to us at the second meeting I attended. In a TV film of one of Mrs. Wood's classes in Washington, D.C., one high-school boy said he had read 130 books to prepare a civics theme. That's more than many graduate students read in preparing a Ph.D. dissertation. Another high-school lad said he had read 5000 books the previous year. If they were average-size books they would fill a shelf more than a city block long.

The audience tittered at such statements. But there was no laughing off three United States Senators—Talmadge of Georgia, Proxmire of Wisconsin and Symington of Missouri—who looked up from their books and told how fast they now were able to go through the mass of bills and other important documents that crossed their desks. Senator Symington estimated that he had learned to read with complete comprehension at 4000 words a minute and to get the gist of material at 14,000 words a minute.

Autosuggestion

Obviously these men honestly believed they could read that fast. But so did my engineering executives. The way their hands glided down the swiftly turned pages reminded me of playing a Ouija board to divine the answer to a question. Indeed, the whole speed-reading approach smacks of autosuggestion.

The simple and sure-fire way to find out exactly how fast a person reads is to have him read an article such as this while you time him. Then quiz him on what he has read. Another way is to use one of the standard tests developed and thoroughly validated by our colleges and universities. These tests are available to teachers, but the speed merchants will have nothing to do with them.

It seems almost incredible that intelligent adults can be persuaded that they can learn to read twenty, forty, even a hundred times faster than normal—and in a few lessons. Unfortunately, such claims obscure the fact that most adults really *can* improve their reading skills. If you are of average intelligence or better, and have no serious eye trouble, you might double your reading speed—but not as a result of the techniques generally used by the speed merchants. What most of these methods boil down to is getting you to stop reading one word at a time and to fixate on phrases. In the words of William Schaill, president of The Reading Laboratory, the idea is to "take larger and larger bites." One technique is to read down the middle of the column. Gradually, you are told, you will grasp the meaning of whole lines at a time, then whole paragraphs, and finally, according to Mrs. Wood, whole pages.

I say no one can get the meaning of more than a few words at a time.

Studies with the ophthalmoscope, the instrument that measures eye movements, fail to show that poor readers make many more stops or fixations per line than good readers. What slows down the poor reader is going back over a given line again and again.

It is not the number of words you can see at a glance that counts in good reading—an unlettered savage can see as many as you can—but the ability to extract the meaning of the words as they occur in sequence.

Reading, in short, requires you to see and understand words. But for the new-style speed-reader, words merely get in the way. The key to fast reading, as Mrs. Wood explains it, is "learning to unshackle yourself from words."

"The story rolls into you," she says. "You get the total impact."

To read swiftly and intelligently you must know what the words mean. Reading instruction without attention to vocabulary is like target practice without ammunition. And of course no one who is out to break speed records can pause to look up words in the dictionary. What's the need, when you don't even see the words as words?

Hope for the Slow Reader

If speed reading is the bunk, what *can* you do to improve your reading? First of all, diagnose your problem. Are you a poor reader? Or a good reader who reads too slowly?

The poor reader has trouble grasping a sentence. Words aren't quite real to him. The trouble here usually isn't lack of intelligence; you find many poor readers in college, managing somehow despite their reading handicap. The most common causes are inadequate schooling, a nonreading family background, emotional problems or faulty vision. The poor reader needs individual remedial training, and this takes patience and skill.

Happily, poor readers are relatively rare. Most adults who sign up for reading courses are fairly good readers who find there just aren't enough hours in the day to keep up with the rising tide of books, magazines, newspapers and professional literature. If you belong in this category, reading improvement is mainly a matter of practice. Test yourself to see how much you can read with comprehension in a given period. Then test yourself again—and again—trying each time to do better. Keep in mind two simple rules:

1. Don't glance back to recheck what you have read. Slow readers take a step or two backward for every forward step.

2. When you finish, ask: What have I read? This will help fix it in your mind.

To make any real progress you've got to practice, to push yourself. In my own classes I don't pretend to *teach* my students to read faster. I *exhort* them!

With children the problem is different. Reading instruction in school helps to mold the reading patterns of a lifetime, and this requires techniques and understanding. Public-school teachers are not uniformly excellent, but at least they must pass a qualifying examination and win accreditation from a board of educators. Often they have special training in reading and enough knowledge of psychology to help them recognize emotional problems.

There are no such standards for instructors in commercial reading schools. They follow a set routine. Every student gets the same treatment.

Some school administrators have brought in self-styled reading experts to set up training programs in schools. In every case I know of, the association was brief and unsatisfactory. This happened in the school my nephews attend and is apt to happen more and more in response to the pressure built up by speed-reading publicity.

The Mechanical Approach

Many commercial reading courses—and some college courses, too—depend less on live teachers than on mechanical pacing devices. Reading films illuminate a text, phrase by phrase, at the rate the viewer is supposed to read it. The tachistoscope flashes words and phrases on a screen. A battery-operated "occluder" sends a moving ruler down the printed page at speeds which the reader can set in advance. A hand-operated shutter device opens and closes over printed cards at adjustable time intervals.

With these devices a student may be spurred to read faster for approximately the same reasons that a rabbit might run faster to stay ahead of a power mower. Timers tick, bells ring, lights flash.

"It's fun, like a game," advertises a Chicago organization called The Better Reading Program, Inc.. But once a student finishes with a machine, he still must learn how to handle a book. The good reading course includes many reading assignments.

A certain proportion of students do seem to improve in reading courses of any kind. The explanation is simple: As a result of practice and renewed interest in reading, they recapture their old skills. After finishing high school or college, many adults, particularly women, get sidetracked from reading. Most businessmen and engineers stop reading for pleasure early in their careers. Then one day they decide to take a reading course. The few with great latent ability quickly spurt ahead. This explains most of the "miracles" you may have heard about. The same thing would have happened if they had spent an equivalent amount of time reading on their own—and conscientiously trying to read faster.

If you need the discipline, a good reading course is for you, and "good" means lots of reading, lots of comprehension tests. If you don't need a teacher or a machine to prod you, the best reading school in the world is your public library. There you will find all the materials you need—books and magazines. Begin with material you find interesting and easy to grasp. If you spend as much time on your own reading program as you would spend on a commercial reading course, you will make as much or more progress in reading. And without fracturing your bank account.

THE END

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

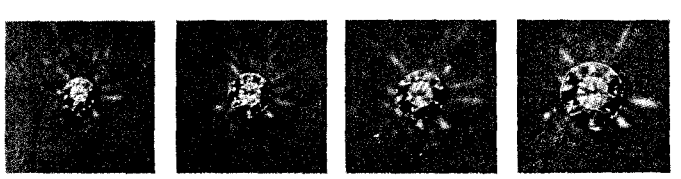
"For my fair love... *a timeless talisman*"

De Beers Consolidated Mines, Ltd.

Beloved girl... from the De Beers Collection, painted by Darrel Austin

Through the eyes of love, a man beholds in his beloved a rare, stirring radiance, reads in her glance a message just for him of tenderness and faith. To tell his joy, to pledge his devotion, he gives to her a lovely talisman, their engagement diamond. This magic light, earth-born for them, will ever recall the delights of the engagement time, hold close through all their life the first bright meaning of their love. To mark your engagement, your ring-stone may be modest in size, but it should be chosen with care, for it will be cherished always, by you and all who follow you, as long as there's a world.

HOW TO BUY A DIAMOND First, and most important, consult a trusted jeweler. Ask about color, clarity and cutting—for these determine a diamond's quality, contribute to its beauty and value. Choose a fine stone, and you'll always be proud of it, no matter what its size. Diamond sizes are measured by weight, in points and carats—100 points to the carat. (Exact weights shown are seldom found.) For your guidance, the price ranges at right are based on current quotations by jewelers throughout the country in April, 1962. Note that diamond prices vary widely according to the qualities which are being offered. Tax is additional.



25 points (1/4 carat) $85 to $200 | 50 points (1/2 carat) $200 to $500 | 1 carat (100 points) $525 to $1275 | 2 carats (200 points) $1365 to $3635

A diamond is forever

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"All the assets a man can muster . . ."

Wausau Story

What does it take to get a disabled man "back on his feet"?

Training and practice help the disabled man meet situations of daily living. Employers Mutuals maintained a pilot rehabilitation center in Wausau for 33 years. Now top-ranking, privately-operated Centers closer to the patients' homes are chosen.

by **DR. WILLIAM D. DEGRAVELLES, JR.**
Medical Director,
Younker Memorial Rehabilitation Center,
Iowa Methodist Hospital, Des Moines

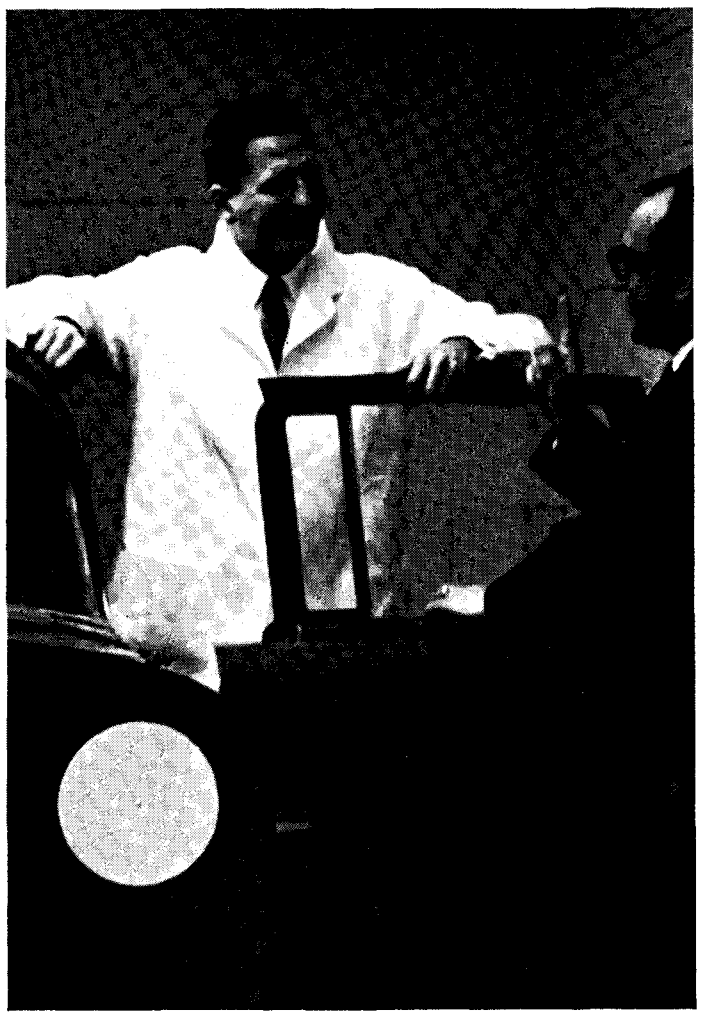
"Figuratively speaking, rehabilitation means getting a disabled man 'back on his feet' in as many ways as possible. It means therapy and training to make effective use of what muscle power is left. But far more is needed . . . more than therapy for the disability alone . . . more aid than is supplied by leg braces, crutches, canes or wheel chairs.

"First, a goal is needed. It can be high, but it must be reasonable. To be able to get around without having someone to help you, to handle the myriad activities of daily living independent of others, and to work and earn a livelihood—all this is not only satisfying, it is healthy.

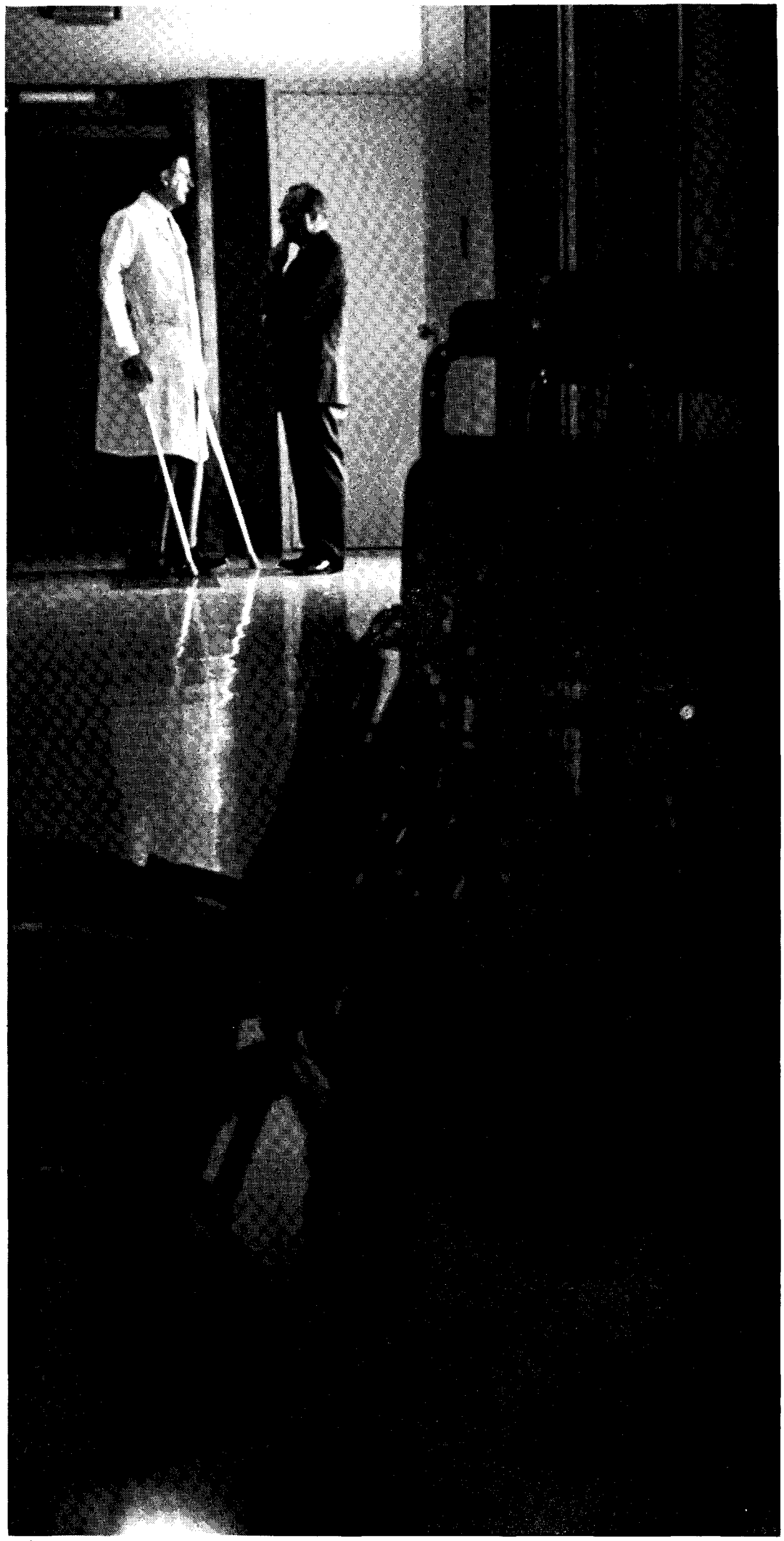
"To achieve and hold a goal, however high, the disabled man must muster up all his assets: physical, mental, social and spiritual. And he's fortunate if his assets include family and friends who back him . . . with devoted and understanding teamwork."

Mr. Donald W. Cordes, Administrator at Iowa Methodist Hospital, says: "It is a great humanitarian service to aid the disabled through total rehabilitation, readying them for useful lives and useful occupations. Employers Mutuals of Wausau is outstanding in the sup-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Dr. deGravelles drives his own car with hand-operated controls. A car body, named "Jensen's Jalopy," was obtained for the Center by Harold Jensen, Employers Mutuals Claim Manager in Des Moines, and set up so patients can practice getting in and out of an automobile.



Employers Mutuals people are part of the disabled man's team. Mr. Cordes says, "Harold Jensen's work is more than a man doing his job. For his company's patients he is also errand-runner, confidant, all-around helper, leader of the cheering section."

port of this effort. Their people help add meaning and purpose to therapy and training of the physically handicapped and dignity and encouragement to the disabled man's own determination."

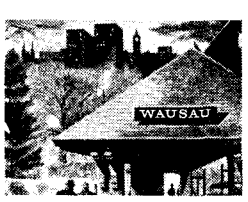
* * * *

A natural extension of Employers Mutuals' rehabilitation philosophy is encouraging industry to hire handicapped workers. President Kennedy's Committee on Employment of the Handicapped recognized this effort with its Distinguished Service Award for 1961.

Employers Mutuals of Wausau writes all forms of business insurance. We are one of the largest and most experienced underwriters in the field of workmen's compensation. Offices in 138 cities. Consult your telephone directory.

Employers Mutuals *of* Wausau

FOR OVER 50 YEARS THE PIONEER UNDERWRITER OF WORKMEN'S COMPENSATION INSURANCE IN AMERICA



"Good people to do business with"

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

for people who won't take "dull" for an answer!

FALCON SQUIRE WAGON. This one's the hit of the compact wagon show. It's got all-star features: woodlike steel side paneling . . . luxurious interior trim . . . optional bucket seats with a console in between . . . and the loadspace is over 7 feet long! Price of admission? The Falcon Squire costs less than many standard compact wagons. Yet it comes with extras like deep-pile carpeting and power tailgate window, to mention a few. For a private audition, see your Ford Dealer.

A PRODUCT OF Ford MOTOR COMPANY

Live it up with a Lively One from FORD

FALCON FAIRLANE GALAXIE THUNDERBIRD

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Saturday Evening POST
FOUNDED IN 1728 BY
Franklin

ATTORNEY FOR THE ACCUSED

The first of three articles by Edward Bennett Williams (left), counsel in many of the most notorious legal battles of our time. These articles are adapted for The Post *from Williams's forthcoming book,* One Man's Freedom, *to be published soon by Atheneum.*

The Final Irony of JOE McCARTHY

By EDWARD BENNETT WILLIAMS

How lawyer Williams's senatorial client was trapped by tactics that McCarthy himself might have employed.

The headlines of a New York tabloid caught my eye at LaGuardia Field in the very early morning hours of May 3, 1957, after an uneventful flight from Washington. There were only five words on the front page:

MCCARTHY DEAD;
FRANK COSTELLO SHOT

I bought a paper, hailed a cab and started into the city. When I turned the first page of the paper, I saw the headline for the third featured story of the day:

DAVE BECK RECALLED BEFORE
SENATE RACKETS COMMITTEE

At six o'clock the previous evening Sen. Joseph R. McCarthy of Wisconsin had died in the United States Naval Hospital at Bethesda, Maryland. I had known him for about ten years and had represented him in three cases—a libel suit brought against him by Drew Pearson, the famous Senate censure case and a tax case.

Later the same night a shot was fired at Frank Costello, the New York gambler, as he entered the lobby of his Central Park West apartment. Costello suffered a slight head wound. It was a narrow escape. At the time I was defending Costello in a pending case in which the Government sought to strip him of his citizenship.

Dave Beck, too, was a client. He had asked me to represent him in his reappearance before the McClellan investigating committee, and I had agreed.

It would have been a startling experience for any lawyer to read about three clients, each with a name familiar to a whole nation, who had been catapulted to the top of the news on the same day—one by death, one by a would-be assassin's bullet, one by a committee subpoena.

In retrospect, it should have been even more startling to me, for the first years of my professional life were spent representing corporate clients in purely civil matters. I started with a big firm, a fine, well-established and greatly respected Washington law firm. It had many large companies as clients, and its volume of court work was tremendous. For five years I was in court every day, representing the local streetcar company, a galaxy of insurance companies and other corporate interests, usually defending them against damage suits.

But this was not the phase of law which had first excited my interest and attracted me to law school. It was the law in its relationship to human rights, as distinguished from property rights,

From ONE MAN'S FREEDOM by Edward Bennett Williams. ©1962 by Edward Bennett Williams.
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Williams offers guidance to two of his most famous clients, racketeer Frank Costello (above) and former Teamsters' boss Dave Beck (below).

"Some of my clients had already been prejudged by society and sentenced to obloquy."

which had first captured my attention and concern. With this firm, or with any other large firm representing major corporate interests, I knew that I would rarely deal with problems of human rights, of individual freedom, of personal liberty.

I decided to put my name on a list of lawyers who were willing to defend people without fee—persons who were accused of a crime and had no money to hire a lawyer. On six or seven occasions during my last two years with the firm I was assigned by the court to represent an indigent defendant charged with a major crime. Some of these were cases in which the punishment could be death in the electric chair. In all of them the punishment could have been imprisonment. This was a new world for a lawyer steeped in a civil corporate practice. I was dealing with people's liberty, reputations and sometimes with their very lives. Most of these clients were not only penniless but also friendless. What was at stake was far more important to them than the money damages involved in a civil suit. I have come to know since that it was also more important to society as a whole.

Friends Ask Querulous Questions

Ultimately I severed my connection with the big law firm and opened a small office of my own. My practice turned more and more to the facet of the law concerned with constitutional issues and questions of civil liberty on both the civil and the criminal sides of the court. Some of the clients whose cases presented problems in this area were controversial, and some had already been prejudged by society and sentenced to obloquy. I soon discovered that this sentence is sometimes extended to their counsel as well. My representation of the men whose names were in the headlines of May 3, 1957, had provoked—each for different reasons—scores of querulous questions from strangers and friends alike.

It was on that day that I had a powerful impulse to sit down and write about what I regard as some of the most basic principles of individual liberty guaranteed by our Constitution. I wanted to write of the right to counsel, of fair procedure in congressional hearings, of the right to privacy, of the Fifth Amendment, of lawless law enforcement, of the right of everyone to a fair trial, of censorship, of civil rights, and of the whole concept of rule of law. I wanted to write of the transcendent importance of safeguarding and preserving intact all of our civil liberties, and of my deep conviction that whenever government infringes on any of these rights it begins with the weak and the friendless, or the scorned and the degraded, or the nonconformist and the unorthodox. It never begins with the strong, the rich, the popular, or the orthodox. I wanted to document my conviction that most of the history of civil liberties in this country has been written in its criminal courtrooms. For four years I resisted the impulse because of a feeling of inadequacy to the task. That feeling perdures, but has yielded to an increasing concern over the inroads that I believe are being made into these areas of individual freedom.

The difference between our system and the system of which Mr. Khrushchev is so proud is that in his system the police are the law. In ours they are under the law—a difference dramatically symbolized by the fact that in Moscow the corpse of Lenin is kept on display under glass. In Washington we keep on display under glass the Constitution of the United States with its Bill of Rights.

One of my own most unusual excursions into the realm of human rights took place in behalf of a man who himself was accused of transgression against them. I served as counsel for the late Senator McCarthy in the one true legislative trial in recent years.

The United States Senate has the power to "punish its members for disorderly behavior." The McCarthy case is one of the rare instances in which it undertook to use this power.

McCarthy, as chairman of the Senate Permanent Investigations Subcommittee, ran into rising opposition almost as soon as he sought out those he thought were Communists and subversives. Complaints began about the character of his charges and the way he conducted investigations. During these investigations he transgressed the rights of some witnesses in ways which I vigorously opposed. I had known Senator McCarthy for some time, and we often argued about some of these practices. Our arguments, however, had little effect upon what he did. He believed, as did many of his Senate colleagues, that exposure for the sake of exposure was a proper objective for a congressional committee.

In the spring of 1954 the furor over the senator's tactics reached a zenith when he attacked the security practices of the Department of the Army and sharply criticized Brig. Gen. Ralph W. Zwicker. These attacks developed into what became known as the Army-McCarthy hearing, conducted by other members of the committee McCarthy headed. McCarthy took a role much like that of a prosecuting attorney. The Army employed Joseph N. Welch, a distinguished Boston lawyer, to present its case. Battle lines were quickly drawn. It was McCarthy versus the Army. For thirty-six days the hearing engrossed the attention of the nation. Television stations junked their regular schedules and devoted hours to direct broadcasts from the Senate caucus room. The hearing room was jammed day after day as the principals jabbed and parried under the hot camera lights.

McCarthy's First Offer Rejected

Before the hearing the senator had asked me to serve as his counsel in the case, but he wanted me for a role that no trial lawyer could accept. He intended to conduct the cross-examination and retain ultimate control over the manner of presentation of his side of the case. I was to be present solely in an advisory capacity. Rule One for an advocate is that he have control commensurate with his responsibility—and if he is to be effective, this control must be total. Moreover, this was not the kind of proceeding which brought into play the constitutional right to counsel and the obligation of the lawyer to assist. So I refused.

As the evidence began to unfold, it seemed to me that the McCarthy side was scoring more effectively than its opposition. McCarthy charged the Army was negligent and remiss in its loyalty program. The Army was not putting forth a very

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

convincing case that he was wrong. But the effect was nullified by the senator's constant objections and points of order, and the endless wrangling between himself and members of the committee. It seemed to me he was demonstrating the truth of the old maxim about the foolishness of a lawyer who tries his own case. The country remained divided on the whole issue as the hearing approached its end.

Suddenly the atmosphere of the case underwent a dramatic change. The senator accused Joseph Welch of having brought to Washington as his assistant a young lawyer who was formerly a member of the National Lawyers Guild, a group accused of being sympathetic to Communism. Welch, a great courtroom lawyer, rose to the challenge. He made a stirring plea on behalf of the young man and won the sympathy of millions of Americans.

Eloquent Plea for Young Attorney

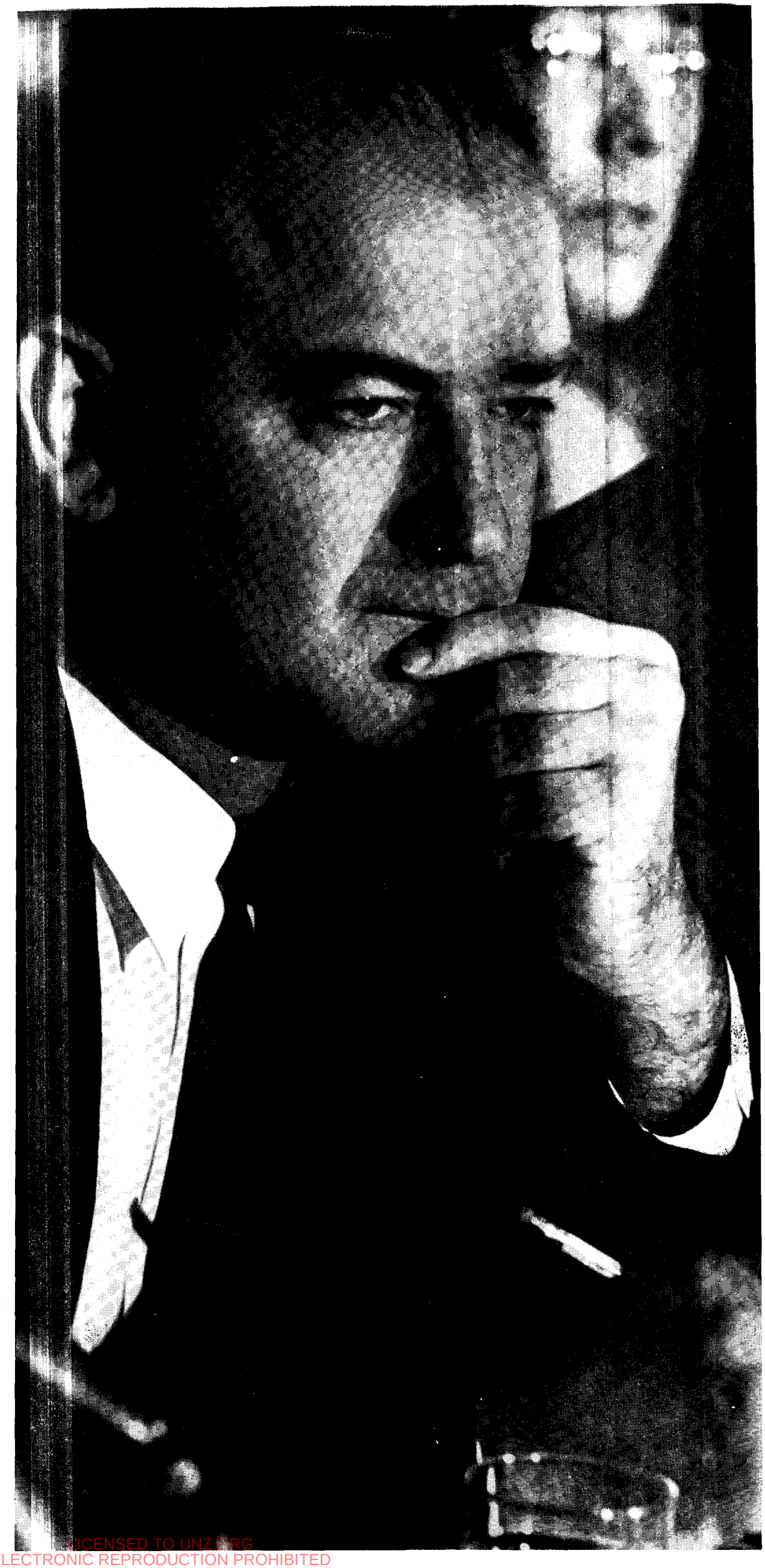
Welch's plea that afternoon changed the tone and direction of the hearing. The senator had produced derogatory information in a public hearing without giving its victim an opportunity to be heard privately in advance to explain his position, or giving him a chance to defend himself at the same public session at which the information was revealed. If it had not been for Welch's eloquent plea, McCarthy's charge might have seriously and unnecessarily damaged the career of that young lawyer.

The senator's conduct illustrated the kind of investigative procedure which I opposed. When McCarthy had first approached me about representing him, he had told me in the presence of his committee counsel, Roy Cohn, of the evidence that he proposed to use against this young lawyer. Cohn and I extracted from the senator a promise that he would never use it. We thought that such an attack would be unfair in the light of the facts as we knew them, and we told McCarthy his case would be hurt by such a charge. But McCarthy was a man who could never resist the temptation to touch a sign which said WET PAINT, and he had to touch this one.

The censure charges against McCarthy subsequent to this were the climax of rising opposition to him and his methods of operation. A motion calling for his censure was introduced in the Senate. Early in August, 1954, a list of forty-six charges of misconduct was filed against McCarthy. A select committee of six senators, headed by Sen. Arthur V. Watkins, of Utah, was named to conduct the initial investigation. It fashioned some *ad hoc* rules and on the whole tried to be fair and objective in its wholly unfamiliar judicial role.

The committee decided to hold hearings on charges in five categories: (1) Contempt of the Senate or its committees; (2) encouragement of Federal employees to violate the law and their oaths of office; (3) receipt or use of classified documents from executive files; (4) abuses of fellow senators; (5) abuse of General Zwicker.

McCarthy asked me to represent him. With the Army-McCarthy fiasco fresh in my mind, I was determined not to participate in a carnival of that character, so I insisted that McCarthy allow me



When the Senate turned on McCarthy (right), the senator turned to Williams for legal help.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Senate investigations have been among the most popular 'shows' in the history of television."

Edward Bennett Williams proposes a "Bill of Rights" for congressional witnesses

The power of Congress to conduct investigations is not mentioned in the Constitution at all. It exists for one reason alone: Without it, Congress could not intelligently perform the duties expressly entrusted to it by the Constitution. Consequently, Congress may conduct investigations to aid it in passing laws or confirming Presidential appointments or ratifying treaties or conducting impeachment proceedings or deciding election contests.

Congress, however, may not conduct investigations for purposes totally unrelated to its constitutional duties. It may not, for example, conduct investigations to punish crimes, influence public opinion or help the political fortunes of its members. Nor may it call a witness for the purpose of setting up a contempt or a perjury case against him.

Some investigative procedures of Congress are so loosely defined that they almost invite inquiries to roam far afield. Members of Congress are fully aware of this tendency. There have been proposals from congressmen and outsiders for the reform of investigative procedures. Most suggestions have some points in common.

They recognize the danger of one-man control by committee chairmen and one-man subcommittees. They recognize the right to counsel. They recognize witnesses' right to notice of the subject under inquiry. They recognize the necessity of protection for third persons who may be irreparably defamed by testimony before a committee. They recognize the problem presented by broadcasting and televising the testimony of a witness against his will.

It is difficult to distill the best points from all the proposals in this field. I would, however, like to see both houses of Congress adopt a code of procedure which embodies substantially the following ten points. Most are not new. Some, on the other hand, are based solely upon my own experience. These proposals as outlined here, I might add, are not in the formal language of legislative draftsmanship.

1. All witnesses shall be notified at least forty-eight hours in advance of appearance by subpoena or written request to testify, stating the nature of the inquiry and the subject of questions to be directed to the witness. No witness may be held under the same subpoena for longer than ten days after his first testimony in response to it.

2. Subpoenas shall be issued only with the approval of a majority of the committee, unless the committee has delegated this authority to the chairman and a member of the minority political party. Subpoenas requiring the production of documents shall be issued only with the specific prior approval of a committee majority. Otherwise the witness shall be entitled to demand that the full committee pass upon the legality of the subpoena.

3. Every witness shall have the right to counsel, who shall be entitled to object to the jurisdiction of the committee, questions it propounds, or its failure to follow procedural requirements; to submit legal memoranda in support of such objections; to advise the witness of his legal and constitutional rights; and to ask clarifying questions of the witness, subject to control of the length of interrogation by a majority of the members present.

4. Every witness shall have the right to read into the record a prepared statement of reasonable length if it is pertinent to the inquiry and has been submitted to the committee before the hearing.

5. No witness shall be compelled to testify at any hearing unless at least two committee members are present.

6. No witness shall be compelled to have his testimony broadcast, televised or filmed for newsreels.

7. No witness who has testified in executive or closed session shall be required, over his objection, to repeat such testimony in open session.

8. All testimony likely to defame another person shall be heard in executive session. If the testimony is to be released, the person defamed shall be notified in advance and shall be entitled himself to testify and to have the committee subpoena witnesses to testify in his behalf; and personally or through counsel to cross-examine his own and adverse witnesses, all in executive session. Examination shall be subject to reasonable limitations by the committee to prevent abuse. No testimony or summary of an executive session shall be released except by approval of a majority of the committee, and all rebuttal testimony shall be released simultaneously with the defamatory testimony.

9. No committee report containing defamatory statements shall be made public unless the person defamed has been given an opportunity to testify before the committee and his testimony is published or summarized as part of the report.

10. Every witness shall be permitted to inspect and correct the transcript of his testimony. If his testimony becomes public, he shall be entitled to a copy of the transcript at reasonable expense.

to conduct the whole defense. He agreed. He further agreed to say nothing throughout the hearing except when he was testifying. In short, I was given power commensurate with my responsibility. We shook hands on what I thought was a very carefully detailed understanding.

The senator stuck to our agreement. He let me conduct the entire hearing without any interference, and in the committee room he was a completely docile client. But I soon discovered I had been guilty of a tremendous oversight. I had not foreseen that, under the terms of our agreement, he would be free to make whatever comments he chose outside the hearing room, either about the hearing itself or about the committee members. He used that freedom to the fullest. From the opening gun he held press conferences and made statements over television networks. He attacked the committee members individually, and he attacked the manner in which they were conducting the inquiry. Needless to say, this did not make my role any easier. Day by day our relationship with the committee worsened, but I was unable to dissuade the senator from continuing his oral assaults on Senator Watkins and his associates.

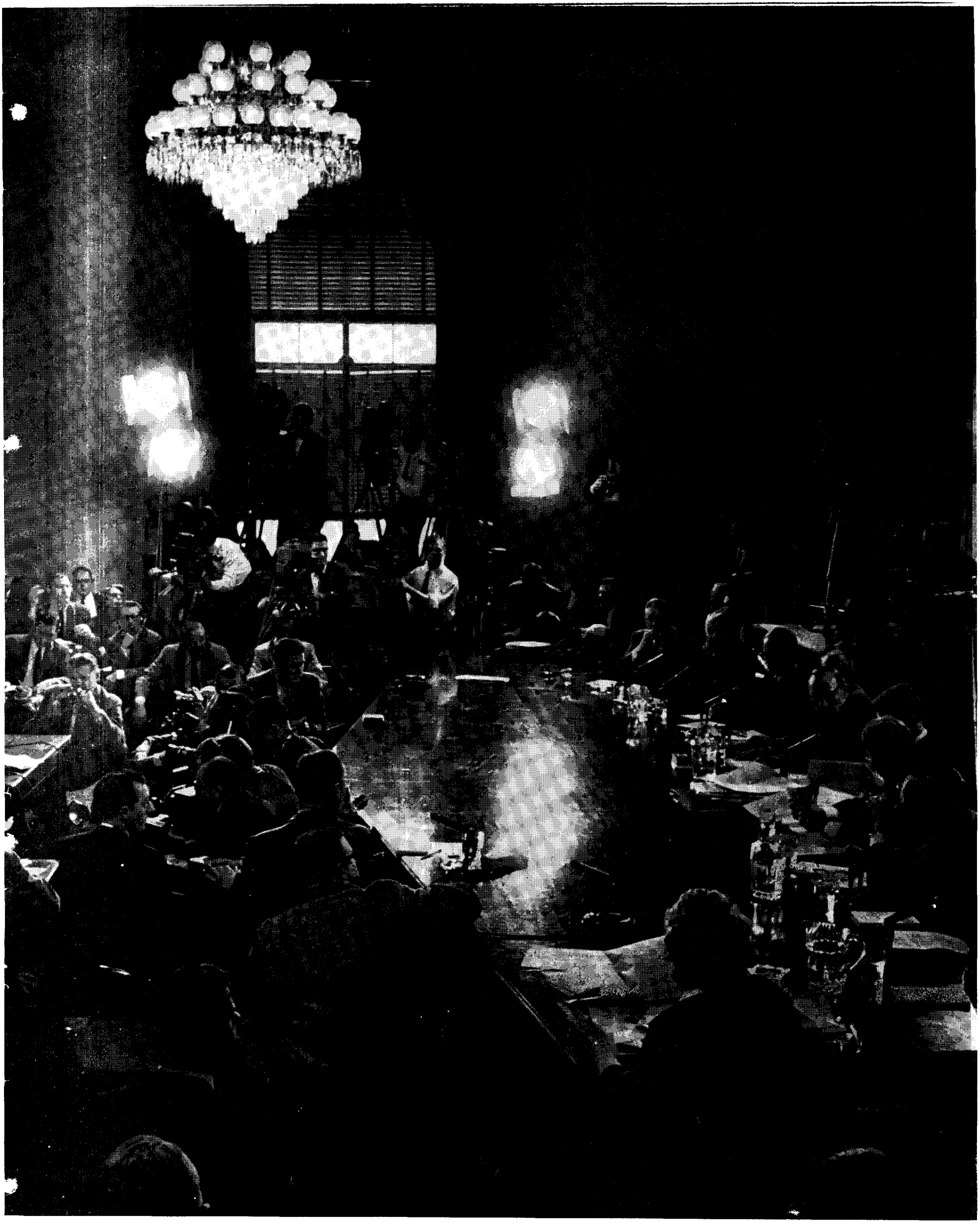
Committee Guarantees Fair Hearing

Watkins and the committee had established rules which would make the hearing as fair as a legislative trial could be. McCarthy was informed specifically of what the charges against him were. He was allowed to make an opening statement, to testify and to be examined by his counsel. He was allowed to have counsel at every stage of the proceedings. His counsel was allowed to object to procedures and to specific questions, to cross-examine adverse witnesses and to present evidence on McCarthy's behalf. There were no television cameras to distract the attention of witnesses and committee members.

Although the press coverage was heavy and audiences were large, the publicity pressure which had surrounded the Army-McCarthy hearing was gone. Watkins kept the whole inquiry on such a dryly technical level that much of the excitement was drained out of the day-to-day proceedings. All in all, they were conducted with somewhat more decorum and calmness than usually surrounds a congressional hearing, although this one was as potentially explosive as any investigation had ever been.

After many days of testimony and deliberation, the committee released its report, recommending that the Senate censure McCarthy on only two of the forty-six original charges. Many of the charges lacked substance. Others melted away because the committee had given McCarthy a full opportunity to show how misleading they were. All that remained were McCarthy's actions in two cases. One was his failure to appear before the Gillette subcommittee in 1952 and his leveling of severe criticism at its members. The Gillette subcommittee had investigated certain aspects of McCarthy's private and political conduct in connection with a resolution for his expulsion from the Senate which had been introduced by Sen. William Benton of Connecticut. The other count on which the Watkins committee recommended

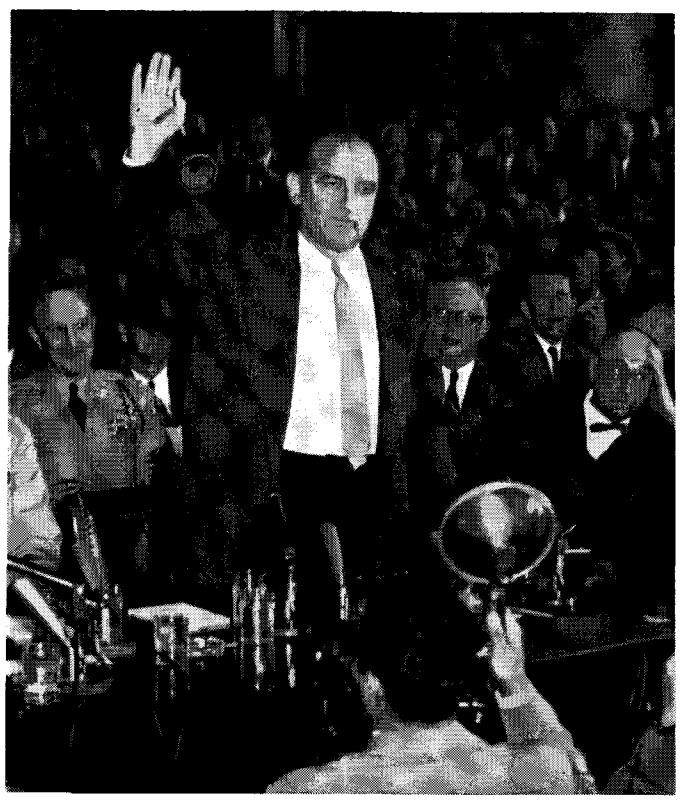
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Dave Beck testifies in the circus atmosphere of a 1957 "labor rackets" probe. Williams (see box, left) urges greater protection for witnesses.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"McCarthy was a man who could never resist the temptation to touch a sign which said WET PAINT."



McCarthy took the stand during his own investigation of Army security. Williams says he vigorously opposed some of McCarthy's tactics.

Roy Cohn, McCarthy's counsel in the Army probe, also took the stand. At right is the late Joseph Welch, who was counsel for the Army.

censure was for what it termed "abuse" of General Zwicker. Zwicker had been a witness before McCarthy's committee, and the senator had severely tongue-lashed him for what McCarthy regarded as a failure to cooperate.

With the filing of the Watkins committee's report, the issue was narrowed to these two specific incidents of alleged misconduct. The full Senate refused to censure McCarthy on the Zwicker incident. So the only one of the original charges in the case was the "contempt of the Gillette subcommittee."

McCarthy's "contempt" of the Gillette subcommittee was not a usual case of contempt. Normally a witness is cited for contempt if he is subpoenaed to testify and declines to appear, or if he refuses to answer proper questions. The Watkins committee's report, however, charged that McCarthy declined the "invitation" of the Gillette subcommittee to appear before it in 1952. Never in the history of the Senate had anyone been punished for declining an "invitation" to appear.

McCarthy had stated repeatedly in 1952 that if he were ordered, either orally or by subpoena, to appear before the subcommittee he would do so. He was never given either type of order. The only time he was even requested to appear was November 21, 1952, in a telegram sent to Appleton, Wisconsin, which said he could appear on November twenty-second, twenty-fourth or twenty-fifth. At the time the wire was sent, McCarthy was deer-hunting in the woods of northern Wisconsin, and the subcommittee knew it. The Watkins committee admitted in its report that this wire did not reach McCarthy until November 28, 1952, three days after the deadline set for his appearance by the subcommittee. At no time thereafter did that subcommittee either invite or request him to appear before it.

Senator, Staff Members Resign

We did not know that the subcommittee's conduct toward McCarthy would certainly have justified his failure to appear even if the telegram had reached him in time. I knew that McCarthy had repeatedly attacked the motives and procedures of that subcommittee. I knew that two staff members and one senator had resigned from the subcommittee in protest against what they regarded as unfair tactics. But I did not know the full extent of the improprieties perpetrated by that subcommittee.

Perhaps if I had known, or if the Watkins committee or the Senate had known, the outcome might have been different. The subcommittee's conduct toward McCarthy was the type of conduct of which the Watkins committee disapproved. It was also the type of conduct of which most senators disapprove.

The outcome might have been different, because the Senate came close to settling the charges against McCarthy without censuring him. As its debate wore on, McCarthy could muster only twenty-two votes against censure, and defeat seemed certain. But many other Republicans and some Democrats were anxious to avoid censuring him.

Sen. Everett M. Dirksen, who supported McCarthy in the debate, worked diligently to arrange a compromise. Dirksen drafted a relatively mild resolution which was not a censure and which probably would have won a majority of Senate votes. It said the Senate did not condone what McCarthy had done, but that there had been no rules forbidding it. Therefore, it continued, rules should be drafted to bar similar behavior; and anyone violating these rules would be censured. This seeming victory for McCarthy appeared certain to win Senate approval.

The White House wanted to have the issue settled quickly. So I met with Bernard Shanley, then counsel to President Eisenhower, to discuss the compromise. Senator McCarthy was then in Bethesda Naval Hospital suffering from a severe infection of his elbow, and Senate debate had been temporarily recessed.

McCarthy Refuses to Compromise

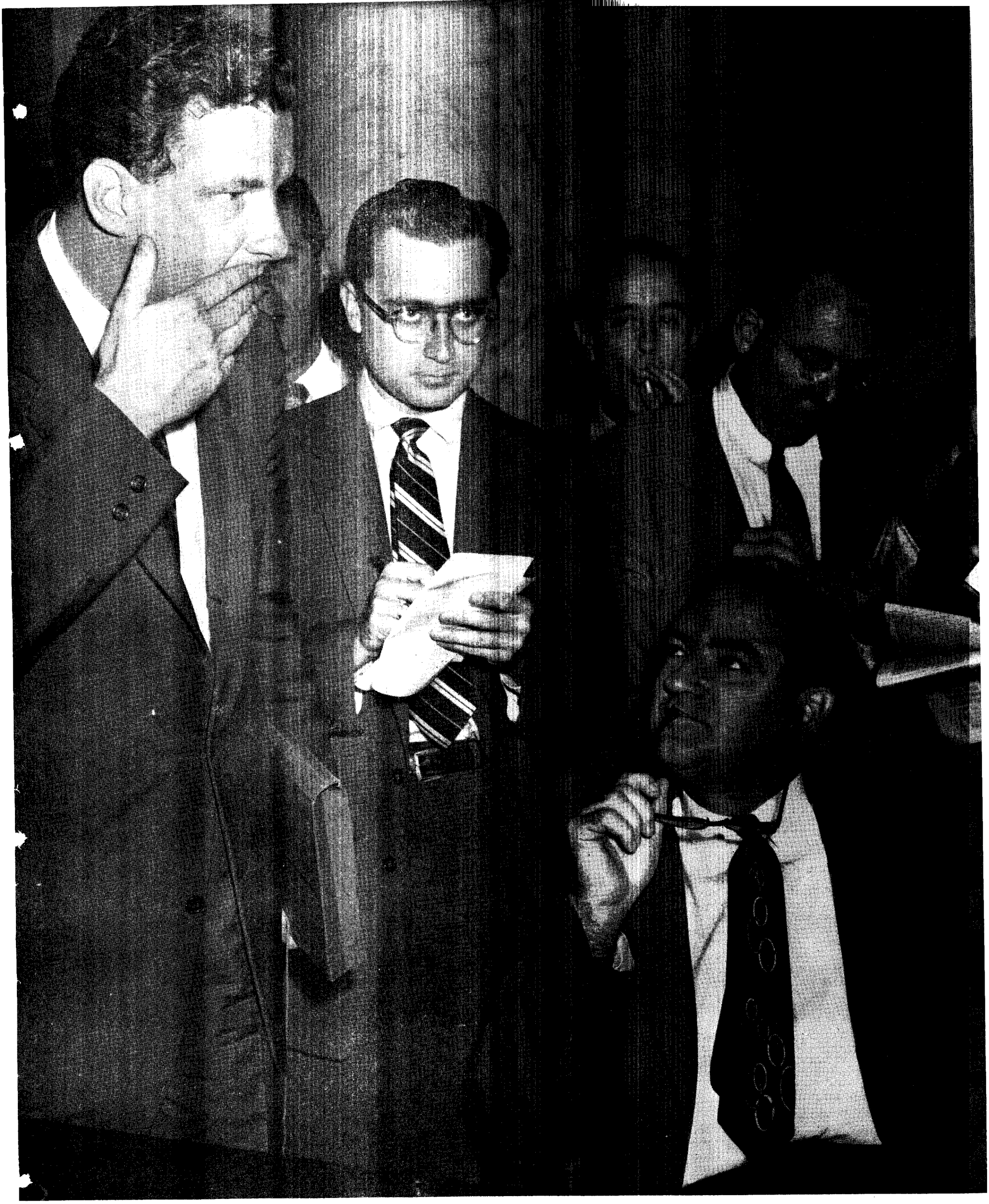
Late one evening Sen. Barry Goldwater and I took the proposed compromise resolution to McCarthy. In a discussion lasting several hours, Senator Goldwater and I begged him to accept it. We pleaded, but he was adamant. He refused to ask his friends in the Senate to vote that they did not condone what he had done. He said he knew they did condone and approve it. He said that if he could not win, he wanted to lose with his twenty-two friends. Senator Goldwater and I left in the early morning hours, convinced that McCarthy's judgment was bad and that he had rejected his only chance to stave off defeat. We went back to the Capitol that day, but McCarthy was beaten. The Senate voted sixty-seven to twenty-two to censure him for contempt of the Gillette subcommittee and for improper conduct toward the Watkins committee itself.

It has been written many times since that the Senate censure broke McCarthy's spirit and left him a bitterly disappointed man. In my opinion, nothing could be more remote from the truth. He rejected a clear invitation to stave off censure. From the first he regarded censure as inevitable and, when it came, he wore it as a badge of courage. He showed no disappointment and no regret. I think I had a monopoly on disappointment—the disappointment of a lawyer who has lost a big case which he could have settled favorably.

The McCarthy censure left me intensely conscious of the fact that a congressional investigation can be constructive or ravaging, depending on how it is directed. For while the Watkins committee dealt fairly with McCarthy, the Gillette subcommittee which preceded it had done otherwise—not only in the instance already mentioned but in another, worse way, which I shall relate presently. This brought home to me the realization that an investigating committee may abuse its authority through the acts of its members or of its staff.

At least two of our Presidents have warned against misuse of the investigatory power. During the investigations of big business in the 1920's, Calvin Coolidge objected that when the "constitutional guarantee against unwarranted search and seizure breaks down . . . the individual becomes the victim of vague, unformulated and indefinite charges, and instead of a government of law we have a government of lawlessness."

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



During his fight against censure McCarthy meets reporters. Williams (left) advised McCarthy to stop public attacks on other senators.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"McCarthy was himself the casualty of an investigation that flouted the rules of fair play."

Williams's case for barring TV from future hearings

There are, in my opinion, weighty reasons for an outright ban against broadcasting or televising any congressional hearing. The chief danger posed is that committee members and witnesses may become more conscious of their audience than of their responsibility. When a witness objects to having his testimony broadcast or telecast, I think his wish should be respected. The average person is extremely nervous at appearing as a witness before a court or committee. It is unfair to ask him to appear before the entire country as well. If he objects strenuously to the broadcast or televising, his testimony may be affected by nervousness or fear of public opinion. Further, it is a serious and unnecessary invasion of his privacy to project his face and voice into millions of homes without his consent.

At present, congressional procedure in this respect is split. Senate committees are free to permit television, broadcasting and newsreels. The House prohibits them under a ruling which the late Speaker Rayburn made after a San Francisco biochemist who was scheduled to appear before the House Committee on Un-American Activities committed suicide in "fierce resentment," according to his note, against being televised.

But Senate investigations such as the Kefauver crime inquiry, the Army-McCarthy hearing, and the McClellan rackets investigation have been among the most popular "shows" in the history of television.

The futility of some of these TV performances from an investigative and legal viewpoint is perhaps best illustrated by an incident involving the notorious Johnny Dio and Sen. Barry Goldwater. The senator served on the McClellan committee when it questioned Dio. Dio was then under indictment for one of the most odious crimes of the decade, the acid blinding of columnist Victor Riesel. It would have been the epitome of naïveté for the committee to expect him to do anything except take refuge in the Fifth Amendment and refuse to answer questions. That was precisely what he did for several hours while the television cameras kept him in steady focus. The questions were like sticks poked at a caged animal, and the morbidly curious were entranced.

The following week Senator Goldwater appeared on a TV forum, *Youth Wants to Know*, with four high-school students. A little girl with braces on her teeth and freckles on her face asked the senator:

QUESTION: Sir, why do you have people such as Johnny Dio on the McClellan committee testifying when you know he isn't going to do anything but just plead the Fifth Amendment? Aren't you wasting your time and the taxpayers' money?

SENATOR GOLDWATER: No, Jane, we are not. Remember, we just don't bring Mr. Dio down here cold. We have investigated him and his relationship to these rackets for many, many months, and we have all the answers to questions we ask a man like Mr. Dio.

QUESTION: Then why have him?

To this question there was, of course, no reply. A high-school girl had deftly pinpointed the issue.

Harry Truman, resigning in 1944 as chairman of the Senate special committee investigating the national-defense program, warned: "In my opinion, the power of investigation is one of the most important powers of the Congress. The manner in which that power is exercised will largely determine the position and prestige of the Congress in the future. An informed Congress is a wise Congress; an uninformed Congress surely will forfeit a large portion of the respect and confidence of the people." Mr. Truman might well have added that a Congress which seeks to inform itself by violating the rights of citizens will forfeit all respect and confidence of the people.

This respect and confidence can be safeguarded only by fair procedural rules that will prevent an irresponsible minority of investigators from continuing to overshadow the responsible majority. Exposure for the sake of exposure remains a goal of many investigators, despite a plain prohibition expressed by the Supreme Court in 1959. But as recently as that June, one congressional committee was using a staff memorandum, prepared two decades earlier, which urged investigators:

Decide what you want the newspapers to hit hardest and then shape each hearing so that the main point becomes the vortex of the testimony. Once that vortex is reached, adjourn.

Do not space hearings more than twenty-four or forty-eight hours apart when on a controversial subject. This gives the opposition too much opportunity to make all kinds of countercharges and replies by issuing statements to the newspapers.

Don't ever be afraid to recess a hearing even for five minutes so that you keep the proceedings completely in control so far as creating news is concerned.

A shocking example of investigative procedure by a committee staffer came to light in the case of McCarthy. I feel sure that the Senate never would have censured McCarthy for contempt of the Gillette subcommittee—the only original charge which it upheld—if we had obtained earlier information which came to us after the vote.

'Mail Cover' Discovered Too Late

Not until too late did we learn that the Gillette subcommittee had put a "mail cover" on McCarthy and two persons close to him during its investigation of him. Had this fact been put before the Watkins committee, it might well have changed the result at the committee level.

A "mail cover" is a Post Office Department check and listing of names and addresses of all who send letters to the person covered. It is a frequently used but little-known investigative technique which the Post Office Department employs at the request of other Government agencies. At the request of the Gillette subcommittee, this surveillance was applied not only to McCarthy's personal mail but also at the residences of Miss Jean Kerr, later to become the senator's wife, and Donald Surine, of McCarthy's staff. A list of all persons who wrote them was forwarded to the subcommittee each day.

The subcommittee's request for these mail covers bore the facsimile signature of its chairman, the late Sen. Thomas Hennings. Senator Hennings knew nothing of the request for the mail covers. He would never have brooked this kind of invasion of McCarthy's privacy, or anyone else's. It was done by an overzealous staff member who, in his desire to get McCarthy, ran roughshod over his rights.

In my view, a mail cover of this type is an illegal procedure. Its whole purpose is to collect names so that everyone who has written to the person under investigation can be questioned about the contents of his letter and the reply he received. Of course, the addresser can refuse to give any information, but most citizens are inclined to talk freely to Federal officers who flash a badge of authority. If the addresser is haled before a grand jury or a committee of Congress and asked about his letter, he must reveal its contents, challenge the pertinency of the questioning, or take refuge in the Fifth Amendment, unless his letter falls within the narrowly circumscribed area of privileged communications.

Opening Other People's Mail Unlawful

Over a century ago it was made a crime to open other people's mail and pry into their business. Our sense of justice recoiled at such an invasion of privacy. The Fourth Amendment to the Constitution of the United States, as interpreted by the Supreme Court, forbids such opening of mail as an unlawful search and seizure.

In addition to the Federal statutes which make it a crime to open mail, there are statutes which make it a crime to delay the mail for any purpose. Specifically, it is a crime to delay the mail for the purpose of prying into anyone else's business. These statutes apply to ordinary citizens, postal employees and law-enforcement officers alike. Obviously it is not possible to impose a mail cover successfully without delaying the mail. First the mail must be taken out of regular channels and set aside. Then the information must be recorded before the mail is put back into its regular course.

The mail cover is a technique employed by investigative agencies of the Federal Government with increasing frequency. It is used often in the development of income-tax cases. In this way the Internal Revenue Service can learn who is billing the taxpayer and get fairly complete information on his expenditures.

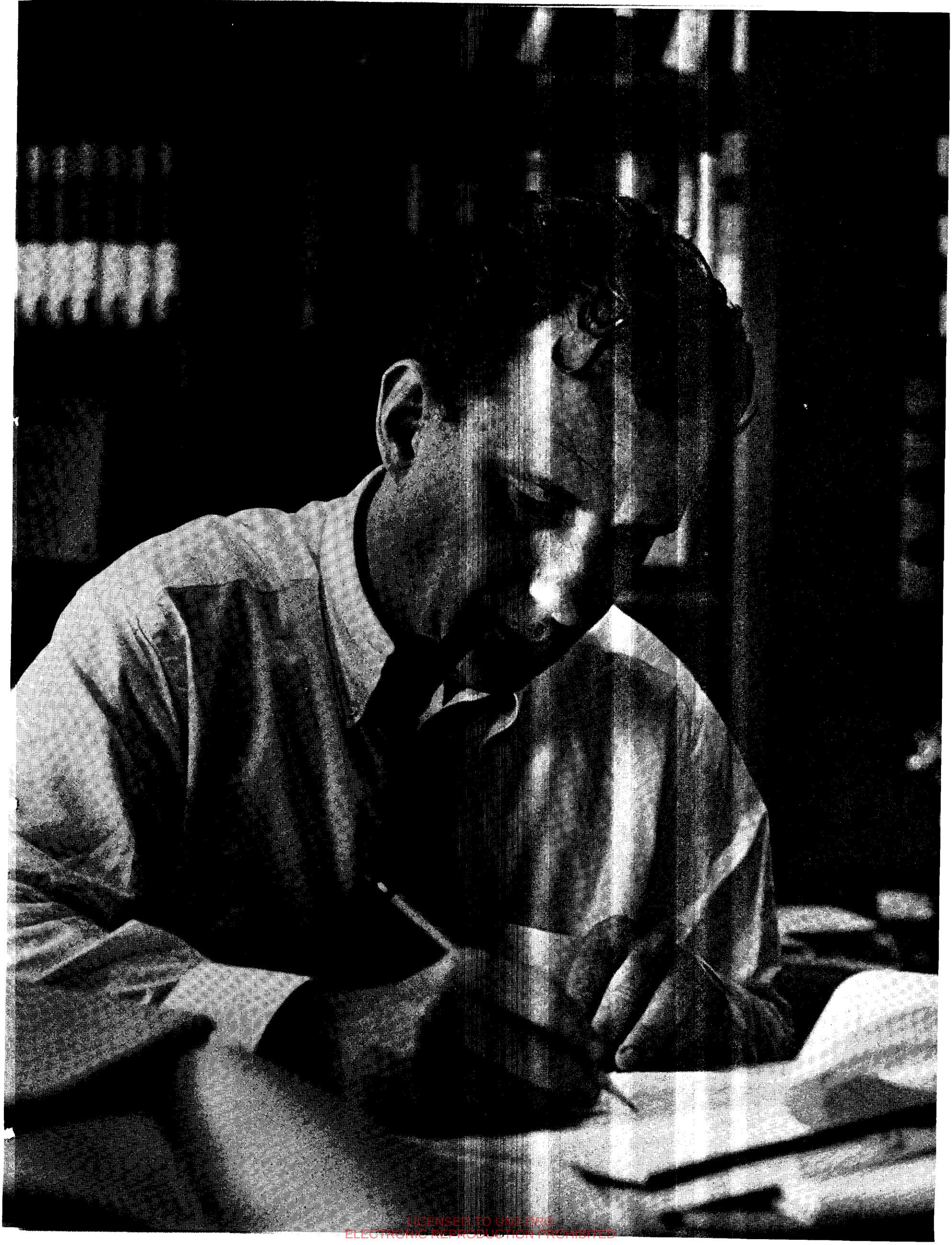
When the McCarthy mail cover came to light, the Senate appointed a special committee to investigate. The committee found that the charge was completely true: mail surveillance had been placed on the residences of McCarthy, Jean Kerr and Donald Surine. The committee unanimously agreed to refer the matter to the Department of Justice for appropriate action. It was referred. There the matter ended.

But the censure had already been voted. The committee hearing was over. The Senate debate was over. There was no chance to reopen. The Senate had had its fill of the whole matter. History must show in one of its more ironical paragraphs that Senator Joseph McCarthy, whose name became an international byword for ruthless inquiries, was himself the casualty of a congressional investigation that flouted the rules of fair play.

Next week: "Trial by publicity"—the cases of Congressman Adam Clayton Powell and Jimmy Hoffa.

Williams at work in the Washington, D.C., law office where he prepares the legal defenses for his headline-making clients.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Miss Thorpe was not especially fond of monitoring study periods. Her mind tended to roam, evoking vague and unconnected images. Just now she was intrigued by Mr. Lincoln, whose kindly eyes in the framed portrait at the back of the room belied his grave expression. The sunlight that struck the corner of the seventh-grade classroom every day at this hour suddenly broke through a cloud and brightened. William B. Kelton's oversized ears, like radar devices, stood out ludicrously from the sides of his head. Maybe they would flatten back in time, she speculated idly.

Young Willie, apparently unconscious of either his fantastic ears or Miss Thorpe's unflattering thoughts, decided to demonstrate studiousness by asking a question. "Yes, William?"

"Like, well, Miss Thorpe—er—here it tells," he stammered, "in the Reconstruction Period these here carpetbaggers, but why did they get the name they called them by?"

"Please don't say 'these here,'" she said with a gesture and smile that years of repetition had perfected. "Isn't that on page one-twelve, William?"

"I ain't—I haven't got that far still," William murmured, plumping down.

The room returned to hummy silence, and she wondered how, surrounded by friends and colleagues, she could feel so alone. "Yes. You may go, Harold. Five minutes, remember. No capering about in the basement."

As usual, her thoughts drifted off, creating a haphazard flow of irrelevant fancies. She visualized music, imagining the notes with their little tails released from the ruled sheets and winging out airily into space. "William! Put that pen down!" Her mind evoked numerous other half-realized images: drifting white clouds, winter snows, Paris in '49, trees in agitated motion, Viennese waltzes, couples whirling on a ballroom floor, lovers with lips locked together in a kiss, romance. . . .

The idea of romance caused Miss Thorpe to reflect on her own image. What was there for anybody's arms to take now? This slender form? The graying hair? These somber eyes? She tried to define her present notion of romance. Well, suspense, perhaps. A moment of doubt, and at the end—that is to say at the end of true adventure—a little glistening thing held in the palm of the hand like a live drop of quicksilver.

Her thoughts continued to wander at random. Actually she was aware of a little byplay going on. Millicent Raney had decided to display her artistic skill by drawing a picture of Superman on the collar of Helen Spewacker's white cotton blouse. The fact that Miss Helen Spewacker was unconscious of being used as a human scratch pad was somehow perversely amusing. The Spewacker girl was a rather studious pupil; she was quite above average, in fact. She had brown hair, eyes set wide apart, and a kind of lonely, isolated nose.

Quiet reigned until Mortimer Bloom proceeded to stick a pin into the neck of Henry Collier. Henry, leaping up, squeaked like a wounded mouse, creating a miniature riot. The hazy, iridescent fancies immediately went by

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

TAKE A CHANCE

the board. Miss Thorpe was upon the two miscreants.

"He stuck me!" Henry Collier cried indignantly, screwing his face up and registering the television conception of excruciating pain. "I bet I'm bleedin' all over!" He felt the back of his neck.

"Give me that slip of paper."

It was a crude but unmistakable characterization, with all the artful realism of schoolboy drawing, and it carried the descriptive legend: MORTIMER BLOOM DRESSED IN BLOOMERS.

"He done that," said young Mr. Bloom, pointing to Henry Collier. . . . "You jist wait'll I get you outside," he added, squinting at Henry sinisterly.

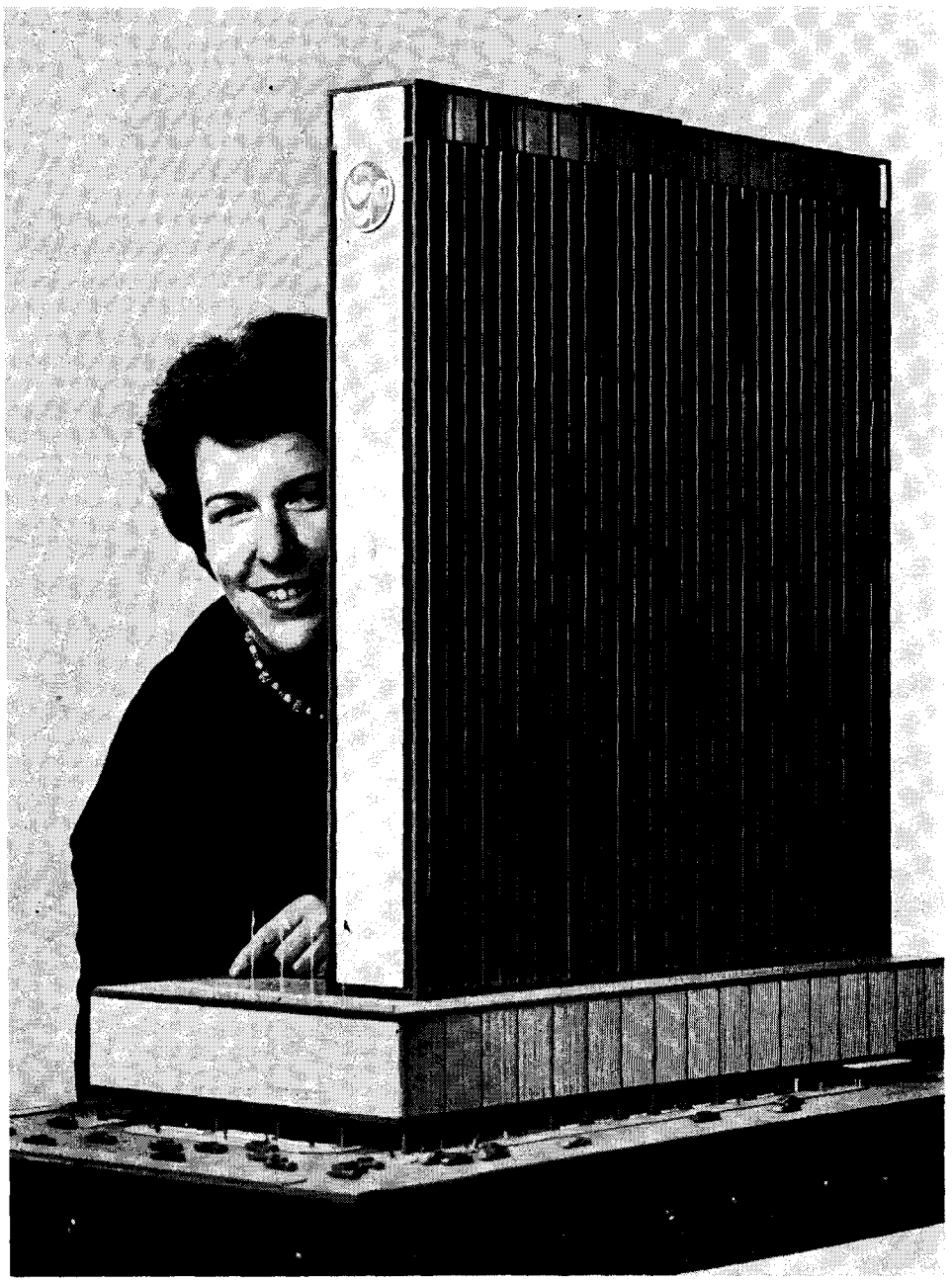
"He has not got no right to pierce me with a pin, 'specially behind my back," Henry complained for Miss Thorpe's benefit. "I'm liable to get blood person over that."

(Continued on page 72)

ILLUSTRATION BY JOE BOWLER

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PEOPLE ON THE WAY UP



Lighting Planner: A leading luminary in the new field of lighting design, Leslie Wheel, 33, peers around a model of the New York Hilton Hotel, which her firm has been commissioned to illuminate. "Our function," says Leslie, "is to work with the architect or designer to help him achieve his objective in terms of light—to show his design as it should be seen." Leslie also plans nightclub lighting effects for such performers as Frank Sinatra, Maurice Chevalier and Celeste Holm. "Lighting by Leslie Wheel," says Hildegarde (The Incomparable), "is the next best thing to a halo." Daughter of a New York manufacturer, Leslie used to dream of seeing her own name in lights. At Bryn Mawr College she majored in German drama; after college she joined her actress sister, Pat, at a summer theater in New England, was set to work handling lights. Later she worked as a production manager for the New York City Ballet, and as a nightclub lighting assistant. In 1959, after teaching herself drafting, Leslie went into business as a lighting designer—one of a dozen or so in the country—gained the Hilton hotel chain as her most important client. Last year she joined forces with Romanian-born lighting engineer Martin Garon, 36. Wheel-Garon Inc. foresees bright innovations in home lighting—dimming controls instead of on-off switches, wider use of color in fluorescent lighting, outdoor "gardens of light and shadow." But for her brownstone house in Manhattan and for her weekend cottage in Connecticut, Leslie avoids the flamboyant. "I like table lamps myself," she says forthrightly. PHOTOGRAPH BY ORMOND GIGLI.

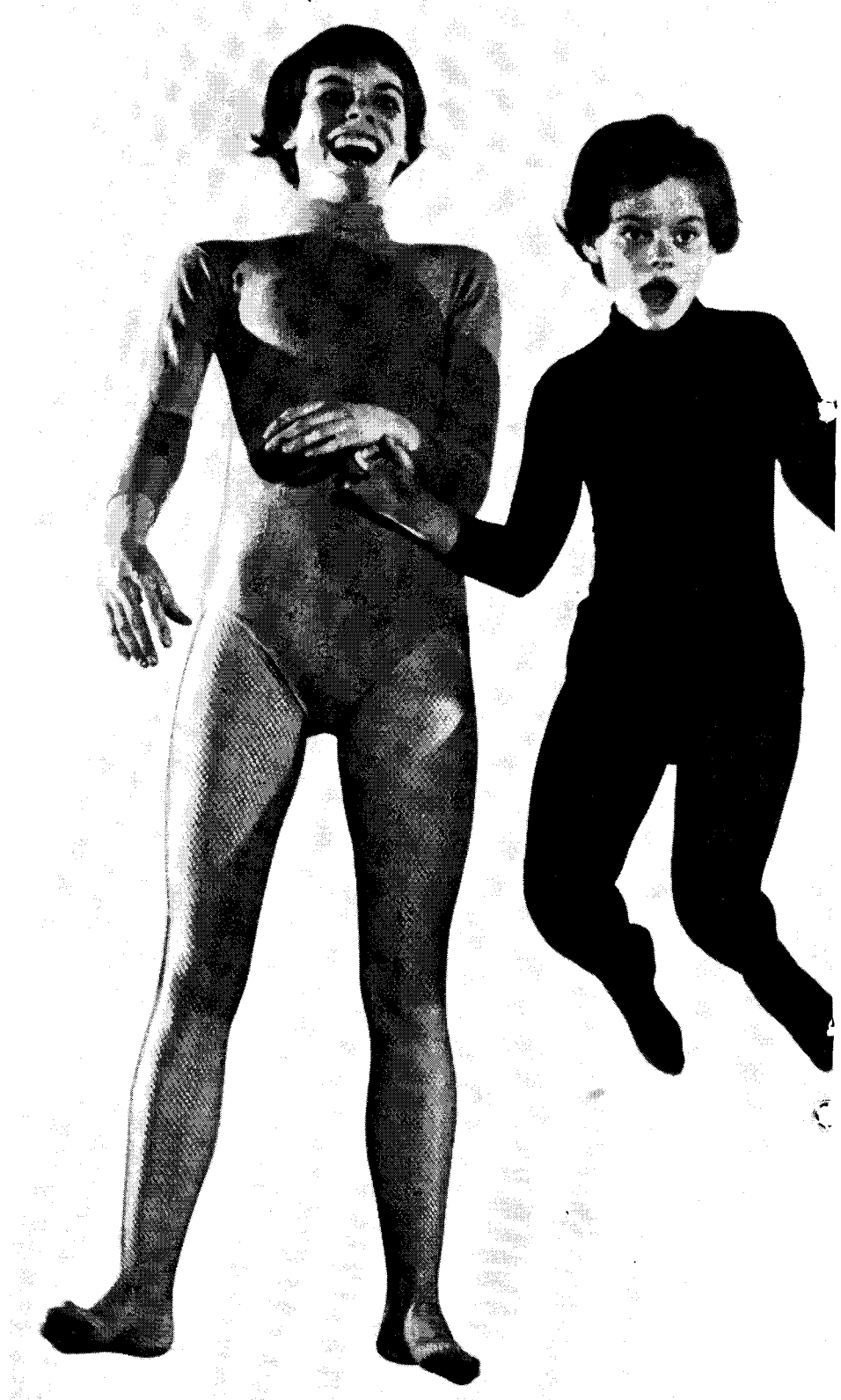
Junior Scientist: Some people find crabs, especially live ones, obnoxious. Not Chris Cherniak, 17. He collects them for scientific experiments in neurophysiology—the science of the nervous system. His research so impressed the judges at the Annual Science Talent Search (23,000 competitors, 40 finalists) held last March in Washington, D.C., that they gave Chris the highest award, a $7500 Westinghouse science scholarship. "I was numb when I heard I'd won," Chris remembers. "I had a coffee cup halfway to my mouth and just froze." Chris, a senior at Melbourne (Florida) High, has worked two years on his prize-winning project. He takes crab nerve tissue—crabs' cells are unusually large and easy to separate—and keeps it alive for weeks in an apparatus he designed. "I put single nerve cells," says Chris, "into a solution of amino acids, vitamins and other ingredients, and then build them into more complex networks. By growing nerve tissue outside the animal, I can observe it without all the normal environmental variables." Spurred on by an engineer father and an artist mother, Chris takes Russian and advanced English at school, was head of a committee to suggest ways the faculty could stimulate intellectual curiosity among students. Last year he won five awards at the National Science Fair-International in Kansas City and attended the International Youth Science Conference in London. Next stop—Harvard. Six-feet-five, he sails, hikes and plays the clarinet. "Chris is not the brooding type," says a friend. "Everybody likes him." His likableness helped him scrounge equipment for his nerve-culture project from nearby electronics firms, universities and the Air Force. "I spent fifty dollars of my own money and used about $35,000 worth of equipment at one time or another," he says, revealing he has some nerve of his own. PHOTOGRAPH BY BILL SHROUT.

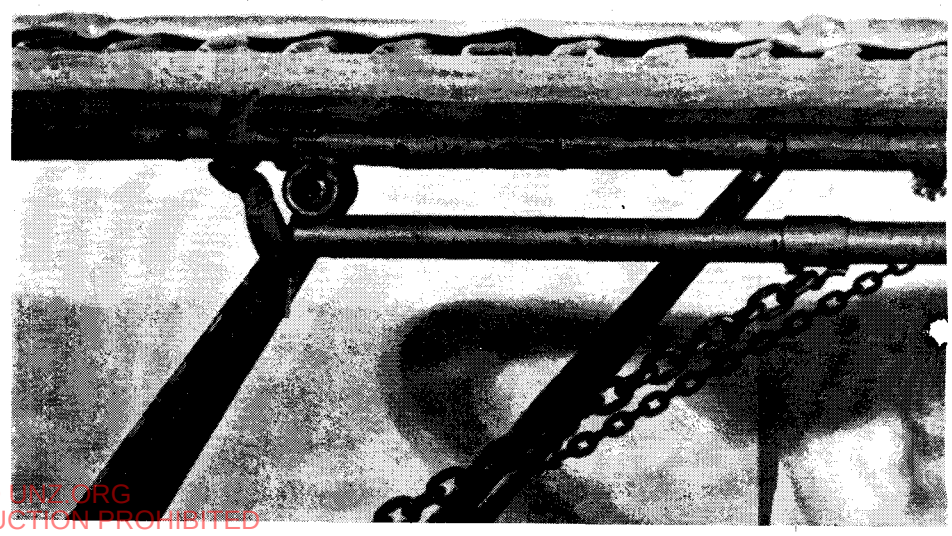
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PEOPLE ON THE WAY UP

Figure Stretcher: Bounding onto TV screens five days a week, Gloria Roeder, 38, and her six daughters show housewives the way to a more sylph-like self. "Let's give a real good stretch this morning," says Gloria. "Let's keep our bodies limber, firm and youthful." Gloria's daughters—who come equipped with youthful figures—do the exercises on the show along with Ma. (The programs are taped evenings and Saturdays so the girls can participate.) The sight of mere children doing exercises like the Nose Dive, the Double Hip Spank and the Angry Cat Hump, together with a slim-hipped mother of six, shames viewers into getting off their "bumpters" (Gloria's word) and working off some weight. "Don't be a viewer," says Gloria. "Be a doer." Gloria has been a doer all her life. Athletic as a girl in Lake Sunapee, N.H., she won a degree in physical education at the University of New Hampshire, in her senior year taught Phys. Ed. at nearby public schools. "Even then," Gloria recalls, "if I saw an overweight person, it bothered me. It was almost disgusting. I figured there must be something I could do." As a lark, she applied for a job as an exercise instructor with a New York City beauty house, was hired. "I was petrified," she says. "Me in a Fifth Avenue salon!" In New York she met Ed Roeder, a young naval officer. "If I'd known he was going to give me six daughters," she says, "I'd have said, 'Not me.'" Wherever the Navy sent Ed—and between babies—Gloria ran exercise classes for neighborhood wives. "I always start exercising immediately after a baby is born to get my figure back," she says. "You have to work to keep what you have." In Norfolk, Va., Ed Roeder interested a local television station in Gloria, and her show was born. When Ed was transferred to Philadelphia, a station there took over the program. It was an instant hit. As a professional physical educator, Gloria promises no miracles. "It's foolish," she says, "to think, *Gee, if I exercise I'll have a thirty-eight-inch bosom.* You can't get what you don't have." Gloria, however, is not above encouraging viewers extravagantly. "You all look beautiful today," she said on a program recently. "I just know you do." PHOTOGRAPH BY LARRY KEIGHLEY





LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Paintings by a Prodigy

Drawing from inner impulses and imagination, a California schoolgirl creates an incredible world of external beauty.

By ART SEIDENBAUM

Surrounded by her big collection of Raggedy Ann dolls, Janel Lessing, 12, prepares to begin a new painting. To describe the subjects and the methods of her pictures on the following pages, artist Lessing has written her own captions.

Photographs by Bob Willoughby

There is nothing really ordinary about Janel Lessing—not her looks, her interests or her astonishing accomplishments. She is twelve years old. Her contemporaries play on the beach across the street from Janel's home at Playa Del Rey, California. But Janel is indoors; you can find her there every afternoon, seated at a desk, hunched over a piece of paper. Her fire-red hair spills onto the desk top, so close is Janel's nose to the paper. Her porcelain-pale skin is smudged with black, red, green and yellow. Janel is painting.

In the course of this day, an ordinary day, Janel will finish twenty drawings and paintings. Fifteen of them she will crumple up and throw angrily into a wastebasket. The five others will be saved, framed, and sold for $50 to $100 apiece.

For plump, adolescent Janel Lessing is a painter of stature. Her work has hung on exhibition at the University of California at Los Angeles. A series of illustrations of the *Nutcracker Suite* is currently on a one-year tour of all Los Angeles public schools, a city-sponsored show of Lessings designed to inspire other children. This summer, after her paintings have been exhibited and sold at two suburban galleries, Janel Lessing becomes the first child to have a one-man show at a major Los Angeles art gallery. Within this prodigious year, Janel has sold more than 250 paintings. Despite her tremendous daily output, demand is beginning to approach supply.

Visitors to the Ankrum Gallery on La Cienega Boulevard have already applied the dangerous epithet "genius" to Janel. Critics are more cautious; but they agree with collectors and educators in saying that Janel Lessing commands respect and attention.

Janel has been watched and worried over since birth. Her mother, Jane Lessing, was thirty-six, and her father, Gunther Lessing, was sixty-two when Janel, their first and only child, was born. Janel, a combined name form of Jane and Lessing, was a premature baby; she began life at two pounds, twelve ounces. Three weeks later a diarrhea epidemic raged through the hospital and nearly killed Janel, leaving her at a critical weight of one and one half pounds.

At age four months Janel Lessing stopped blinking when a lamp was turned on. A doctor's examination confirmed that she was nearly blind; an excessive use of oxygen, which had been given to strengthen the premature child, had damaged Janel's retinas. The parents had a gloomy choice: to risk use of a then-new and unproved drug, ACTH, or to accept near-blindness as a fact of their daughter's life.

For two separate fourteen-day periods, fragile Janel Lessing received ACTH shots on a round-the-clock basis. The drug produced no measurable improvement. It was then that the Lessings resolved to be superdevoted parents. Janel would be guarded, protected, monitored. She would get food, love and attention upon demand.

After Janel came home from the hospital, her sight began to improve naturally. Her weight rose. She began to grab for her playthings. By her third birthday, she was delightedly scribbling on all the surfaces within reach, including the walls.

Whenever objects were at close range, Janel could see them, focus upon them, enjoy them. She could not see things that were distant. She had difficulty looking up or down at oblique angles; climbing stairs, for instance, was a problem. But she enjoyed books, and her parents brought a world to her fingertips—books on geography, fairy tales, art portfolios, encyclopedias. Janel devoured them.

She went to school and astounded teachers with her knowledge. By the time she was in third grade she had been invited to visit sixth-grade classes in geography and history. Her grades were "A" across the board. But socially Janel had troubles. Many of her contemporaries were so uninstructed on the narrowness of Janel's vision that they laughed at her awkwardness. Janel's response was to come home from school promptly and concentrate on the world she was building privately.

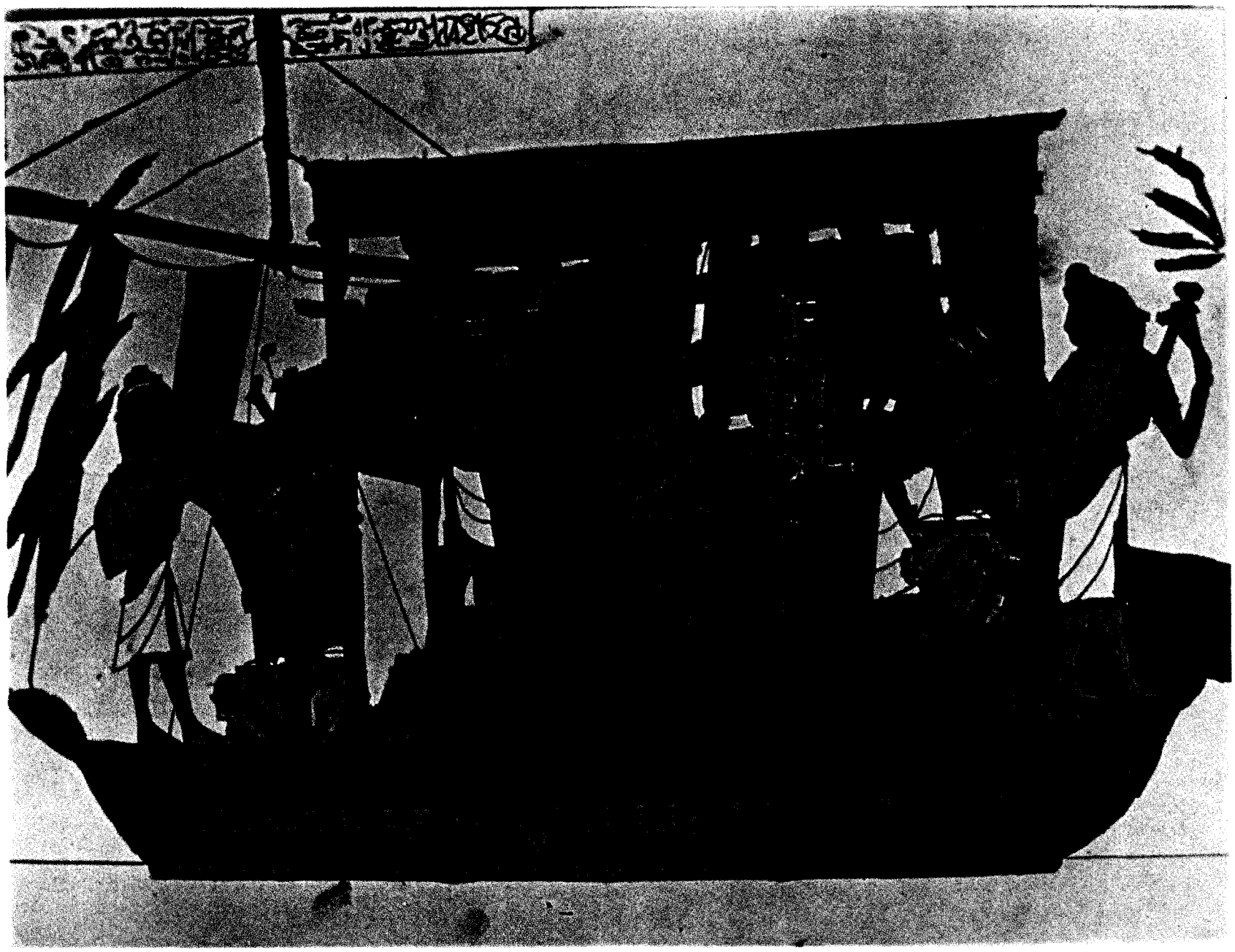
At eight she began to write her own books. Her parents bought Janel a printer's typewriter which produces letters about twice the size of regular typeface. Out of her accumulated knowledge came fantasies about imaginary cultures, travel books, recipe books and stories about John Carder, a make-believe American of 1750 who wanted to be President. She began writing her own magazine which would not contain, in her own words, "articles about divorce rates, money problems, crime and violence—and stories that might better remain unwritten." Janel was imagining a Utopian world of beauty, a serene and secret place without everyday ugliness.

At nine she stopped watching television. "I read that TV is bad for children," Janel announced one evening to her parents. But she listens to the radio, usually tuning for classical music, which she finds a good accompaniment to reading.

Sometimes she makes her own music. The Lessings have a piano in the living room. Janel can play by ear the melodies she hears on radio. Her technique is limited; she has never taken music lessons—or art lessons either—but her memory is incredible.

Then there are the dolls. Janel has nearly one dozen Raggedy Ann and Raggedy Andy dolls of various sizes. Often, Janel will grab a favorite—like "Dirty Mildred," which has become gray-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



"The Barge *pictures an imaginary Egyptian family on a trip down the river. I drew it with a pen and colored it with felt-tip pens.*"

"Musicians and Dancers *was designed as I went along. I don't plan any costume, person or object before I start a picture. I prefer my imagination to live models. People are my favorite subjects.*"

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"A Bridge *was done on mat board. I put in the sky and water first, the people last. I made the sky bright yellow to suggest sunshine. I like to do Oriental-type pictures because they have such a peaceful feeling.*"

"Anora *is one of my make-believe characters, done on vinyl tile. Opalinia, on the Continent of Imagination, has a Lake Anora. And Celefono, a country nearby, has a town named for Anora.*"

brown from handling—and run through the house, singing, "You're such a Dirty Mildred; Dirty, Dirty Mildred, but so beautiful." But after an interlude with Dirty Mildred, Janel invariably returns to the desk for serious painting.

Her materials change according to mood and intention. Janel works with oils, water colors, crayons, pencils, pastels, ink and colored felt pens. Sometimes she mixes her mediums, uses ink, water color and crayon in one picture. The surfaces she paints on are equally varied: mat board, pressboard, canvas, paper, linoleum tile. And for fun she draws on newspapers, desk pads, artgum erasers, boxes of paper tissues, even on tissue itself.

"I don't like abstracts," says the definite Miss Lessing. "I like realistic pictures that say things. Abstracts don't mean anything. These people waste their time, their money. And their colors are bad; I don't like muddy colors." Nor does Janel enjoy doing landscapes. "I prefer pictures with human activity in them." And what a cast of humans she puts in her work: Japanese, Egyptians, Chinese, Persians, American Indians. From her books Janel has mastered the costumes of people all over the world; she is facile at painting Oriental subjects in a startlingly faithful Oriental style.

The raggedy dolls, too, occasionally figure in her paintings. From an elaborate illustration of an Egyptian festival, Janel will abruptly switch to a scene in "Dollville," draw Dirty Mildred and the rest lined up for a Fourth of July parade. And from her own fantasy writing, Janel paints the lives and times of the Opalinians, the Celefonos, the Thorbasians, the Aios, the Biones, the Guga-Tana, the Kandemorains. Some of these peoples live on what Janel calls the "Continent of Imagination." Each of the make-believe tribes has its own physical characteristics, customs and clothing. The paintings are visual interpretations of the histories Janel has written for each culture.

Often Janel completes a picture in ten minutes. She first inks in the heads, then moves across the paper to draw some broad outlines of costume or background. From an unconnected patchwork the composition suddenly takes form. After all her outlines are done, Janel may return to color various portions of the work; if she does, a picture can take as long as forty minutes. She is quite emphatic about her method: "I do not visualize in advance; if I try to think what I'm going to do, it usually doesn't please me when I'm done. I just go ahead and paint."

While Janel works, Jane Lessing usually sits in another room. From the beginning Jane—who paints formal portraits and landscapes wholly unlike Janel's work—has encouraged her daughter but never instructed her. Now and then Janel will

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Janel, lower left, chats with her fans during a special preview of her one-man show which begins late this month at the Ankrum Gallery in Los Angeles. Beaming down at Janel is mother Jane Lessing.

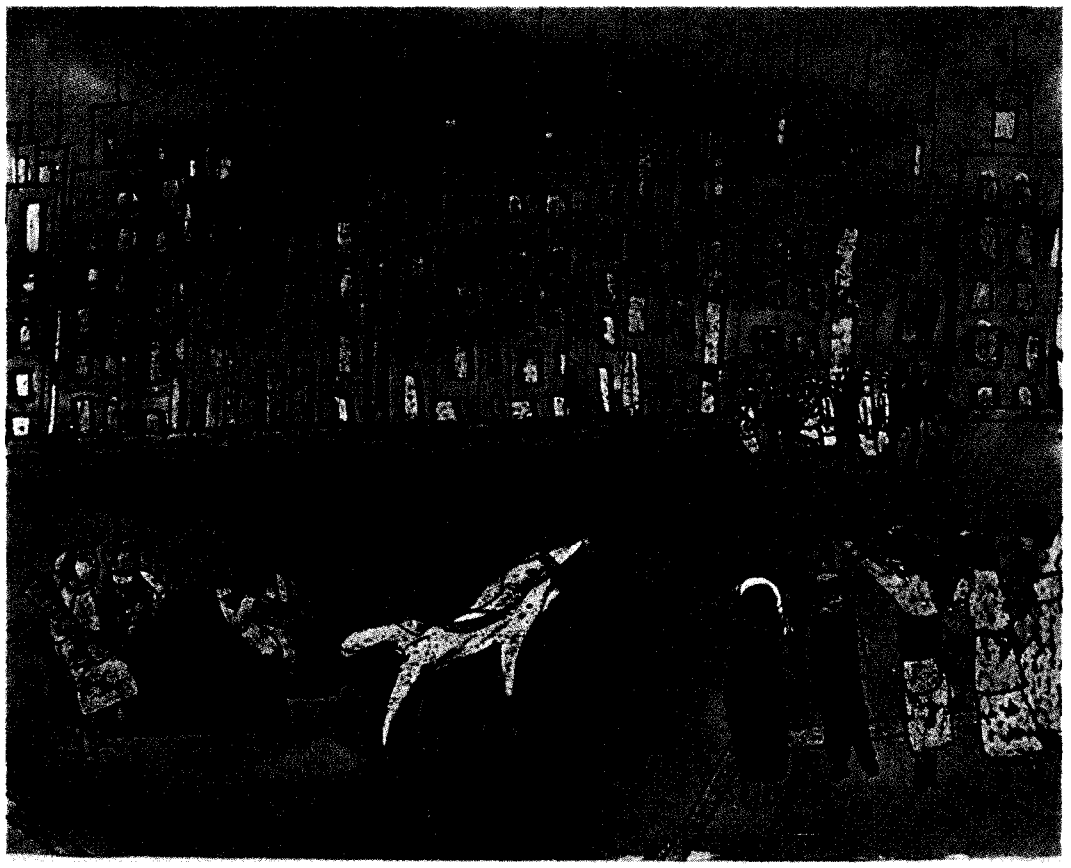
shout for materials, and her mother will jump to attend the artist's needs. If her father is home from the office—he is a vice president and general counsel for Walt Disney Studios—he may tease Janel about the work in progress. Sometimes the artist isn't amused: "Gunny, don't laugh. You like jokes better than information. Please stay out of this—don't intervene." And Gunther Lessing, smiling patiently, will leave the room. As they indulge her in all things, the Lessings indulge Janel in temperament.

But these days Janel's temper has less reason to flare. She has a teacher at school who has helped the other sixth-graders to understand and appreciate her. A new Lessing is hung in the school office each week. She has had the thrill of being admired by her peers; several children have come to Janel for art guidance and instruction. She has been exposed to the pleasure of public acclaim. At the preview showing for her exhibit at the Ankrum Gallery, Joseph Hirshhorn, who has the largest private collection of contemporary art in the United States, came up to Janel, grabbed her hand, hugged her and called her a "wonderful phenomenon." He bought fourteen paintings. All the net profits go into a special savings account in Janel's name.

And gradually, but quite perceptibly, her vision has improved. She wears glasses now, finds that they help in bringing distant objects into focus. There is reason to hope that new developments in eyeglass lenses may yet give Janel a full, ordinary look at the outside world. Fortified by approval, Janel is determined that her sight will become still better. "Momma," she said to Jane Lessing not long ago, "I think it's because I'm trying harder to see."

So out of a couple of near tragedies, dozens of books, hundreds of daydreams and thousands of hours of care, a most unusual talent has grown. Whether painting will be the crowning achievement of that talent or merely a magnificent flowering along the way remains to be seen. Dr. Richard Brown, director of the Los Angeles County Art Museum, says, "Very few artistically precocious children carry their art with them into adulthood. Most stop." But he adds, "Geniuses in art usually start young; their talent shows from the beginning."

In the meantime Janel continues to paint, translating her internal imagery into external beauty and making constant demands on her parents' attention. But she is, herself, beginning to understand the difficulties of rearing an unusual person. Recently Janel shouted for her mother to bring a felt pen to her work desk. As Jane Lessing placed the commanded pen in front of Janel, the girl gravely looked up and smiled. "Do not hesitate to love me," she said. THE END



"New York *was a present for my father when he returned from there recently. That's my Daddy standing on the corner. I call this mixed media; I used ink, crayons and a blue wash.*"

"The Kite Festival *shows Japanese boys celebrating 'Children's Day' on May 5, which is my birthday. I drew a large mouth on the fish so it would catch plenty of air and fly well.*"

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Durable Den of Wits

New York's irrepressible Players Club continues to thrive on fellowship and high humor—an exclusive sanctuary and watering hole for America's gentlemen of the arts.

By COREY FORD

"To the Players' Perpetual Prosperity!" Keeping alive a hallowed tradition, literary historian Van Wyck Brooks reads the dedication speech of the first Player, Edwin Booth, during the club's Founder's Night ceremony. The time-honored furnishings retain a tenacious link to the past.

Residents of Gramercy Park, back in '88, were all of a tizzy. For decades this private square at the foot of Lexington Avenue had been one of New York's most exclusive neighborhoods. Cyrus W. Field and Robert Ingersoll lived on the north side; catercornered across the park stood the sedate mansion where Mrs. Stuyvesant Fish ruled Manhattan's social Four Hundred; a few doors away were the adjoining residences of Bishop Potter and the late Gov. Samuel J. Tilden, defeated by one electoral vote for the Presidency of the United States. And now Mr. Edwin Booth, of the stage, had purchased the Potter home and was planning—Gramercy Park eyebrows lifted in shocked disapproval—to turn it into an actors' clubhouse, a rendezvous for mountebanks and mummers.

Not only that, but the ultramodern young architect, Stanford White, was busy remodeling the old house, tearing down the dignified brownstone stoop and substituting Greek columns and a street-level entrance, flanked by garish wrought-iron lanterns and evergreen trees in wooden tubs. This was too much. An outraged petition was hastily circulated; the lamps and trees must go. Why, it looked like a German beer garden.

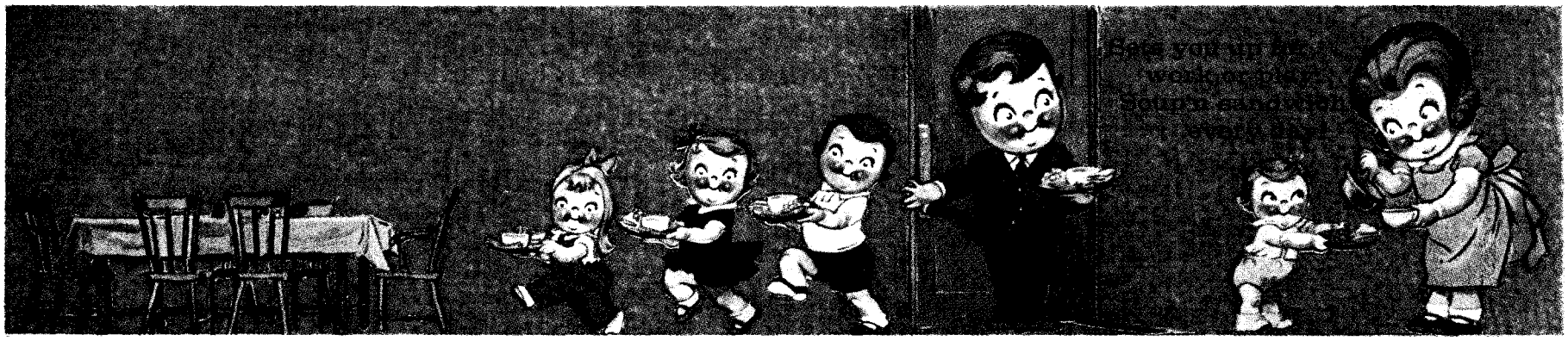
Today Gramercy Park's once-fashionable residences have largely disappeared; but gas jets still flicker in the twin lamps beside the door of Number Sixteen, and the club which Edwin Booth founded, called The Players, has become a unique American heritage, a world-renowned sanctum of the arts.

Mark Twain's Pool Cue

For three quarters of a century, its membership has been a virtual Who's Who of the stage and painting and letters. Booth himself spent the last of his life in his private rooms upstairs. Joseph Jefferson, John Drew, Gen. William Tecumseh Sherman, Thomas Bailey Aldrich (who gave The Players its name) and Mark Twain were among the original incorporators. Twain lived here a couple of years; his pool cue still hangs on the wall. The bow-window table in the dining room was the favorite gathering place of such theatrical giants as Sothern, Mansfield, Faversham, Augustin Daly, Otis Skinner, David Warfield, William Gillette, Charles Coburn, Walter Hampden.

In the downstairs grill Irvin Cobb would tell his inimitable Southern stories; young Jack Barrymore and Booth Tarkington always homed in on the club after a bibulous night on the town; Grover

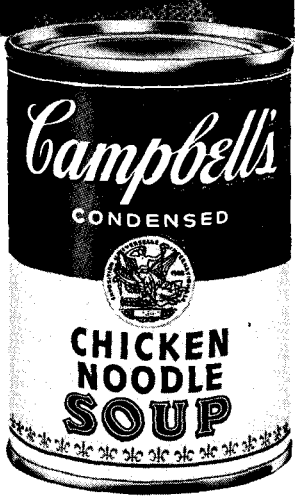
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Campbell's Soup'n sandwich

4-minute meal–wholesome, nourishing, good!

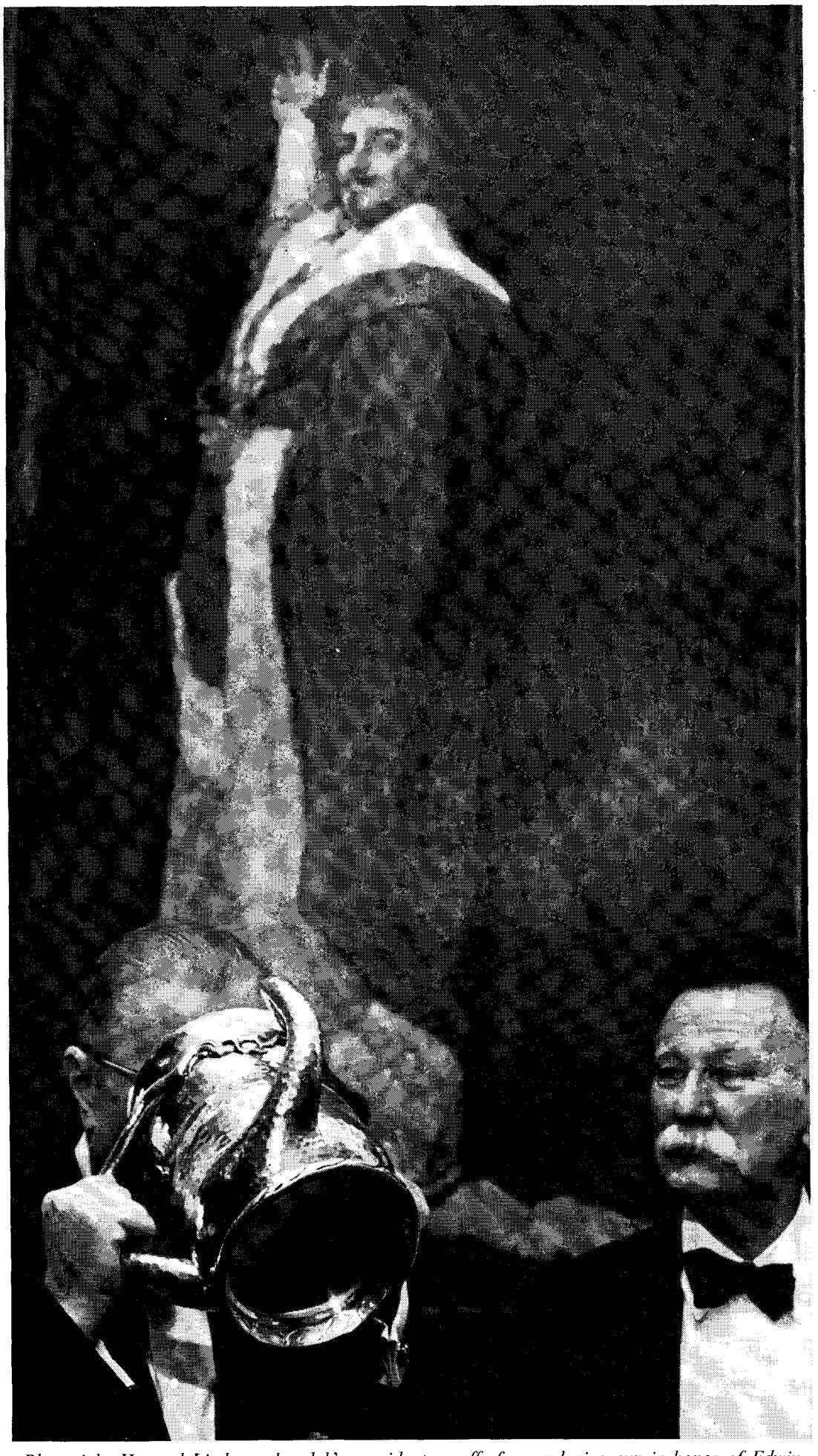
There's real chicken in that soup. Plump, tender chicken —the only kind that's good enough for Campbell's. And the noodles are real egg noodles, made with enriched flour. For Campbell's Chicken Noodle Soup is made the good, old-fashioned way, with good, natural ingredients in their own good, natural, full-bodied broth. And Campbell's Chicken Noodle Soup is just one of over 25 kinds, all of them delicious—all hot and ready in just 4 quick minutes.



Have you had your *Campbell's Soup* today? (M'm! M'm! Good!)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"I know where the books go," the club's librarian declares, "but I'm not sure where to file the members."



Playwright Howard Lindsay, the club's president, quaffs from a loving cup in honor of Edwin Booth, whose portrait as Cardinal Richelieu hangs above him. Van Wyck Brooks awaits the cup.

Photographs by Larry Fried

WITS' CLUB

Cleveland and Elihu Root and the elder J. P. Morgan were frequent luncheon patrons. The great Don Marquis, whose biography has just been written by fellow member Ed Anthony, used to polish his newspaper column at a corner table. Today such illustrious stars as Alfred Lunt, Laurence Olivier, Sidney Blackmer, Fredric March, Ralph Bellamy, Dennis King and James Cagney come here to be themselves and enjoy The Players' fine cuisine and mellow comradeship.

Perhaps it is this quality of mellowness that makes the club unique. The pleasantly dingy rooms with their patina of age, the architectural jumble of Italian marble and English wainscoting and blue Holland tiles, and the furbelows and rosettes on the ceiling lend it a sort of cluttered intimacy, as homey as an old-fashioned parlor. Every inch of wall space is taken up with portraits in rococo gilt frames, signed photographs, handwritten letters from dramatists George Bernard Shaw and Arthur Wing Pinero. Here is an informal family circle where a celebrity can relax in private over his cakes and ale, secure from any intrusion.

In 1963 The Players celebrates its seventy-fifth anniversary. For this occasion the club has broken its rule of silence and invited *The Saturday Evening Post* to photograph its hallowed halls for what I believe is the first time. As a fellow Player of long standing (mostly at the bar) I have been appointed to tell something of its history. This is not because I am the oldest living member, I hasten to add; though I can claim to have been one of the youngest. I was elected at the unripe age of twenty-four, and on my first visit as a new member I was halted with a frown by doorman John MacDonald, who bore a disturbing resemblance to Winston Churchill. "Are you the new busboy?" he growled. "Use the service entrance."

No Reverence Allowed

Cutting people down to size is a time-honored tradition at The Players. Members revere their clubhouse, but they show no reverence for one another. No one is a celebrity inside these doors, and affectation or pretense cannot survive long here. Mark Twain was an imposing figure in his white linen suit but, when he showed up at the club, he was apt to be greeted with the jeering inquiry: "Where's your street-cleaner's broom?" The noted painter Edward Simmons was cured of a slight tendency toward verbosity when humorist Oliver Herford posted a warning sign over the door: "Exit in case of Simmons."

Herford was probably The Players' greatest leveler. On one occasion the club's outstanding bore complained to Herford in tears that a member had just offered him $500 to resign from the club. "Don't you do it, old man," Herford advised him. "Hold out for a better offer."

The late Franklin P. Adams, the caustic F.P.A. of "Conning Tower" fame, was

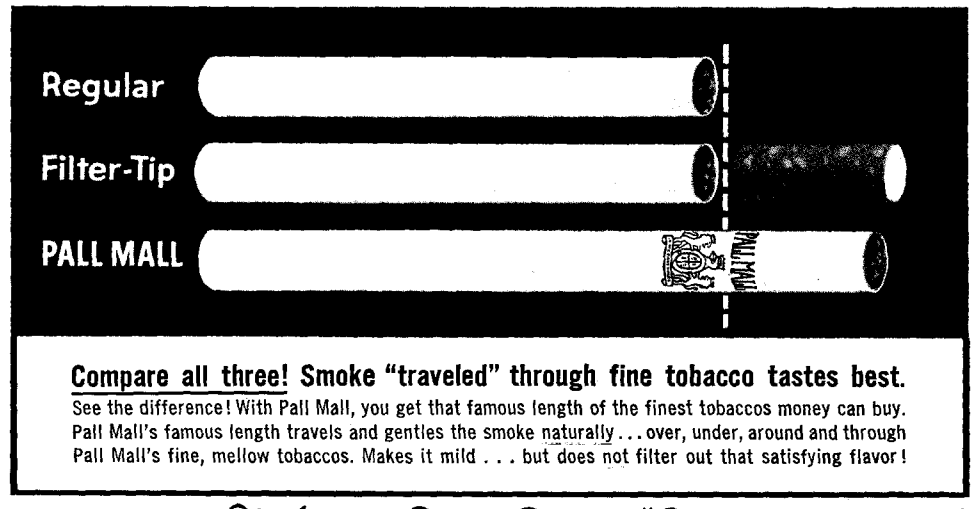
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Pall Mall's natural mildness is so good to your taste!

So smooth, so satisfying, so downright smokeable!

• See how Pall Mall's famous length of fine tobacco travels and gentles the smoke naturally—makes it mild—but does not filter out that satisfying flavor. Never too strong. Never too weak. Always just right! Enjoy satisfying flavor . . . so friendly to your taste.

Outstanding...and they are Mild!



Compare all three! Smoke "traveled" through fine tobacco tastes best.
See the difference! With Pall Mall, you get that famous length of the finest tobaccos money can buy. Pall Mall's famous length travels and gentles the smoke naturally . . . over, under, around and through Pall Mall's fine, mellow tobaccos. Makes it mild . . . but does not filter out that satisfying flavor!

© A. T. Co. *Product of The American Tobacco Company — "Tobacco is our middle name"*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

QUIET!
Jet-smooth ride at work

Impala Convertible—America's favorite roof-down way to go around feeling good.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

It's almost uncanny the way a Jet-smooth Chevrolet goes around putting the squelch on noise and vibration. Ruts, gaps, bumps, humps and wrinkles suddenly seem to do a disappearing act. Ditto for squeaks, rattles and all their noisy relatives. Know how your peace and quiet came about? We could recite a long list of proud reasons—like the frame that's X-built (not just X-braced) for extra rigidity. Or the Fisher body that's carefully crafted to stay solid and tight. But the heart of this one's serenity is really the Jet-smooth ride. A big Full Coil spring at each wheel to flatten the little bumps and take the starch out of the big fellows. And over 700 insulators and cushioners skillfully spotted throughout the car to soak up noise and vibration before they can get at you. What a team! And how beautifully they work to keep you refreshed and relaxed as you do some plain or fancy skedaddling! For plain skedaddle, you can pick a standard fuel-pinching 6 or quick V8. For the fancy kind, you can choose from a flock of optional-at-extra-cost V8's. Add spacious, gracious interiors, sofa-soft seats, a warehouse of a trunk—and you've got about all the car you could possibly want—but at the palatable kind of price you expect from Chevrolet. . . . Chevrolet Motor Division of General Motors, Detroit 2, Michigan.

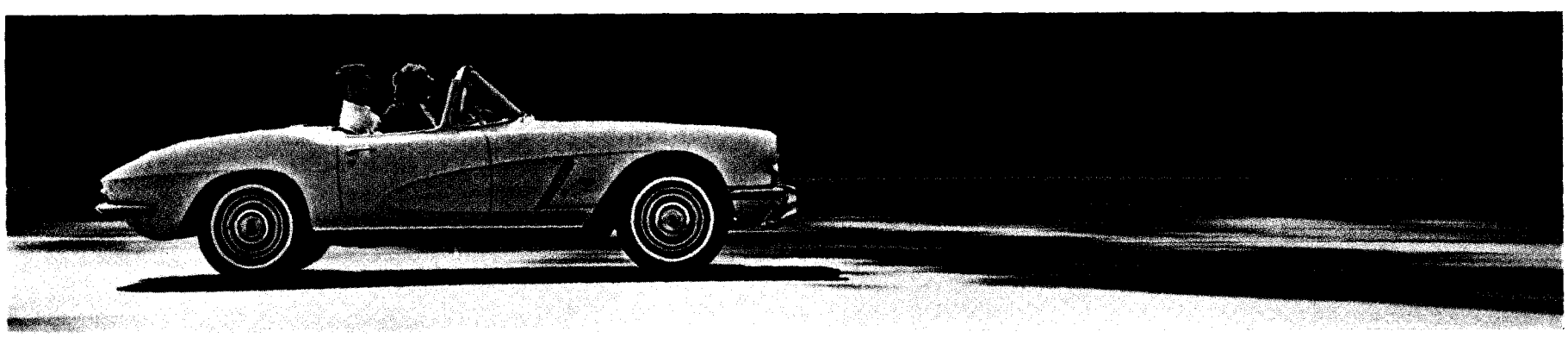
JET-SMOOTH RIDE

CHEVROLET

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BELIEVES THERE'S NO SUCH THING AS A BAD ROAD! Owners of other cars must think Corvair enthusiasts are impossible bores: They're almost always bragging about how a Corvair keeps its footing on any surface. Of course, you should forgive them. It's just the way a Corvair *is*. Its rear-engine design puts weight where wheels want it when the going's rough, and its Full Coil suspension takes the starch out of the stiffest road. Its air-cooled engine is nothing to sneeze at, either. But if you're a non-believer (and we suppose it's possible), ask your Chevrolet dealer for a chance to put this road-lover through its paces. Who knows, you just may become a Corvair bore yourself! . . . Chevrolet Division of General Motors, Detroit 2, Michigan. *Chevrolet • Chevy II • Corvair • Corvette*

CHEVROLET



CORVETTE . . . GET IN, SIT DOWN, DISAPPEAR. If you're the kind of animal who can't get away fast enough from office elevators or kitchen sinks, or wall-to-wall boredom, you're a candidate for a Corvette. Its new V8 engine will put a grin on your face—a mile wide. Go on, give it a try!

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A celebrity can relax over his cakes and ale, secure from any intrusion.

WITS' CLUB

equally adept at deflating balloons with a deft thrust. There was the night that a long-winded member concluded an interminable anecdote with the cliché: "Well, to make a long story short ——"

"Too late," Adams interrupted tersely.

And I remember an evening when a group at the bar was discussing a fellow Player known but not loved for his boorish behavior when in his cups. "At least," someone argued in defense, "he's his own worst enemy." Adams's eyes flashed. "Not while I'm around," he insisted.

Patrons of the Arts Welcomed

It is not a large club; the total membership, resident and nonresident, is under 900. There have been only five club presidents in its history: Booth, Jefferson, Drew, Hampden, and currently Howard Lindsay, distinguished actor, director and playwright. It was Booth's conception that the members would gain by mingling with men of culture in other professions. Accordingly the club takes in a quota of bankers and lawyers, who are called Patrons of the Arts. Humorist Frank Sullivan described the functions of this special group in a recent *Players Bulletin:* "The main qualification of a Patron of the Arts should be solvency, in case any of the real members need a touch."

One thing all members have in common is a firm resistance to any changes in their clubhouse. The slightest innovation in the historic edifice is greeted with howls of protest. A few years ago the House Committee cleaned the library, repairing the worn carpets and removing half a century of dust. Clarence Budington Kelland viewed the results with dismay. "Now it will take another fifty years," he sighed, "to get this place looking natural again." The loudest outcry arose when someone urged the installation of an air-conditioning system to remove the stale aroma of cigar smoke from the downstairs grill. Don Marquis pounded the bar with his fist. "What's the matter with this air?" he demanded. "It was good enough for Edwin Booth."

So Sixteen Gramercy Park remains as it was, almost the last lingering vestige of old New York in the gas-lit '80's and '90's. The exterior is unobtrusive enough. There is no nameplate on the door; only the masks of Comedy and Tragedy in the iron grillwork of the balcony identify it to the casual stroller on Twentieth Street.

Few New Yorkers are aware that this modest building houses perhaps the finest existing collection of American theatrical memorabilia. All of Booth's original costumes hang in glass cabinets, together with the jeweled dagger and the skull to which the greatest of all Hamlets addressed his soliloquy. There are some 50,000 programs and playbills, dating back a couple of centuries. Scholars have come from as far as New Zealand to visit the Players library, which contains more than 10,000 volumes of stage history. Booth's personal library and relics have been augmented by autographed first editions and rare manuscripts presented by other Players, including twenty of George M. Cohan's typed scripts with his marginal notes on staging and production. Members browse at will in the quiet, dim-lit room; and Pat Carroll, club librarian for twenty years, is constantly at work removing volumes from the chests of slumbering figures and returning them to the stacks. "I know where the books go," he admits, "but I'm not sure where to file the members."

Not even the Art Committee can name all the treasures tucked away on shelves and in dusty closets. Not long ago a diligent member discovered an authentic Gilbert Stuart, hanging forgotten in an obscure corner. There are priceless oils by Gainsborough and Henry Inman and John Singer Sargent, whose life-size portrait of Booth over the fireplace in the reading room was the subject of heated controversy. Friends complained that the artist had made Booth's legs too long, and for years his lower extremities were discreetly hidden by an ornate clock.

In the grill is the Thomas Nast drawing which created the symbolic Tammany tiger; opposite it is Pulitzer-prize-winner Rollin Kirby's cartoon which first established the cadaverous figure with a stovepipe hat as the symbol of Prohibition.

The lower halls are a gallery of other famous illustrators: John Wolcott Adams, Frederic Dorr Steele, Maxfield Parrish, Wallace Morgan, Rea Irvin, A. B. Frost and Frederic Remington. Gordon Stevenson's masterful painting of Mark Twain and *Post* artist John Falter's inspired pencil sketch of F.P.A., with shoulders slumped and suspenders dragging, keep alive the memories of a couple of The Players' well-loved members.

Blunder of the Tragic Handbill

There are other mementos, more personal. Framed in the library is the first draft of the heartbroken letter which Edwin Booth addressed to the American public, announcing his retirement from the stage after his brother John Wilkes assassinated the President. Only once was this tragic event referred to in his presence. When Richard Harding Davis was made a member in 1891, he presented the club with a collector's item: the hand-bill of Ford's Theater on the night that Lincoln was shot. Booth turned away in silence, and the gift was never accepted.

The club's holy of holies is the third-floor bedroom where the founder died in 1893. Everything has been preserved intact—the elaborate glass chandelier, the coal-burning fireplace, the Victorian wallpaper dotted with family photographs, a corner cabinet containing Booth's personal keepsakes and curios, a porcelain cow and milkmaid. The center table is covered with a wine-colored silk spread, heavily embroidered, and a volume of poems by William Winter lies open at the verse he was reading last. In a roped-off alcove is his brass bed with canopy and curtains and bright-colored crazy quilt. An old-fashioned washbasin and pitcher are on the stand beside it, and his Turkish-type slippers still rest at the foot of the bed. Some years ago, the story goes, the Metropolitan Museum sought to purchase the room's furnishings as an authentic example of early Americana. The offer was rejected by the board of directors with a concerted gasp of horror. They would sooner have sold their wives.

The hushed silence of the Booth Room contrasts with the raucous shouts that echo from the downstairs grill, the club's center of conviviality. At the pool table Dennis King, The Players' vice president, hums a snatch from *The Vagabond King* as he executes a neat bank shot to beat fellow actor Roland Winters. Marc Connelly and Frank Sullivan and Russel Crouse heckle from the high stools along the wall. The adjoining round table is the scene of a seemingly endless card game with such devotees as musician Harry Gilbert, executive Jack Shuttleworth, and actors Thomas Chalmers and "Sheriff" Ranson, whose expression when holding a pat hand is so revealing that F.P.A. once suggested a club rule: "Anyone who looks at Ranson's face is dishonest."

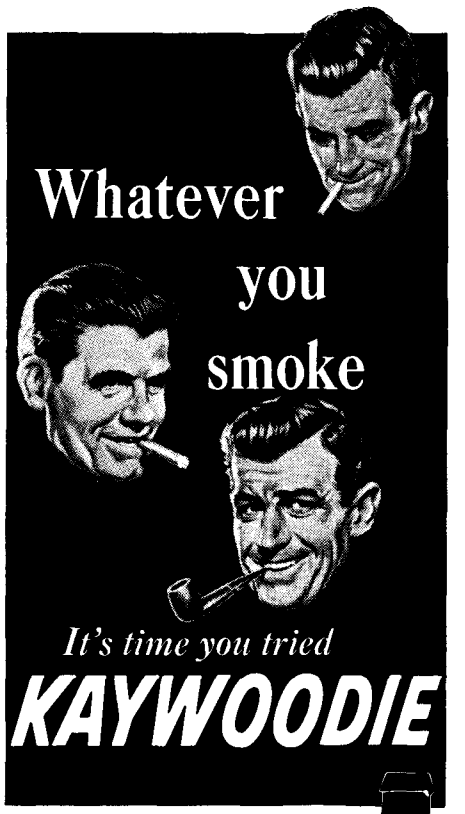
The Best-Loved Player

And always hovering in the background is the warm Irish smile of Charles Connolly, club steward for fifty years and now a lifetime honorary member and probably the best-loved Player of them all. His eyes look back across the years to the grill as it was in other days: Mark Twain halting his pool game and snapping his fingers for Charlie to toss another cigar, which Twain would catch in mid-air with the dexterity of a shortstop snagging a line drive. Illustrator Reginald Birch dozing for twenty minutes while standing erect at the bar—an ability which prompted veteran actor John King to observe: "He's got cab-horse blood." De Wolf Hopper or Raymond Hitchcock leading an impromptu quartet in *When I Fit for General Grant* or *Everybody Drinks in Our House*. Don Marquis striding up to the bar, after several years on the wagon, and ordering a double Martini with the triumphant announcement: "I've conquered my damn will power!"

It must be admitted that the devotion of the members for their favorite club is not always shared by their wives. Take the case of an inveterate cardplayer whose apartment was only a few doors away, but who spent so much time at his game that his family might have been living in Outer Mongolia. One night the wail of fire sirens filled the park, and his small son raced to the apartment window. "Mommy, mommy," he shouted, "I think it's The Players!"

"Come on, dear," his mother said grimly, "let's go fight the firemen."

Traditionally the distaff side is admitted to the clubhouse only once a year,

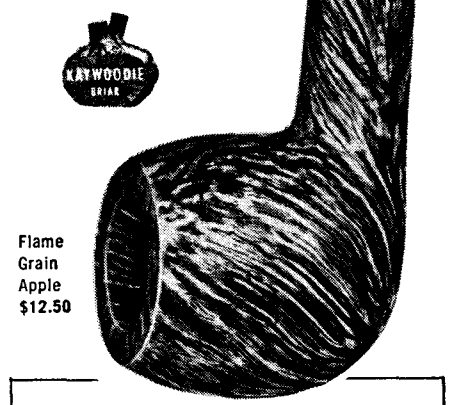


for full smoking pleasure
..... *without inhaling*

What do you want in a smoke? Mildness? Flavor? Relaxation? You get all 3 from Kaywoodie—*without inhaling.*

Kaywoodie is like no other smoke. Its briar is unique; rare, aged, and cured the Kaywoodie way. That's why it always smokes mild, cool and sweet. And to further insure mildness, the exclusive Drinkless Fitment screens tars and irritants.

You've never really tried a pipe—until you smoke Kaywoodie.



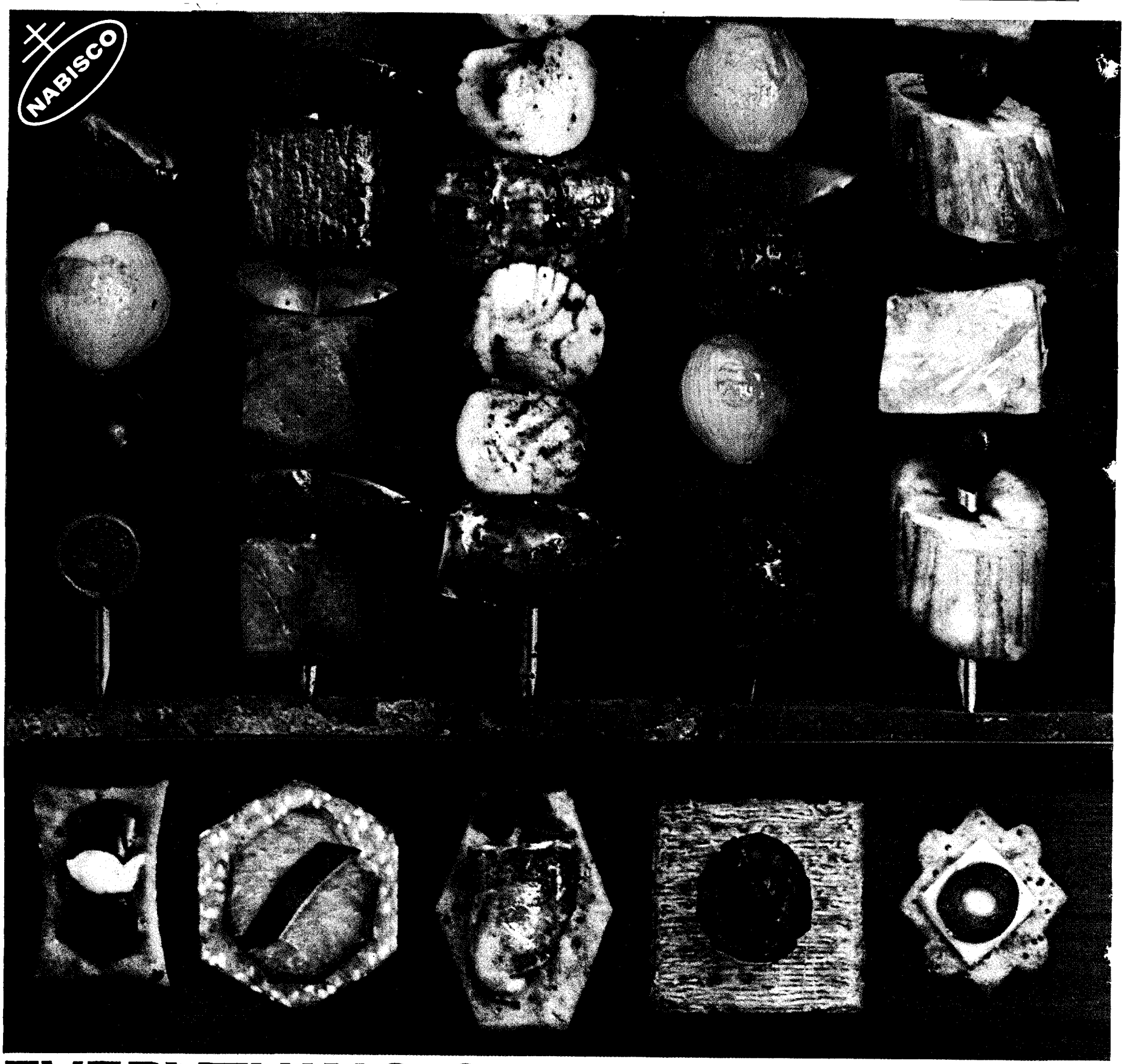
Flame Grain Apple $12.50

Other Kaywoodie Pipes and Sets $5.95 to $2500.			
White Briar	$6.95	Silhouette	$10.00
Super Grain	7.95	Relief Grain—Meerschaum-Inlaid	12.50
Prime Grain	8.95	Connoisseur	17.50

Send 25¢ for 44-page catalog, also tells how to smoke a pipe. Kaywoodie Pipes, Inc., New York 22, Dept. P32

KAYWOODIE

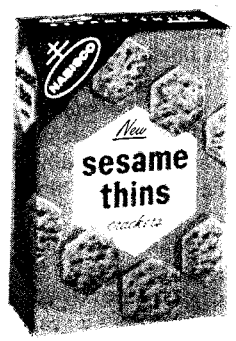
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



EVERYTHING ON THE GRILL GOES

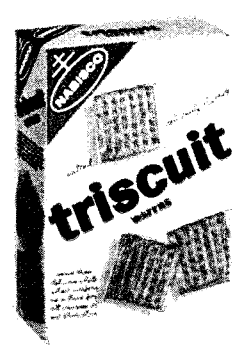
Grill a vegetable medley of mushrooms, onions, peppers, tomatoes till flavors blend. Pop tomato dressing on spicy Vegetable Thins — so delicious just plain, too!

Junior suckling pig! Skewer ham cubes, apple wedges. When just lightly charred, serve with apple on the cracker popping with sesame seeds, crisp Sesame Thins!



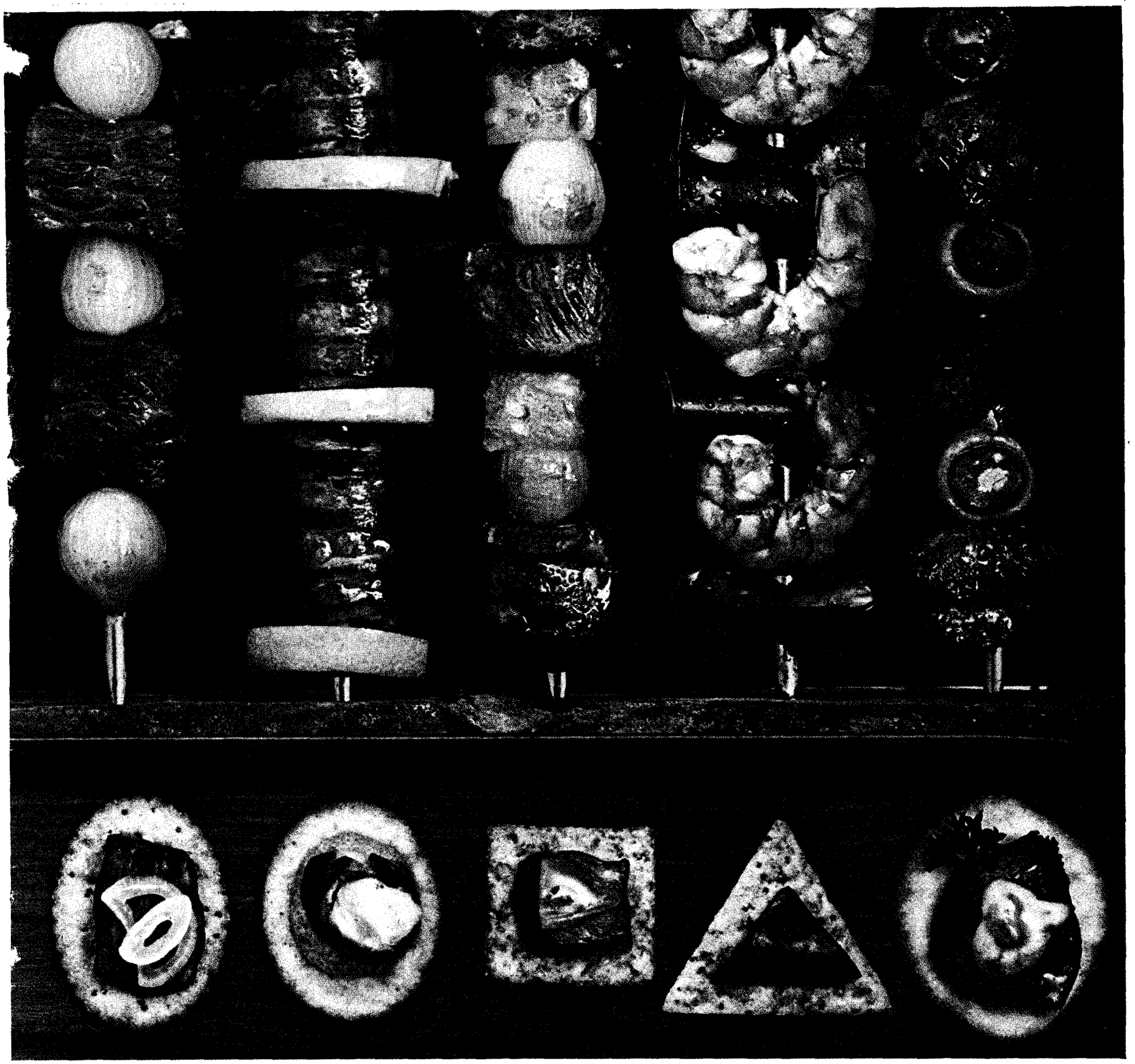
Fish supreme! Grill lobster, scallops till tender. Serve with cress on Swiss n' Ham flavored crackers — America's favorite flavor combination of mellow cheese and ham!

Hot for the coals! Tiny meatballs, simmering in onion, tomato flavors. Taste them with a dab of ketchup on crisp Triscuit Wafers — so nicely-salted and wheaty-flavored!



Party change of pace! Grill chicken, maraschino cherry, banana slice (for added flavor). Different, delicious on Party Thins, the poppy-seed snack in 24 party-shapes!

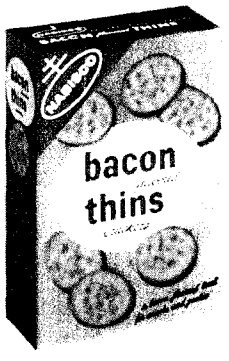
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



DELICIOUSLY ON NABISCO SNACKS

Barbecue Beef! Marinate beef cubes in oil, lemon juice, thyme, salt. Grill with onions. "Si bon" on French Onion Thins—the cracker with the rich onion-y flavor!

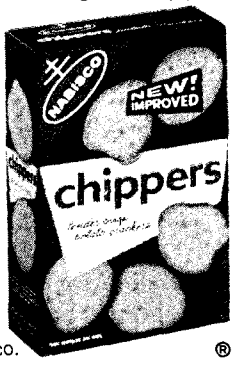
Fish in a blanket! Wrap fish in bacon. Grill with tangy lemon till bacon's crisp. A natural on Bacon Thins, the snack cracker with the flavor of bacon done to a turn!



Miniature shish-kebab! Grill lamb chunks, pineapple bits and onion (for extra flavor) till lamb is cooked. Serve on Wheat Thins—the thinly-crisp whole wheat cracker!

Grill plump jumbo shrimp with green pepper. When shrimp are crisp, eat with pepper, dash of spicy dressing on tasty, snappy Triangle Thins! Crunchy-good snack!

Grill mushrooms, chicken livers till livers are juicy-pink inside. So good with dressing, parsley on crisp potato-flavored Chippers, the snack that's so good for dips, too!



©1962, NAT'L BISC. CO. ®

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"I'm a Magic Marker® by Speedry® and I make my mark on rubber overshoes, plastic rainwear, leather baseball gloves, linen sheets, metal tools, wax freezer paper, cotton towels, glass medicine bottles, wooden garden furniture, corrugated cartons, paper envelopes, aluminum foil wrappings, cardboard posters and charts, woolen or synthetic-fiber clothing, ceramic tile and paint or plaster that needs touching up. Top that."

"I'm a pencil and I make my mark on paper and...er... ah...I...I wish I were a Magic Marker® by Speedry®."

Only Speedry® makes Magic Marker®—the original, patented, all-purpose marker. One of a family of Speedry markers, it dries instantly, is waterproof, and can't spill or leak. Unconditionally guaranteed. Available in 13 vivid colors. The only refillable marker. Try it today. Speedry Chemical Products, Inc., 84-00 73rd Ave., Glendale 27, New York.

FREE 39¢ REFILL... LIMITED TIME OFFER

Now get a genuine Magic Marker®, plus a free refill worth 39¢, all for the price of the marker alone! You get the marking "mileage" of two Magic Markers for the price of one! Go to your local supermarket, variety, drug, hardware or stationery store today while the supply lasts.

Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping

COMMENDED PARENTS' MAGAZINE

The members' devotion to the club isn't always shared by their wives.

WITS' CLUB

on Ladies' Day; though recently a series of mixed buffet suppers during the winter months has helped to mollify the neglected spouses. A notable exception to the all-male rule was made when Madame Sarah Bernhardt was invited to visit The Players, with unfortunate results. The famous actress was escorted into the small private elevator, rarely used since Booth's death, and the car became wedged between floors for an hour—an embarrassing moment which Gelett Burgess immortalized in a quatrain: "The elevator's in the wall, And no one uses it at all. Bernhardt was stuck in it, they say. For all I know, she's there today."

The Girl Gate-Crasher

An even more disastrous attempt to introduce the fair sex was made by actor Arnold Daly, who surprised a Pipe Night audience by pulling aside the curtains and revealing a masked Pierrot. "This young man," Daly announced, "will sing a few songs for us." The Pierrot turned out to be Miss Bessie Abott of the Metropolitan, who had climbed a ladder and entered through a rear window. She was hastily escorted to the door, and Daly was expelled from the club the following day.

It is a legendary club, and its favorite legends are handed down from generation to new generation. There's the oft-told story of the time cartoonist Clive Weed was walking toward The Players with fellow artist Harry Grant Dart, who was suffering from a prodigious hangover. Suddenly Dart grasped his friend's arm and pointed to the American flag at half-mast: "What's that for?" "It's Armistice Day," Weed explained. Dart groaned in relief, "I thought it was for me."

Another legend concerns a certain famous actor who emerged from The Players, after imbibing less wisely than well, and told the driver of a waiting cab: "Take me to Sixteen Gramercy Park." The driver stared at him in bewilderment, and the actor raised his voice and repeated his command imperiously. Not knowing what else to do, the driver took his illustrious passenger around the block and drew up again before Number Sixteen, whereupon the actor emerged and fixed him with a stern eye. "My man," he declaimed, "I have been a not unnoticed figure on the stage for thirty-eight years, and this is the first time in my career that anyone has hinted my enunciation was defective." And wheeling in majestic silence, he reentered the club.

And there is the story of another befuddled member who stumbled out of The Players in evening clothes, nodded good-night to the doorman and set off uncertainly down the street, guiding himself along the high iron fence that surrounds Gramercy Park. It was slow progress; but by clinging to the iron bars and proceeding cautiously, hand-over-hand, he circled the park and worked himself back to where he had started. As he halted and peered bleakly through the bars, the doorman asked if he could be of help. "Jus' one thing," the member begged. "Tell me how to get out of here."

But beneath all the conviviality is a deep-running sentiment, felt rather than expressed. No one knows how many aging actors and artists, unable to care for themselves, have been made comfortable in their last years by the John Drew Fund, a club charity which never makes public the names of its beneficiaries. There are other quiet gestures of friendship. Actor Jacob Wendell was an inveterate pool player. When he died, the table was draped in black and was not used until after the services. Another faithful member was the wonderfully improvident Ed McNamara, a former Paterson, New Jersey, cop who became Caruso's only pupil and whose rich baritone used to fill the bar with unforgettable Irish melody. Today the grill has a handsome mahogany counter, the gift of his friends, given in his memory. But there is no florid inscription on the silver plaque. It is known simply as Mac's Bar.

Most moving of all moments in the club calendar is the annual Founder's Night ceremony, when the membership gathers before the marble fireplace in the main hall to honor that New Year's Eve in 1888 when Edwin Booth stood on the same spot, beneath the oil painting of his father, Junius Brutus Booth, and concluded his speech of dedication with the toast: "Let us drink from this loving cup, bequeathed by William Warren of loved and honored memory to our no less valued Jefferson, and by him presented to us—from this cup and this souvenir of long ago, my father's flagon, let us now, beneath his portrait, and on the anniversaries of this occasion, drink: 'To The Players' Perpetual Prosperity!'"

Booth's speech is reread each year, and then Charlie Connolly passes the ancient silver cup, and one by one the members drink in silent memory of that tragic and lonely figure, the finest actor and the greatest gentleman the American theater has ever known, whose spirit still dominates the unique fellowship which he founded.

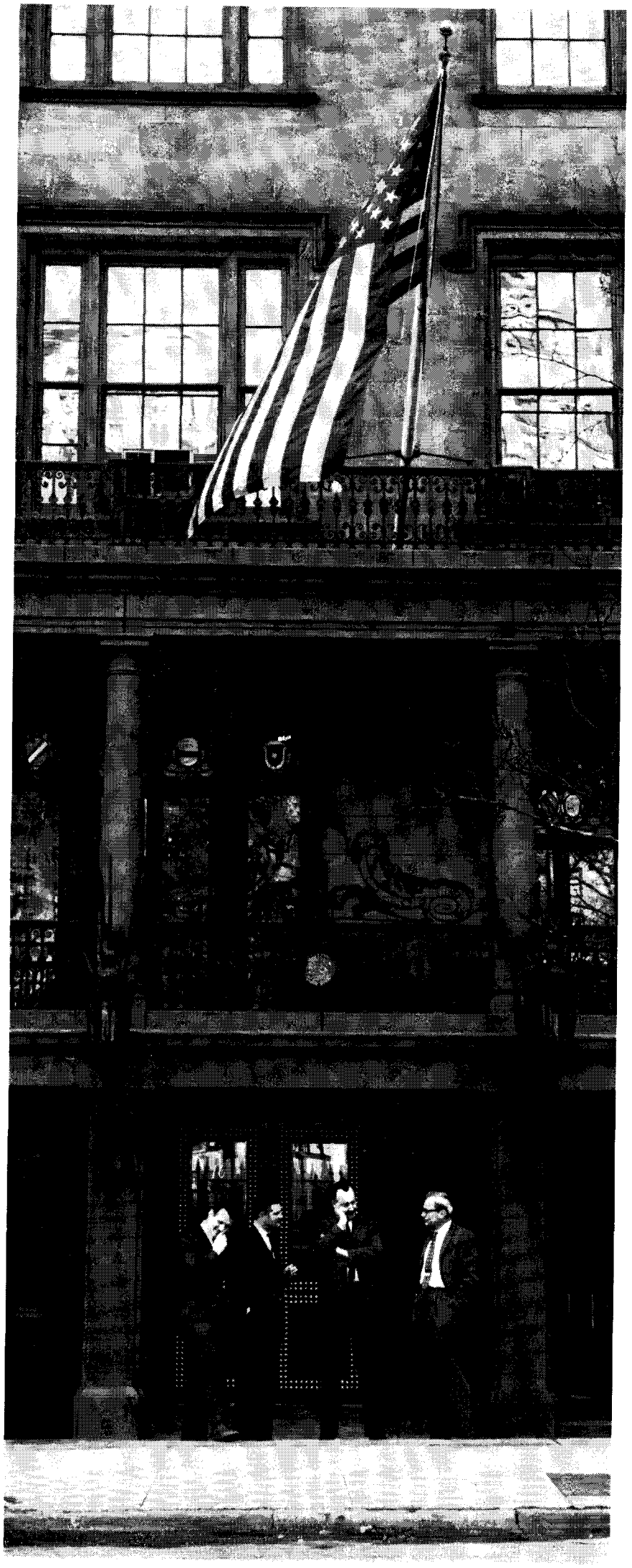
So the past lives on with the present at The Players, and in its mellowed halls is always the pervading sense of yesterday which Don Marquis expressed in the final lines of his sonnet to *A Certain Club*:*

"I have seen ghosts of men I never knew—
Great gracious souls, the golden hearts of earth—
Look from the shadows in those rooms we love,
Living a wistful instant in our mirth:
I have seen Jefferson smile down at Drew,
And Booth pause, musing, on the stair above."

THE END

*From *The Old Soak and Hail and Farewell.* © 1924 by Doubleday and Co., Inc.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

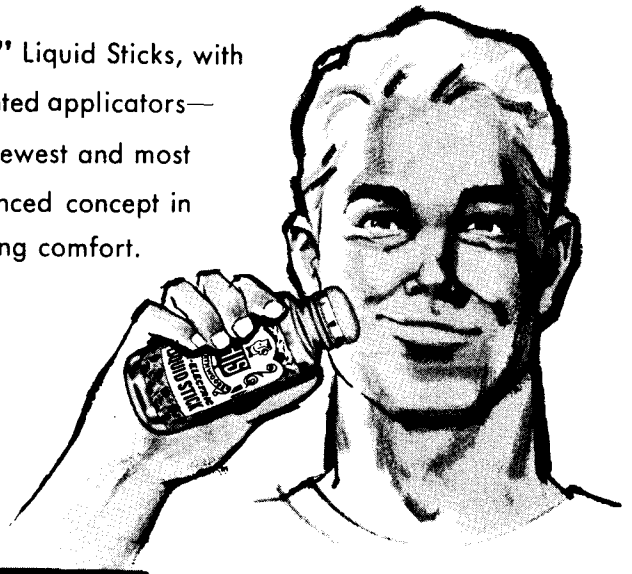


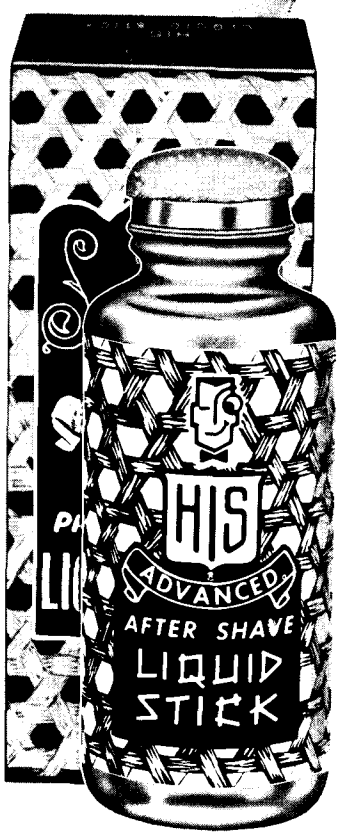
Convivial Players fraternize in front of their clubhouse on New York's Gramercy Park. The all-male club has a membership of under 900.

HIS

TRIUMPH for modern man

"HIS" Liquid Sticks, with patented applicators—the newest and most advanced concept in shaving comfort.





HIS

AFTER SHAVE LIQUID STICK

World's greatest advance in After Shave lotion combining dry stick convenience with lotion luxury.

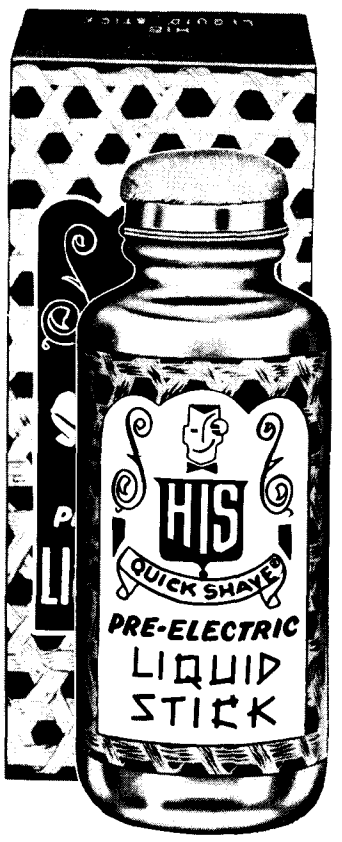
$1.25 plus tax

HIS

PRE-ELECTRIC LIQUID STICK

Nylon felt applicator prevents waste. Usable anywhere. No mess, no sticky hands, no soiled clothes.

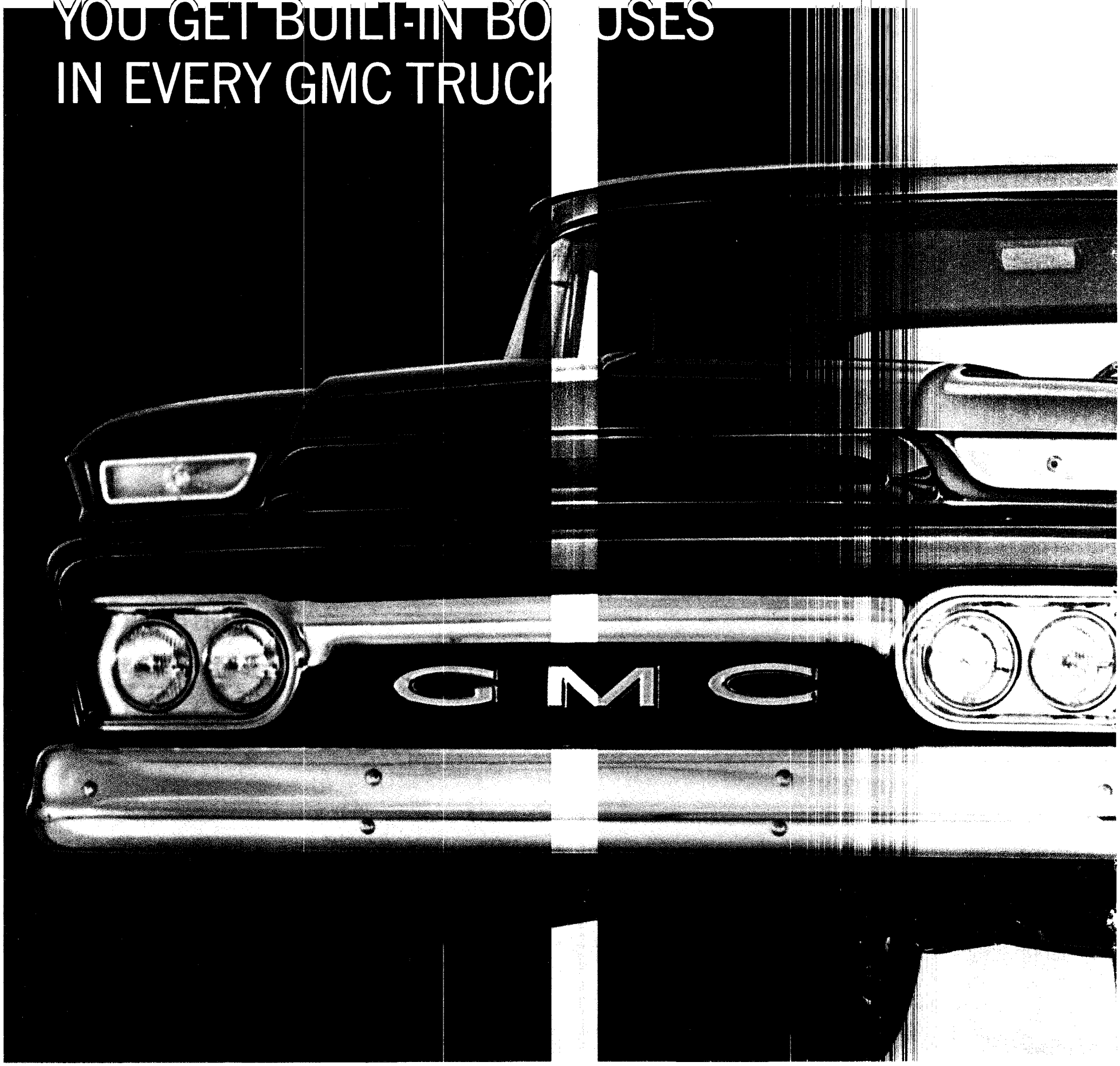
$1.25



Available at quality drug and department stores

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

YOU GET BUILT-IN BO USES IN EVERY GMC TRUCK



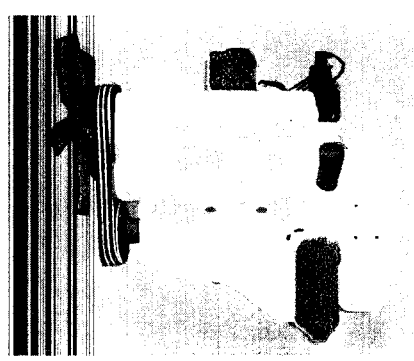
Take a look at any of the 34 GMC pickups. Drive one. Compare its performance. Then you'll know a GMC pickup is all truck. From the ground up, inside and out.

Inside, under the hood, you'll find a GMC exclusive . . . a 165 h.p. V-6 engine. It's designed for trucks and trucks alone. No other pickup has an engine that delivers so much load-moving power at low operating speeds. (More torque than any other standard gasoline engine in its class!) It's an easy going engine with a short stroke design that is kind to parts. Easy on maintenance bills, too. It's an engine that eats up work but has moderate appetite for gasoline. An engine that means less shifting, less driver fatigue, greater efficiency, a lower cost of operation. Why? Simple. It's designed for trucks. It's packed with GMC quality.

Frames, cabs and bodies also have a brute strength that can take punishment and come back for more year after year. Even the tailgate of the GMC pickup has a unique brawniness. It is sand-tight . . . flush with the floor when open. Heavy, overhanging loads won't make it give. Just like the rest of the truck, it doesn't need an ounce of pampering.

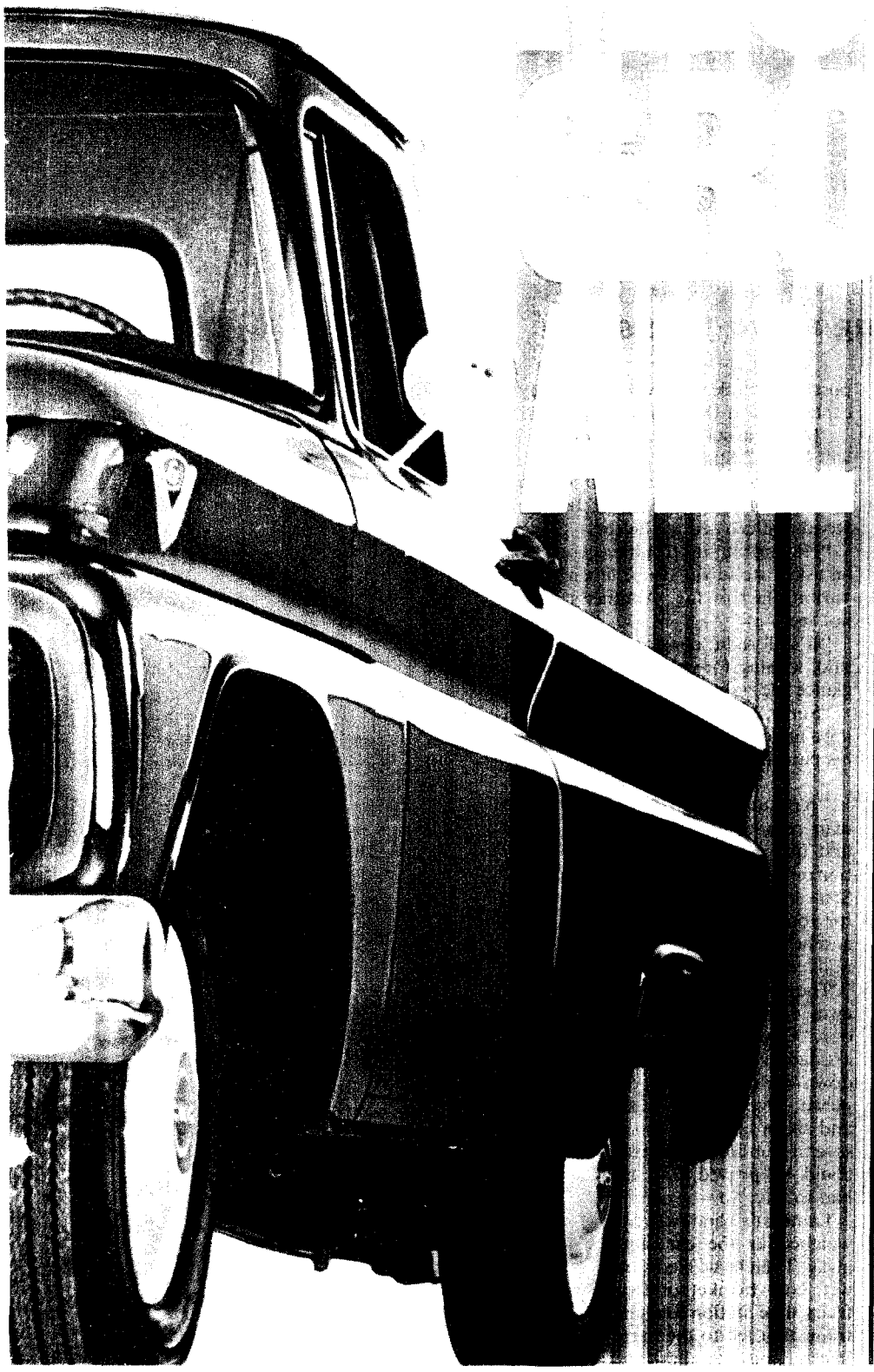
See the pickups that are all truck at your GMC Truck dealer. His name and address is in the Yellow Pages. Look him up today.

GMC Truck & Coach . . . a General Motors Division, Pontiac, Michigan.



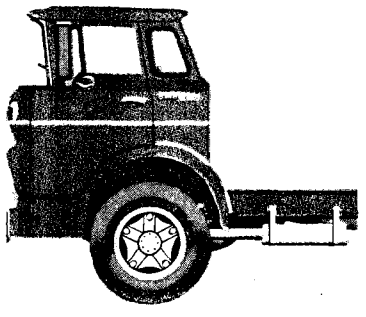
Extended-life V-6 engine—yours only in GMC! Tremendous torque at low rpm saves gas, get loads moving fast. At service time, you save again: frequently serviced parts are within easy reach!

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

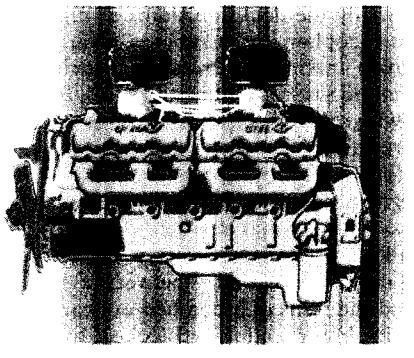


ONUS-

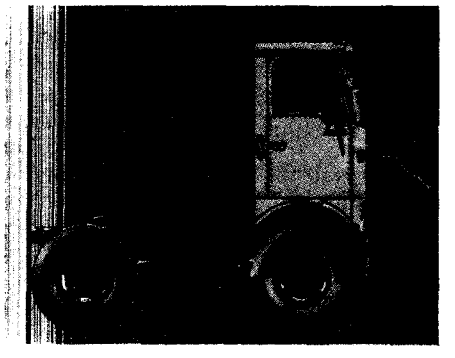
M THE UND UP-TRUCK



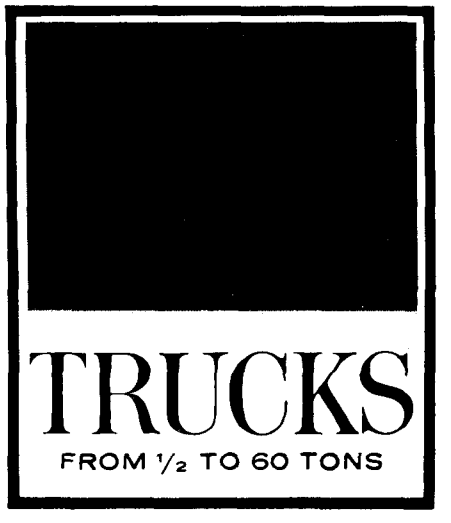
"?" **GMC steel-tilt cab**—easy to tilt . . . easy to service . . . easy to drive. This highly maneuverable truck gives you ideal overall weight distribution. Available with V-6 or Twin-Six gas engine or V-6 Diesel.



Delivers the most power! GMC's Twin-Six gasoline engine delivers more usable power than any standard gas engine. Built to take the punishment of long, tough hauls. Up to 60% less shifting. Less engine wear.

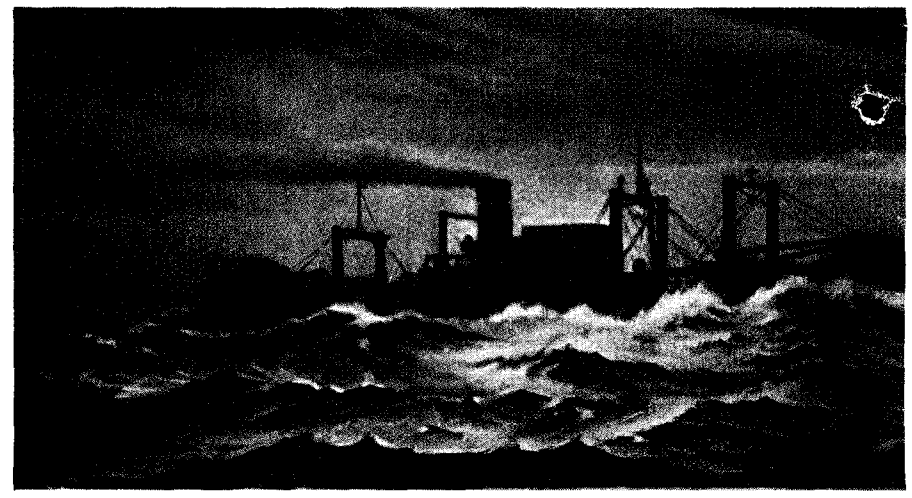


Lightest highway tractor in the industry. It is an aluminum tilt-cab model with a scant 48" BBC. This GMC gives you an investment return of up to 10-tons extra payload every 10 trips.



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Coffin Ship



Beginning a two-part serial By Norman Reilly Raine

Thick Icelandic fog blew in from the North Sea and rolled up the broad estuary of the Thames, enveloping in a chill yellow shroud the miles of vessel-crowded docks between Sheerness and the Isle of Dogs; infiltrating London's prematurely lighted streets; drifting cold fingers across the windows of a centuries-old Court of Justice wherein was being concluded, under the Merchant Shipping Act, a formal investigation into criminal malfeasances assertedly committed by one John Stark, a British master mariner, upon the high seas.

In the brief proceedings a preliminary-inquiry report had been submitted to the bench with the ritual request that "the Board of Trade desires the opinion of this court upon the following questions." A barrister for the Commonwealth Marine Underwriters' Association, complainants, related with dispassionate fairness the shipmaster's alleged illegal acts with intent to swindle, during a recent voyage of his cargo steamer *Larkspur* between Hong Kong and the United Kingdom, and nailed fact after damning fact into an edifice of guilt.

The accused was tall, middle-aged, loosely but powerfully built, in a shore-going suit of worn blue serge. His face was heavy, with weather-wrinkled gray eyes, a jutting nose and blondish hair. A colorless individual, a reporter from the London *Shipping News* jotted down, who would pass unnoticed in even a small crowd. The sort of man, the journalist reflected, who should now be downcast.

Instead, Stark seemed almost indifferent. He had refused legal help, called no witnesses, offered no defense. And even during the most damaging evidence against him, his impassive gaze had roamed incuriously about the courtroom as if not realizing—or not caring—that his whole professional career was at stake.

When counsel for the Underwriters' Association had finished, the florid, bewigged jurist looked questioningly at Stark, who remained silent and detached. But as the judge turned to confer with the two veteran shipmasters appointed to advise him, Stark shifted restlessly, as though impatient to have it over with.

Ready now, his red robe a warm spot of color under the archaic lighting that hung from the grimy rafters, the magistrate turned again to the accused; and the fog having muted the great city's traffic thunder to a cautious roar, his voice sounded clear as a ship's bell.

"It is, therefore," he pronounced with icy finality, "the decision of this court that your Board of Trade certificate as master mariner in the British Merchant Service be canceled—and that you be assessed the costs of this action."

"Thank you, milord," Stark said. He waited, expressionless, until the jurist had left the bench. Then as he moved toward the exit the journalist hurriedly intercepted him.

"Pardon me, captain," he said quickly, "I'm with the *Shipping News*, and I'd like to ask you ——"

"Ask?" Stark said, mildly sardonic. "What's there to ask? You heard the evidence and the beak's decision—'openly and publicly delivered,' as the Shipping Act calls for."

"Yes, but losing your ticket"—the other man followed Stark out of the building—"and offering no defense! Others generally plead a reason."

"Excuse, you mean," Stark said indifferently. "But I've no excuse. I did what they charged I did. And, given a chance, I'd probably do it again. Stick that in your *Shipping News* if you like!"

The journalist stared; and Stark, lighting a cigarette, paused under the saffron nimbus of a streetlight while phantom traffic dissolved in and out of the fog. Then, turning up his coat collar against the raw air, he moved away, along Newgate Street and down past St. Paul's to the Embankment, where he leaned his arms on the balustrade and stared out over the invisible, fog-blanketed river.

He remained so, motionless, for perhaps five minutes. Then, after glancing at his watch, he turned his back to the river. As he did, the blurred headlights of a finely tuned car slowed and pulled in at the curb. Stark glanced quickly to right and left, and with no one in sight he crossed quickly to the car. Noiselessly a window went down and the white blur of a broad, placid face appeared. "Everything tick over properly?" its owner, a bulky figure in the back seat, asked quietly.

"Like a watch," Stark answered, low voiced. "And you?"

"Everything's laid on. For ten to eleven exactly. And here . . ." The big man swiftly passed Stark a small, heavy object, which Stark at once slid into his jacket pocket.

"What about the pawn ticket?"

"Too dangerous. We're not using it. If they found it they might redeem it as a possible double checkup before they accepted you. If they do at all, of course."

"But if a sudden break comes, how will I ——" Stark abruptly stopped as a tall, helmeted figure materialized through the fog from the direction of Blackfriars Road and crossed to the car.

"Having motor trouble, gentlemen?" he asked stolidly. "If not, it's a bit risky parking in this fog, Another car might not see ——"

"It's all right, constable," the big man said, leaning forward; and after a quick glance the police officer straightened.

"Sorry, inspector!" he said. And touching a finger to his helmet brim he resumed his patrol.

"Now about the pawn ticket," the big man resumed quickly. "The shop's the first one east of Fenchurch Street Station on Whitechapel Road. Fellow named Schwartz. We planted the—er—pledge for you today; so just tell him 'Lambert' and he'll hand it over. That clear?" Stark nodded. "That's it, then. And good luck!"

They shook hands; then as Stark turned away Lambert halted him, his face serious. "One last word, captain. These men are dangerous. Deadly! The *Centaur* went down with all hands—except her afterguard. Then the *Mary Beam* was lost—and six of her crew. Since both ships lie several hundred fathoms down, nothing could be proved, and the underwriters had to pay. So—be careful!"

Lambert's window went up, and Stark watched as the car slipped noiselessly away. Then he walked slowly through the wet, cold blanket of fog toward Blackfriars tube station and the Underground trains that led to the maze of mean little streets, noisome alleys and weed-choked bomb sites around the vast, sprawling complex of the London docks.

Normally the dockside slums at night were a cacophony of jukeboxes, swarms of seamen looking for fun ashore, roaring taverns and sleazy cinemas and cafés. But now, with sea fog added to the darkness, the streets were almost deserted, only an occasional pub or coffee stall gleaming through the murk. And especially obscure and isolated was the cobbled little cul-de-sac called Tudor Lane.

No more than an alley between a sail loft and the ruins of a bombed-out cargo shed, its lower end was blocked by a riverbank inn; a gaunt three stories of smoke-pitted brick whose faded sign read: STAVANGER HOUSE—*Est. 1865*. Named by its founder after his Norwegian birthplace, the inn originally offered accommodation to licensed officers of the mercantile marine. But the founder was long since dead; the place was now owned and run by a retired ship chandler named Ackland. And a canceled, suspended or otherwise blotted certificate was no longer an obstacle to admission.

The result was a clientele of hardcase outcasts; the incompetents, alcoholics, the criminal or merely venal, the desperate and the soured failures of the sea. Their domicile was known to London's dockland now only as "Scavenger House." But within its walls a rigid decorum was imposed by Ackland, a block of a man who with his fists instantly squashed any eruption among his tarnished guests that might draw the attention of the police.

For the most part, however, his guests kept to themselves. And at times certain of them were called together by Ackland for a private briefing in which he revealed an intimate knowledge of current or planned skulduggery in distant seas. Following these meetings a small group composed of a ship's afterguard of master, mates and engineers might quietly vanish. Weeks later they would reappear, bronzed perhaps by tropic suns, with plenty of money to spend, and again pass tranquil evenings in the snug bar of Scavenger House, safe from prying intrusion—especially on nights such as this when fog and darkness settled in, and the silence was broken only by the plaintive lowing of shipping anchored in the fogbound river.

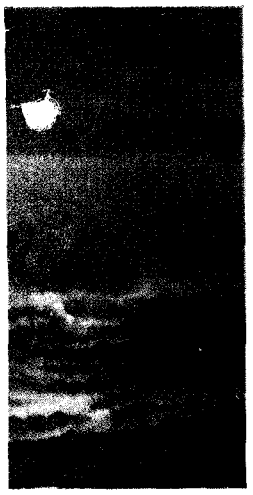
So when, just before eleven o'clock, police whistles urgently blew at the top of Tudor Lane, followed by a muffled gunshot, and fugitive feet pounded down the cobblestones toward the inn, it was like a sudden chill wind blowing across their sheltered pond. And instantly the lodgers stiffened, their alert stares fixed upon the door.

The footsteps halted just outside, the door softly opened and closed—and Stark, breathing hard, was in the room. Then, with hardly a glance at the hostile group around him, he crossed to the bar and coolly addressed the granite-faced Ackland. "Spot of mother's ruin, please," he ordered with a grin.

Impassive, Ackland poured the gin; but the whistles shrilled again, fainter, yet still urgent; and the glass stayed in Ackland's fist.

"Wot's the bogies chirpin' about up there?" he asked flatly.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



When the Kyrenia sailed from Beirut, she began a voyage which her crew planned never to complete.

Stark shrugged. "Nothing to do with me."

"The shot neither, I s'pose." Ackland leaped the bar and searched Stark's clothing. "Wot yer run in 'ere for, then?"

"A drink. And a place to kip for the night."

"Ye're not getting it. So yer can ruddy well duck out again! I run a respectable place 'ere, an' ——"

"Oh, come off it, Ackland! You are Ackland, aren't you?" Stark's grin appeared again. "There's not a mat'lot between the North Foreland and Blackfriars Bridge doesn't know about this lousy drum of yours!" Calmly he raised his drink and gulped it. "Fact is, I was headed here when I ran into the busies having trouble up above there. So I slung my hook and here I am. What about it?"

Ackland gave him a hard, appraising stare. "You seafarin'?"

"What do you think?"

"Wot's yer name then? An' ship?"

Briefly Stark seemed to hesitate. Then: "John Stark," he said boldly. "Master o' the *Larkspur*."

"Stark?" Ackland said. "Seems I've 'eard a bit about you somewhere lately. Somethink about your case comin' up ——" He stopped abruptly, listening. The whistles were blowing again, faint in the distance. "They see which way yer ran?" he demanded quickly.

"I was too quick for 'em."

"Or-right! But fair warnin'—if they come in 'ere I'll shop yer!" He addressed the others. "Now then, you chaps, closin' time. Everythink's rosy, so don't worry. Cravic!" A man detached himself from the group leaving the bar and crossed to Ackland. He was about thirty years old; he had broad cheekbones and flat, expressionless Mongolian eyes.

"Lock up for me, will yer, Cravic? If the busies come, let 'em in. But give me the buzz first. We'll be out back." Then he said to Stark, "Come on, you!"

In a small office behind the bar Ackland said quietly, "So you 'ad yer ticket took off yer, eh?"

"How do you know that?" Stark exclaimed. "It only happened ——"

"This arternoon," Ackland finished. "Not much goes on in the Port o' London I don't 'ear about in an hour or two. Turn yer pockets out!"

One look at Ackland's implacable, battered face and Stark obeyed, putting his few belongings on the table. Ackland quickly checked them, then held out his huge palm. "I'll 'ave the gun, now."

"You searched me," Stark protested. "I haven't any ——"

"The gun! On a cord down yer right pants leg! Fetch it up!"

Stark reluctantly complied; handed him a snub-nosed .38 revolver, which Ackland flipped open and unloaded. One casing was empty. He sniffed the muzzle, eyes on Stark, then put weapon and cartridges in a desk drawer and said suddenly, "You mightn't be Stark at all. Yer might be a copper's nark. Are yer?"

"Ask the one lying in the road up there," Stark said carelessly.

"What?" Ackland was startled. "You shot a bobby? Is 'e dead?"

Stark's twisted grin showed. "He was flopping around like a trout when I left. Now then, where's my kip?"

Enigmatic-eyed, Ackland glanced at him, then put on a pea jacket and cap, opened a door to a passage leading to the rear and made Stark precede him. "Wosn't yer in enough trouble losin' yer ticket today, without tonight's ruddy lark? Wot 'appened up there?"

"No ship—no payday. Right? So when I saw this fat Dutchman stagger out of a pub into the fog I offered to save his money for him. And when he started yelling I got under way and ran smack into the ——"

"Ar. I 'eard the rest! Like kickin' a wasp's nest, that is!"

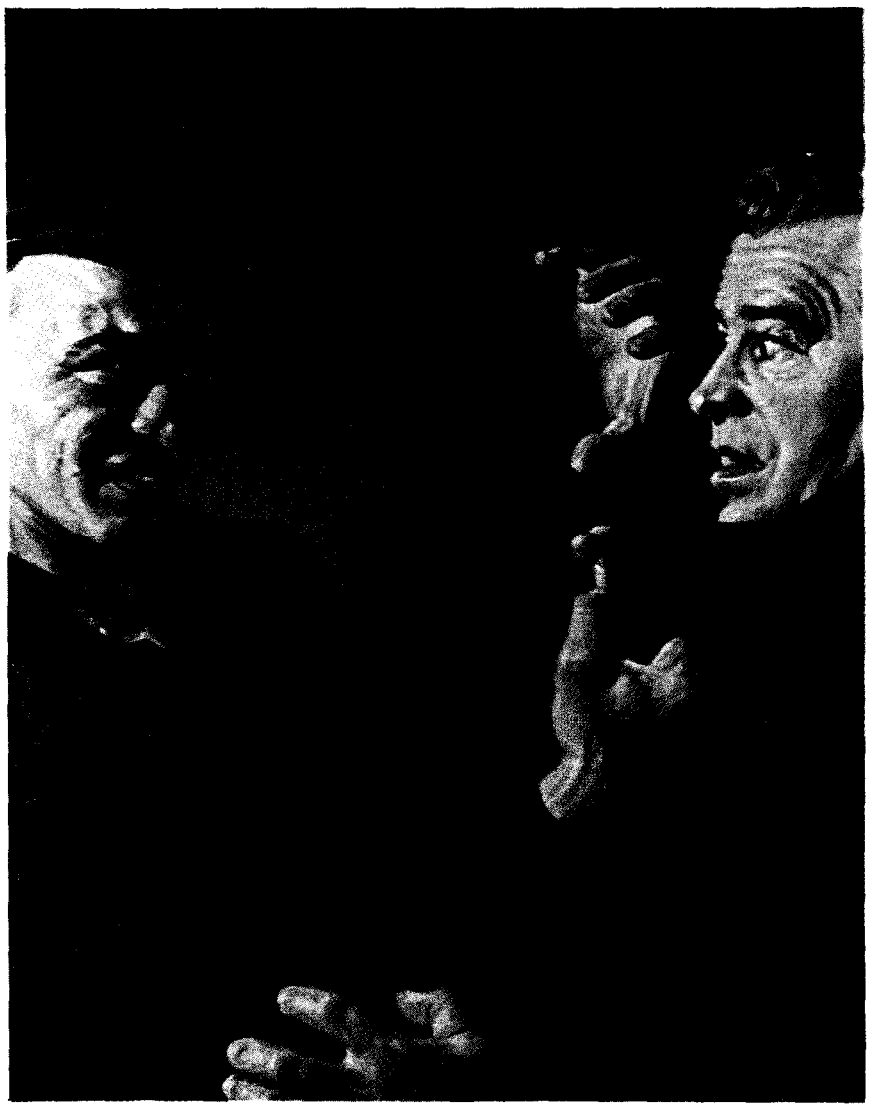
They stopped at a thick, steel-reinforced door. Ackland unlocked and opened it and instantly the fog enveloped them, smelling of brine and river mud.

"Watch yerself," Ackland said warningly as Stark started out. "There's a landin', an' steps down that ——" He broke off suddenly and his iron grip hauled Stark back into the passageway. "I forgot somethink," he said peculiarly. "'Oo sent yer to me?"

"Chap name of Blaskell," Stark told him promptly. "Chief officer in the *Palanpur*. He said if I was ever in trouble or needed a job ——"

Viciously Ackland swung him around and slammed him against the wall. "You lyin' blaggard!" he rasped in deadly fury. "Blaskell wos weighed off at the Old Bailey three year ago, an' topped ——"

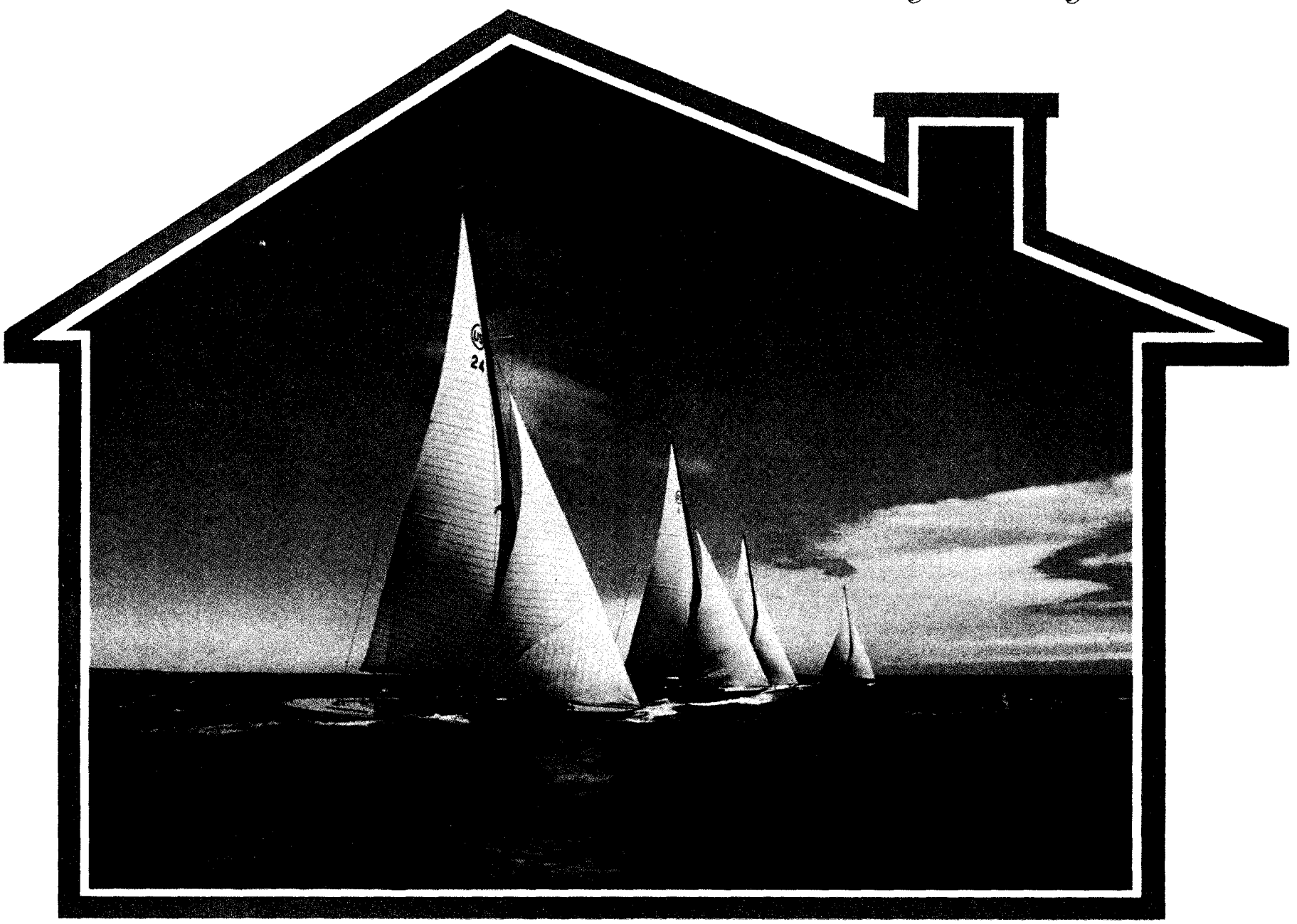
"I know that, you stupid ape!" Stark wrenched himself loose. "He was topped for killing a deucer off a Glasgow tramp! But six months before, we'd had a booze-up in Surabaja! The *Palanpur*'s log ——"



Viciously Ackland swung Stark around and slammed him against the wall. "You lyin' blaggard," he rasped.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ZESTFUL, HEALTHFUL LIVING
by the houseful-365 days a year



Refreshing coolness in summer, snug warmth in winter, and peppy, pure air every day of the year—all yours from one economical central unit—a GM-Delco 365 Conditionair.

Fill your home with this invigorating climate and your family will relax with ease, eat with gusto, sleep more restfully, and breathe the clear air that subdues allergies. Added bonus—your home stays much cleaner, too.

Dial in this wonderful climate on your GM-Delco 365 Conditionair. For pennies a day, it cools you in sizzling summer, warms you in freezing winter, controls the humidity, and circulates clean, filtered air that wafts away pollen, dirt and odors.

Order this wise investment in living comfort and home value from Delco—specialists in home comfort—with the reliability of General Motors. Delco also offers the option of installing Delco Heating now and Delco Cooling later. When buying, building or modernizing, call a GM-Delco Dealer for a free survey. He's listed under "Furnaces" or "Air Conditioning" in the Yellow Pages.

Send for your free 16-page Buyer's Guide to Heating and Air Conditioning. Delco Appliance Division, General Motors Corporation, Department S-3, Rochester 1, N.Y. Specialists in reliable, quality-engineered, year-round comfort for your home.

GM Delco 365 CONDITIONAIR

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Coffin Ship

"Well . . . or-right," Ackland conceded, his tension eased. "Fack is, I got 'im the berth, that voyage. Come along then." He led out to the landing again and locked the door behind them. "Watch them steps. They're slippy. The boat's below."

"Boat?" said Stark incredulously. "You can't take a boat in this."

Ackland chuckled. "Wait an' see!"

At the foot of the slimy wooden ladder a broad-beamed punt was made fast. When they were in, Ackland's hand plunged under the surface and came up with a dripping rope on which he powerfully hauled; and after ten minutes in a completely opaque world they bumped and stopped at an iron-runged ladder.

"End o' the line—an' two 'undred yards upstream now," said Ackland proudly as he made the painter fast. "Now then—up yer go!"

Presently they were on a rickety wharf, with a looming pile of tumbled stone walls and rubble at the shore end. "Old ware'ouse, afore the blitz," Ackland explained, moving toward it. "An' the best ruddy 'ideout in London! This way—an' mind yer thick 'ead!"

Ducking under the ruins he produced a small flashlight, revealing a shored-up tunnel under the jumbled mass of stone and splintered timbers, at the end of which was a low, skillfully camouflaged door which Ackland unlocked. Stark bent low, entering into utter darkness.

Following quickly, Ackland lighted a carbide lamp, illuminating what had been a small warehouse basement room, with a scarred table and chairs, dishes and a blanket-covered camp cot. Floor and walls were of heavy mildewed stone.

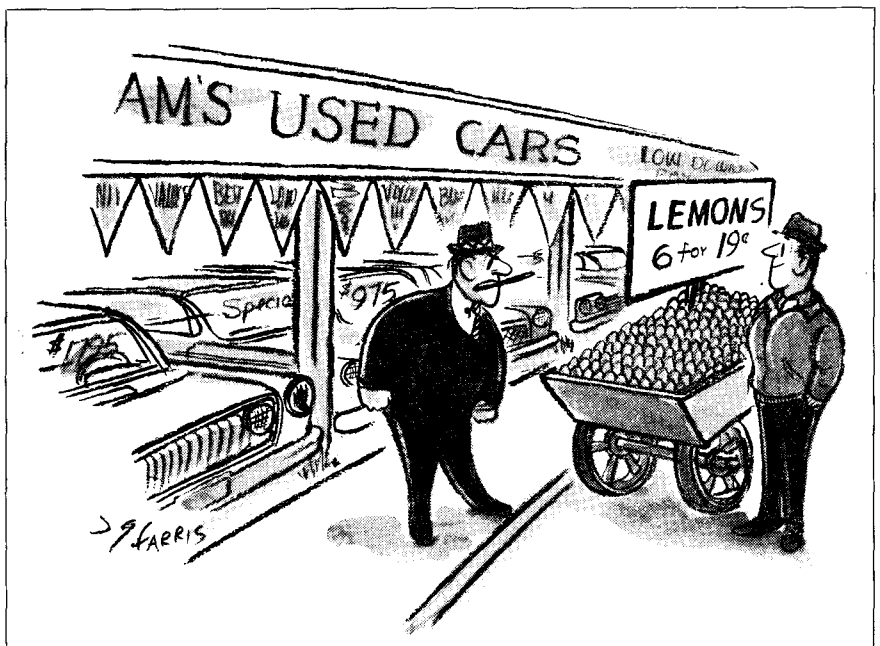
"Some guesthouse," Stark said.

Ackland looked at him without expression. "Them wot stops 'ere ain't always guests, Stark," he said quietly. "We calls it 'the test box.' An' the ebb tide's bloody 'andy for carryin' away them wot don't pass. Meantime, make yerself at 'ome. Cravic'll fetch yer grub."

"And how long do I stay?"

"Till the stink's off yer. Arter that it depends on 'ow well yer check out wiv us. Ye're as cold-gutted a bloke as ever I've seen; an' p'raps that's in yer favor. P'raps! Anyway, yer'll not leave 'ere till I give yer an 'all clear.'"

There was the small click of a lock after the door closed, and Stark examined it. It was of heavy oak, solidly constructed, with a small sliding panel; and nothing in his cold, damp cell was strong enough or heavy enough to demolish it, even if he was inclined to try—which he wasn't. He removed his jacket and cap, placed a candle and matches handy, turned off the lamp and stretched out on the cot. But he stared into the darkness for some time.



"Beat it!"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Suddenly awakened in the dark by a sharp sound, Stark instantly was on his feet, taut and alert as a startled animal. Then a gleam of light appeared at the door, and he knew the panel had been unbolted and slid back. Quickly he lighted the carbide lamp, and Cravic's broad face and blank eyes appeared as he handed through vacuum canisters of hot food and tea. As he took them, Stark glanced at his watch. Six o'clock; but night or morning—for he did not know how long he had slept—he could not estimate.

"What's the weather?" he asked.

"Just daylight. Fog like mustard," Cravic muttered. "You get no more scoff till tonight when I bring supper."

"When you come, fetch me a bottle of whisky and playing cards." Stark handed him a couple of pound notes. "You can have the change."

Cravic pocketed the money. "Won't be none. Not other things either. Not'ing, Ackland says, till you're cleared." The panel was closed, the bolt shot home.

Between eating and sleeping, the long day passed. When night came and no one appeared, Stark paced restlessly.

But as midnight neared, a key rattled in the door and Ackland entered, followed by Cravic with a container of hot stew, which he placed on the table. As he started out, Stark intercepted him. "My two quid," he said softly. "Let's have it."

"Go to hell," Cravic said; and as he stepped back steel glittered in his fist.

"'Ere, 'ere!" Ackland jumped quickly between them. "Wot's this about?" he demanded, and briefly Stark told him.

Ackland looked at Cravic. "Fork it up, you clod!" he ordered. Sullenly the man handed Stark his money and again started out. "An' shut that door!" Ackland

Pick a Pair
Buy TWO 6-Paks of Budweiser®
Budweiser.
SIX 12 OZ. CANS
KING OF BEERS • ANHEUSER-BUSCH, INC.
ST. LOUIS • NEWARK • LOS ANGELES • TAMPA

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Coffin Ship

yelled, and sat down with Stark. "Lucky yer didn't try takin' it orf 'im when I wosn't 'ere."

"I could have," Stark said indifferently and started eating.

"Could yer? Yer'd 'ave been knifed afore yer could blink. Officer in the Polish navy durin' the war, Cravic wos"—Ackland tapped his skull—"but the Murmansk run put 'im round the bend."

Stark was unimpressed. "What kept you so late? The busies still snooping?"

Ackland nodded. "Swarmin' like bluebottles. Done everythink but crawl through the drains. Gone now, though."

"Why didn't you shop me, Ackland?" Stark said with sardonic amusement. "Or are you waiting to find out the reward?"

"P'raps I've took a fancy to yer."

"Perhaps you can use me, you mean. No thanks. All I want is another ship and ——"

"Wiv a canceled ticket?"

"Hell with you then." Stark got up.

"Impident bloke, ain't yer? Stark, you sure that copper couldn't identify yer? Paper says 'e ain't come to, yet. But if 'e did. . . ."

Stark shook his head. "The fog was too thick. But why ——"

"The paper also says the busies found a brown 'at, size seven an' a narf, at top o' Tudor Lane. An' they 'ope ——"

"I know," Stark grinned. "They hope the owner will come forward in case he can assist the police!"

"Ar! An' it's clear you know more'n yer prayers, too," Ackland continued. "Spoutin' out coppers' lingo like yer wos weaned on it."

"What do you mean by that?"

"Obvious, ain't it? Shows yer've tangled wiv 'em afore. Then larst night's prank. Poppin' that bobby orf, like yer wos in a penny shootin' gallery. Yer must reely 'ave it in for 'em!"

"That why you're helping me?" Stark asked, relieved.

"No, chum. I'm riskin' it becos I think me an' you'll get along."

"Not in this stinkhole," Stark retorted promptly. "And you said they'd gone."

"Uniformed ones, aye. But bogies is artful as an iceberg. All they lets yer see is the little bit on top. So you'll stay 'ere till it melts, then kip in at my place an' see 'ow yer fit in wi' the others."

"And if I do?"

Ackland brought Stark's gun from his pocket and shoved it across the table. "We shall see."

Unexpectedly, however, another press item the following day reported the detention of a drunken derelict found near the Pool of London docks. Blood of the same type as that of the wounded constable, it stated, was on his clothing; but he claimed to remember none of his movements on the night of the shooting.

"Bit o' luck for you, old man," Ackland grinned when he brought the news. "Yer can fetch yer gear from wherever you left it."

"Hotel in Soho," Stark said. "Except for my Gramophone, which I had to hock. But it'll have to wait till ——"

"Where's the ticket?" Ackland asked. "I'll get it out for yer."

"It's with my other stuff," Stark answered carelessly. "There's no rush."

"Collect the rest o' yer gear and fetch it to my place. I warn yer now, though, Stark—my lodgers tend to their own business an' expeck ——"

"And I expect you to tend to mine," Stark said tartly, "and find me a berth with money in it, or *you* don't get paid."

Ackland's grin widened. "Brassier'n the Earl of 'Ell, you are!"

Later that day Stark moved his belongings into Scavenger House; and as a week passed and he kept to himself, the suspicion of the other guests eased into indifference. Then, a week or so later, he noticed that some had vanished.

One was Ramsey, a bushy-browed elderly man, once master of a posh passenger-cargo liner. Another, Arnold, was a youngish, vacuous-eyed wastrel. A third was McIver, an old chief engineer from the Clyde. And the fourth was Cravic.

With carefully thought-out casualness Stark mentioned the latter's absence to Ackland; and as he expected, Ackland reacted with instant fury. "Whether 'e's 'ere or not is none o' your damn business, Stark!" he raged.

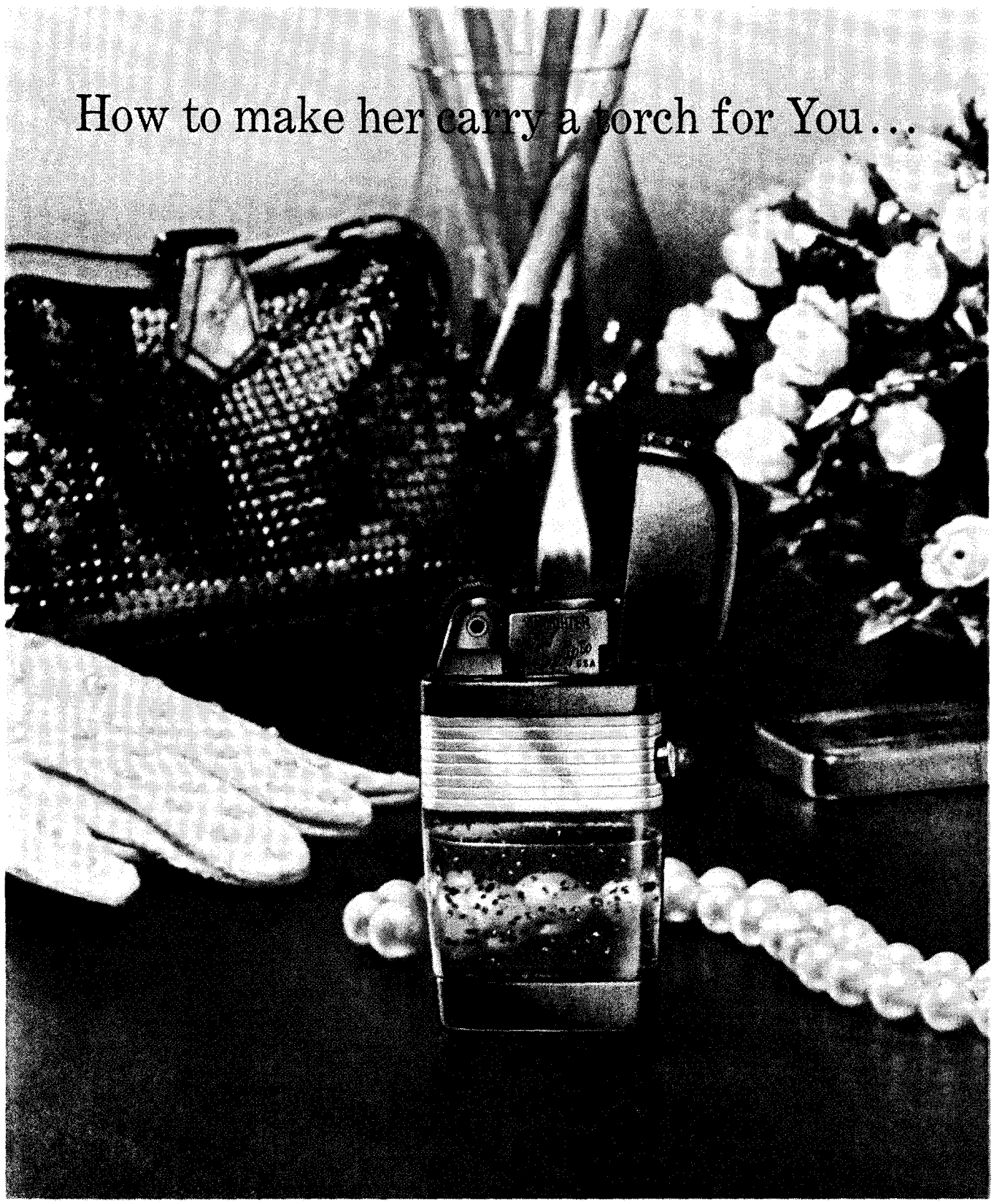
Ackland strode away, but next afternoon he took Stark aside. "If yer can keep yer big gob shut, 'ere's somethink as might int'rest yer," he said brusquely and handed over a small advertisement from a London daily.

Stark read it with a puzzled frown. "What about it?" he asked. "It's just an exporter's trade announcement."

"Ar! 'Mr. Donald Blasey,'" Ackland quoted. "'Globe Sea-Commerce, Limited, Calcutta Road.' 'E's quite a nob in shippin' circles, Stark."

"You know him then?"

"The ad's a tip-off," Ackland said. "When 'e puts it in I drop round. Today



THE ONLY LIGHTER THAT LETS YOU KNOW WHEN THE FUEL IS LOW!

Luxurious, with a golden-glow trim, it boasts these practical features: Windguard hood; extra stowaway flint; permanent wick; and an automatic fuel-saving lock. $5.00

Other Vu-Lighters start at $3.95 and include choice of colors and inserts.

Prices incl. Fed. Tax • Made in U.S.A. • Available in Canada.

Goldenglo

VU-lighter

by Scripto

ATLANTA, GA.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

we talked about you. Blasey's an 'ard man to convince, mind! But if yer square up right wiv 'im, it might do yer a spot o' good. So be there tomorrer at nine."

Mr. Blasey was broad and squat, with an enormous belly, a beefy, genial face and heavy-lidded but alert blue eyes. "So you're Stark, eh?" he wheezed jovially. "Sit down, sit down, captain."

"'Captain,' eh?" Stark said slowly. "I suppose Ackland told you ——"

"Oh, I knew!" Blasey beamed. "I know *all* about you, in fact—including precisely why your ticket was canceled! But I can't figure *why* you did it! You'd a good ship, regular paydays ——"

"Paydays!" Stark exploded bitterly. "A businessman ashore conducts an ordinary business with few or no risks, and can get upward of three thousand pounds a year! But a shipmaster, who has full charge and responsibility for a vessel and cargo worth perhaps half a million pounds, gets—what? Little more than the stinking wagepacket of a greengrocer's clerk!" He sat back, wiped his brow, and then resumed more mildly. "So I decided—grab what you can, when you can. And to hell with the risks!"

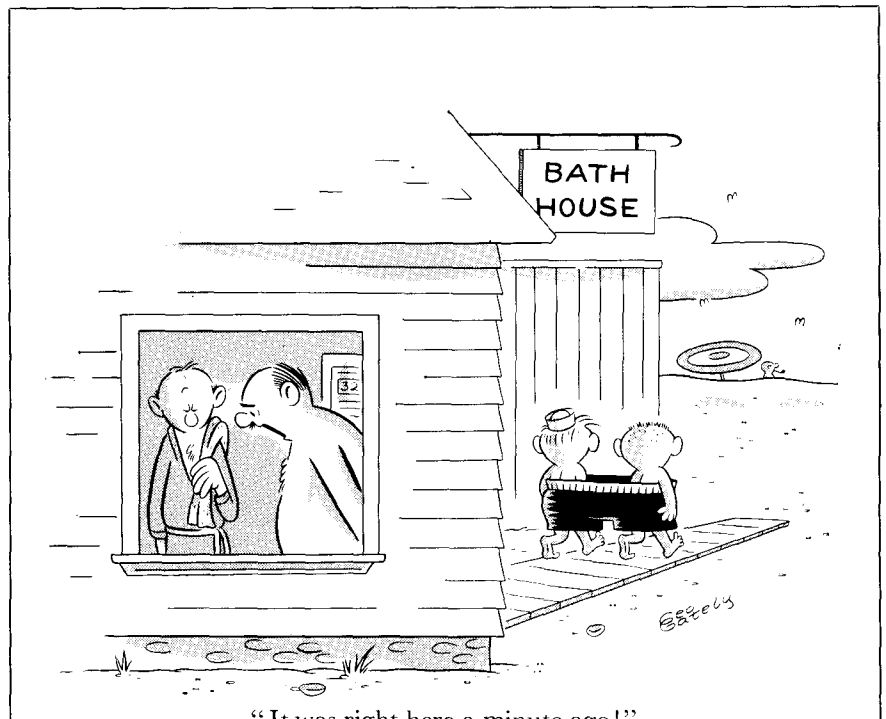
Blasey nodded his approval. Now the practical businessman, he confided that in his capacity as exporter and importer he sometimes sponsored unusual but profitable shipping ventures. And since now and then an element of—well—danger cropped up, they required a certain type of ship's officer which Ackland was able to supply.

One such enterprise, he went on, was even now under way; but Stark had come to his notice too late to take part. Yet since, in emergency, it was wise always to have an extra officer standing by, Blasey would be glad if Stark would consider himself such. And, if occasion arose, he would then be flown out. "Out" where was not mentioned; nor was the "enterprise" specified.

Blasey's face darkened with quick rage. "Watch yourself, Stark!" he warned. "You'll be working for me now!"

"Since when?" Stark derided. "You mean I've no choice?"

"You have not!"



"It was right here a minute ago!"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"And what's my rank and pay if I'm shipped out?" Stark asked.

"The rank can vary. But, mate or master, the pay's twice the current U.K. master's rate, plus bonus."

"But who forges my tickets?"

"What about telling you to go to hell? Or saying I want two hundred quid or I'll let the Board of Trade know you've got a crooked shipping racket working?"

"You do that!" Blasey chuckled. "And on your way stop in at the Yard and ask how that constable you shot the other night's getting on."

Blasey creaked up from his chair, waddled around and stood over Stark. "We don't play kiddy games here, Stark," he said gently. "Within hours of getting that gun off you, Ackland had a lab make ballistic tests of the bullets. Just in case, if we turned you over to the police, they could compare ours with the one they took out of the officer."

"The gun's in the river now."

"The lab also photographed it and raised some damned clear prints of yours off it too. So now do you see why you have no choice?"

"I still have one," Stark said quietly. "Suppose I pleaded guilty to armed assault and did a few years in the nick?"

Blasey shook his head. "Too late. The penalty for murder is hanging."

"Murder?" Stark echoed blankly.

"On the BBC news an hour ago. The chap's dead!" Blasey moved closer to Stark. "So I'll have no more of your damned, stupid nonsense. You'll do what you're told or I'll shop you"—his fist jarred the heavy desk—"like that!" He walked back around his desk. "Now get back to Scavenger House. When I want you, Ackland will let you know."

Stark walked out and Blasey snatched up his interoffice phone. "Check my Beirut air reservation for tomorrow."

Next morning the big airliner, lifting out of London Airport's depressing drizzle, roared away to the southeast. But with delays at Rome and Athens, it was dark when the Anatolian coast was crossed and the plane started down the long air slope toward Beirut. Passengers crowded at the windows, exclaiming

Pick a Pair
Smart way to buy Bud®
Budweiser
SIX 12 OZ. CANS
KING OF BEERS • ANHEUSER-BUSCH, INC.
ST. LOUIS • NEWARK • LOS ANGELES • TAMPA

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Air France

Air-India International

American Airlines

Avianca Colombian National Airways

British Overseas Airways Corporation

Braniff International Airways

Continental Air Lines

Cunard Eagle Airways

Eastern Air Lines

El-Al Israel Airlines

Ethiopian Airlines
(Begins late '62)

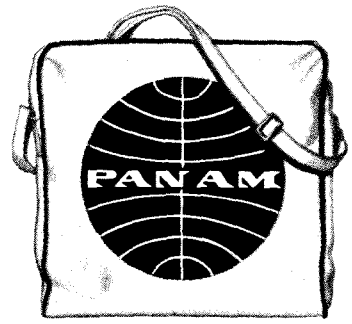
Irish International Airlines

Lufthansa German Airlines

Northwest Orient Airlines

Pacific Northern Airlines

Pakistan International Airlines



Pan American World Airways

Qantas Empire Airways

Sabena Belgian World Airlines

Saudi Arabian Airlines

South African Airways

Trans World Airlines

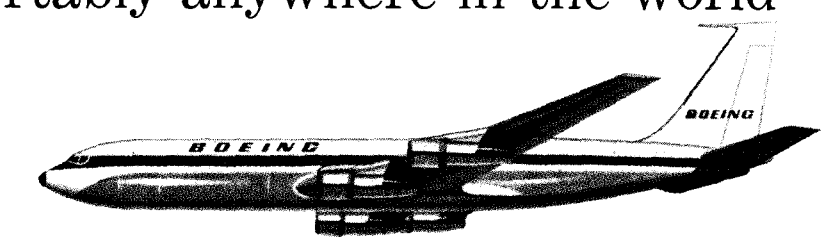
United Air Lines

Varig Airlines of Brazil

Western Airlines

To zip smoothly and comfortably anywhere in the world

On these famous airlines, you can fly Boeing jet to 150 cities in 75 countries. You get there fast; Boeing jetliners hold 518 speed and distance records. You get there feeling *fresh;* Boeing jet flight is wonderfully quiet and smooth. More than 25,000,000 passengers have already zipped comfortably to their destinations by the world's most proved, most popular jetliners. Next trip *you* take, travel Boeing.



BOEING Jetliners

LONG·RANGE 707 · MEDIUM·RANGE 720 · SHORT·RANGE 727

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Coffin Ship

over this enchanting air view of the Paris of the East.

Mr. Blasey, hunched at his window, also was staring down; but, ignoring the glittering lights, his eyes impatiently were searching the port.

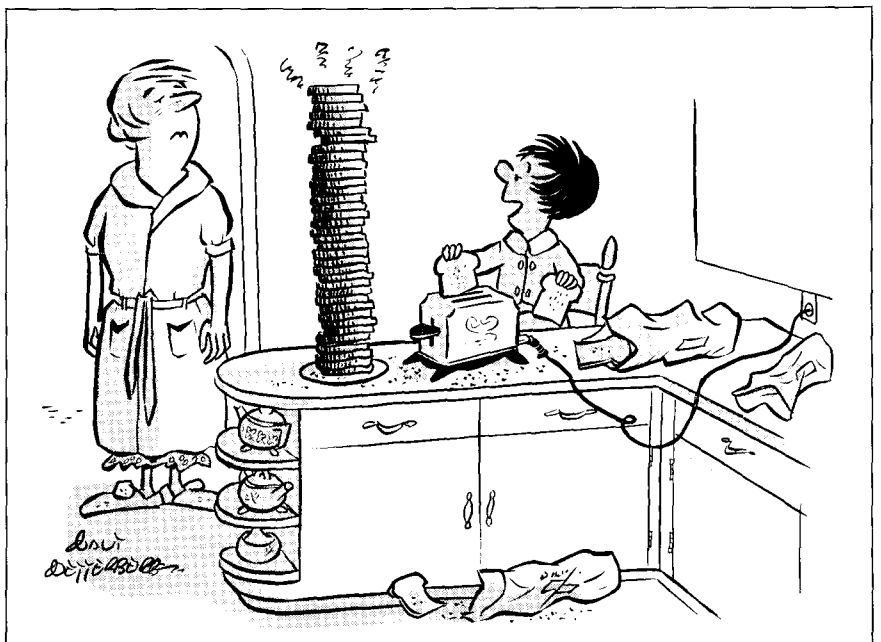
Then, as the aircraft, now over a dark, secluded arm of the harbor, turned to begin the ten-mile glide to the city's airport, Blasey spotted his objective almost directly below: a solitary cargo steamer of about 2000 tons, anchored out beyond a darkened wharf and warehouse. Reassured, Blasey fastened his seat belt, ready for the landing.

Entrance formalities at Beirut's big, modern airport were smoothly efficient; and as Blasey, walking to the exit with a native porter carrying his bags, looked expectantly around him, he was greeted by a man wearing a tarboosh. "*Ahala wsahala, Monsieur* Blasey," he welcomed. "You remember me—Majeel Alasan?"

"Yes, yes! Good to see you again!" Cordially Blasey shook hands. "You've done a bang-up job of getting the *Kyrenia*'s cargo together, I hear! Well, let's get along to her. Do we taxi?"

"I have my car," Alasan smiled and led the way out to a sleek American sports car; and on the swift drive to the city he described the work he had accomplished after he had been given the assignment of buying and assembling the products of the Lebanese countryside for shipment to Blasey's customers in London.

For weeks he had scoured farms, vineyards, factories and towns, buying transportation for hundreds of tons of dried citrus fruits, sultanas, dates, figs, olive oil, wines, leather, brassware and varied other products having the quality standards for which the country was famous. Then, delivered in bulk to a large, specially equipped warehouse selected for its isolation at a remote part of Beirut's harbor, the merchandise had been carefully packaged according to the requirements of London's luxury-import trade.



"Making breakfast is simple once you get the hang of it."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

As the packaging progressed, the consignments, bearing the stencils, labels or trademarks of world-famous Lebanese brands, had been transferred into the holds of the *SS Kyrenia*, of Famagusta, an old but smart-appearing vessel, recently registered under the flag of Cyprus by her new owner, an astute Cyprian businessman, Demedrios Papadeus.

"Where is Papadeus? Did he arrive from Crete as I requested?" Blasey asked. as they sped through the fragrant night.

"He got in yesterday. He's waiting for you, with Captain Chiolas, on the ship. And he also is much pleased with those goods for first voyage of his *Kyrenia.* In fact," Alasan said proudly, "such high value of cargo is more than any person here can remember! So also there is excited guess among our insurance people in Beirut about who will be so lucky to pluck this big sugarplum."

"Tell 'em to wipe off their chins," said Blasey. "It'll be handled in London. What about the security measures? They still clamped tight?"

They were, Alasan assured him. All incoming goods had been checked through a guarded gate in the warehouse yard at the shoreward end of the pier, and no one but the necessary workers was allowed inside the warehouse. And it was to discourage visitors that the *Kyrenia* was anchored a quarter mile out from, instead of alongside, the pier.

"But too much concealment is not wise, *Monsieur* Blasey," Alasan remarked uneasily as they approached the town. "Beirut now gossips, 'What are they afraid of?' So I excuse that it is necessary to protect. There are also thieves in Beirut!"

Blasey chuckled. "Well, long as it's just idle curiosity."

"Ah, yes." Alasan turned toward the seafront and harbor. "But idle curiosity can hide, sometimes, more dangerous interest beneath."

Blasey stared at him. "What the hell you getting at? Something gone wrong?"

Alasan shrugged. "Perhaps nothing . . . *mais* perhaps that Englishman, *Monsieur* Harris, who asks to come in warehouse this morning. And when he is prevented he goes to *Kyrenia* in motorboat."

"What's he do here? What'd he want?" Blasey asked quickly.

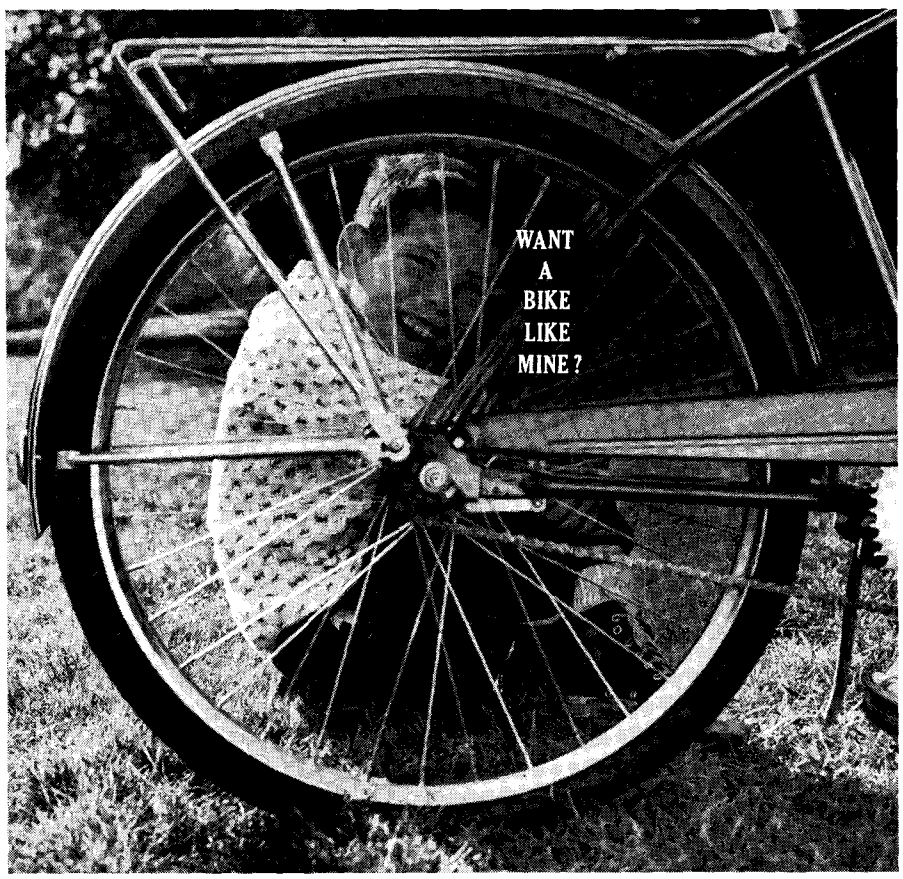
"He has small export company and tells to Captain Chiolas that he has business to talk on ship. But when he is forbidden, this Harris yells what shady business goes on here? And why is plain

Pick a Pair
Buy TWO 6-Paks of Budweiser®
Budweiser
Budweiser.
SIX 12 OZ. CANS
KING OF BEERS • ANHEUSER-BUSCH, INC.
ST. LOUIS • NEWARK • LOS ANGELES • TAMPA

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Boys . . . you can easily earn a deluxe bicycle like this beauty!

Yes sir, a bike just like this can be yours for selling **The Saturday Evening POST** right in your own neighborhood. Earn extra spending money and the choice of many valuable prizes by building your own route of regular customers in a few hours spare time each week. It's lots of fun and mighty profitable—and you will gain valuable business experience. For further details, fill out the coupon below and mail it today!



CURTIS CIRCULATION COMPANY

Dept. 1332, Independence Square

Philadelphia 5, Penna.

Name_____ Age_____

Address_____

City_____ State_____

Coffin Ship

merchant ship bound for London guarded like Kremlin?"

Blasey was grim-faced as the car approached the blacked-out warehouse and wharf. Then: "Pah! What can he do?" he said with icy contempt. "Bluster to save face. That's harmless enough."

Alasan slowed down. "Harmless? Is harmless to stay on balcony of his hotel, which face the harbor, and spy on *Kyrenia* and the warehouse?"

"What's that?" Blasey jerked upright. "Then he really has his nose in." He thought briefly, then nodded. "So he gets it chopped off! I'll do something about that soon's we get aboard. Hello—what's this?" For the car had stopped, and three armed Arab watchmen were peering in.

At a quiet password from Alasan, the yard gate was opened while the car went through and parked. And minutes later, shivering in the chill night wind and blown spray, they were bouncing in a powerful speedboat toward the *Kyrenia*'s lowered accommodation ladder. As they neared, the boat came under the dazzling inspection of an identifying searchlight beam. Then it switched off, and a guiding flashlight directed them to the ladder.

When Blasey, carrying his attaché case, reached the steamer's deck, he was effusively welcomed by Papadeus, a plump, swarthy, spaniel-eyed Cyprian. And beside him, tall, quiet, saturnine, was Captain Atan Chiolas.

Blasey refused the captain's offer of a drink. He wheezed energetically up the ladder to the chartroom.

"Now let's get cracking," he told Chiolas abruptly when lights were switched on. "Is Cravic on board?"

The captain's deep eyes flamed. "The troublemaker! Yes. He stays on board. No more shore leave for him!"

"What's he done now?"

"Ashore he's like a crazy man when he drinks. Dangerous. Not loud, but quiet dangerous. On two nights harbor-patrol police are on board ——"

"Harbor police on board here?"

"The ship did not interest them. They looked for Cravic after bad fights in café. But nobody finds him. Yet all the time he is here, because he moves like a cat."

"Same old Cravic," Blasey agreed. He turned to Alasan. "Know where this Harris lives?"

"Yes, *monsieur*. Hotel Lubnan."

"Good! Find Cravic's cabin and tell him he's to stand by to go ashore."

But Papadeus, his dark face anxious, intervened. "W'at you want with such bad type man ashore, Mr. Blasey?"

"Go on!" Blasey said to Alasan, then turned to Papadeus. "Use your fat head!" he rasped. "Harris's snooping is a threat we daren't risk now. . . . Chiolas, when do you complete loading?"

"Six more days."

"I want you away in four! Get some night gangs working! Now, then"—he carried his attaché case to the chart table and took out several Admiralty sectional charts—"we'll have a look at what's ahead. There's a couple thousand miles of sea between here and Gibraltar, but only a few safe spots. And the surest one is around here." He pointed to a penciled cross on a chart detailing the near sea approaches to eastern Crete. "It had mine fields nearby during the war; and though they've been swept, one or two could have come adrift." He grinned at the shipmaster. "And suppose you claimed you hit one?"

Chiolas nodded somberly. "Yes. Who can prove opposite, with the vessel maybe six hundred fathom down?"

Blasey straightened. "Well, that's it, Chiolas. The rest is up to you. Your course and average speed could be checked on later. So don't deviate or unduly delay. If for some reason—weather, other ships too near—one place isn't feasible, keep on going and try another. Main thing is"—he gave Chiolas a coldly menacing stare—"just you don't fail! Well, that's all," he ended briskly. "I'll fly to Gib when you sail and wait there. Now let's see, have I forgot anything?"

"Mos' important than all!" Papadeus said anxiously. "There is yet no insurance. An' how can she sail if ——"

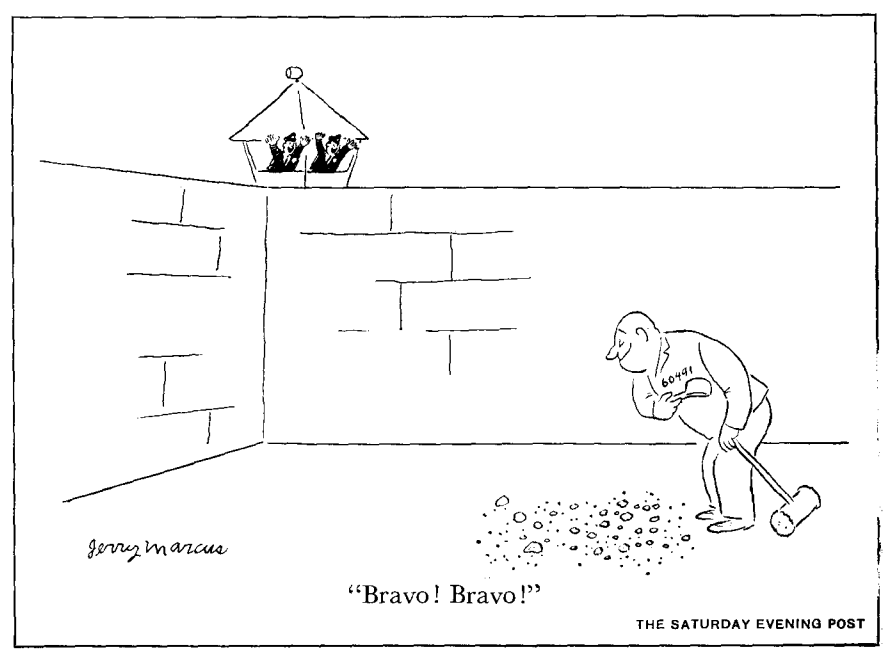
"I've waited," Blasey said quietly, "to let word of our high-value cargo get back to London. Now they're competing for it, though the premiums I'll have to pay would knock you flat. But they're worth it. They'd better be!" he added with another sharp glance at the shipmaster. "I'll be back in London day after tomorrow and pay 'em straight away ——"

"For how much policy?"

"To cover ship and cargo—three hundred and fifty thousand pounds."

"Taking effect when?" Chiolas asked.

"When the cargo's stowed and the hatches sealed, ready to put to sea. And now," Blasey wheezed in jubilant spirits, "we'll have that drink you spoke of. Then I'll collect Cravic, and on the way to my hotel I'll pin the ugly bleeder onto Harris!" TO BE CONCLUDED



"Bravo! Bravo!"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Lively soap!

That's Dial—the soap for lively people. Keeps you feeling fresh when things are jumping most. Because Dial with AT-7 protects you all day through. Wipes out skin bacteria that cause perspiration odor. Go on—live it up! Get Dial—the soap for people who like people.

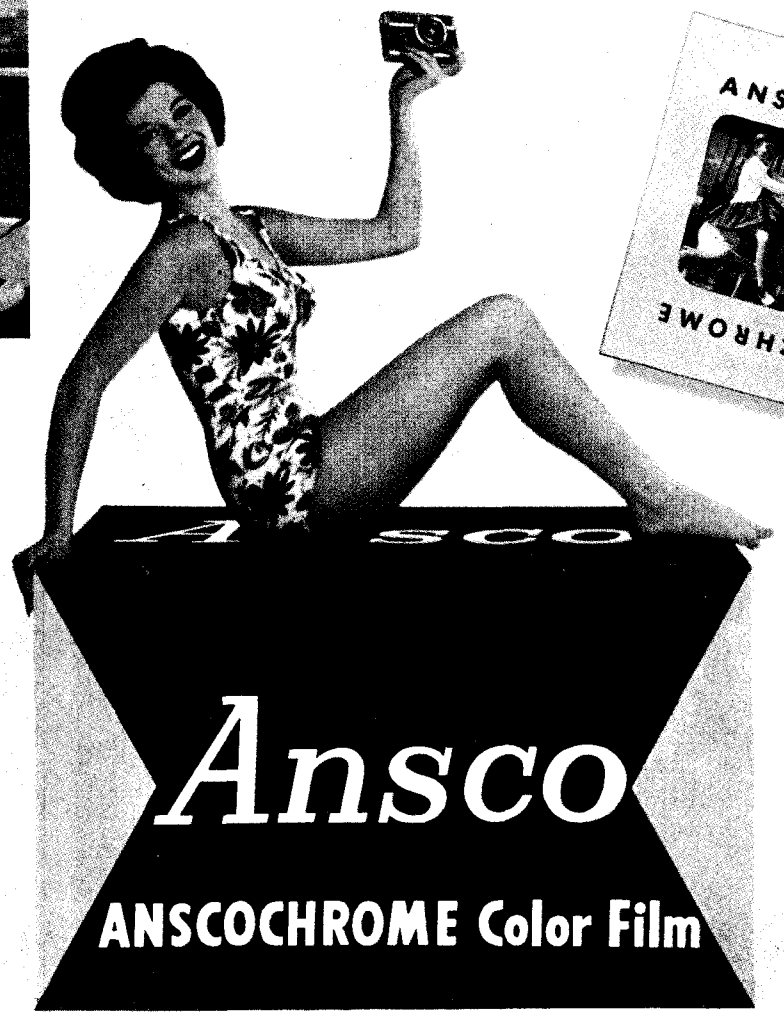
DIAL IS AVAILABLE IN CANADA

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

NOW! DISCOVER THE BIG DIFFERENCE in color films

...get the New True-Look of Ansco

Only today's ANSCOCHROME® lets you look your natural best in color . . . because its exclusive dye magic* puts the new living, breathing look into ALL your color slides and pictures. Once you see the NEW TRUE-LOOK of ANSCO, you'll never settle again for the artificial colors of other films!



***The biggest difference between color films is their dye chemistry.**

The better the dyes, the better the color pictures. That is why you get such life-like warmth in flesh tones . . . believable blues in skies . . . living greens in landscapes with Anscochrome.

Anscochrome costs more to make, but costs no more to buy.

Ask for Ansco films in the bright red box!

ANSCO, Binghamton, N. Y.
Ansco of Canada Ltd., Toronto, Ont.

ANSCO — America's first manufacturer of photographic materials . . . since 1842.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Manuel Ycaza: Terror on Horseback

On the track, racing's dead-end kid has piled up an impressive record of fouls, suspensions—and winnings. But off the track he is the model of courtesy and charm.

By SANDY GRADY

In the rowdy, rich hurly-burly of American horse racing, Manuel Ycaza has many names. Seldom does anyone bother with the correct rendering: ee-CAHS-ah. Watching Ycaza jockey a ten-to-one shot through the pack like a fullback slamming for the goal line, the two-dollar bettor screams, "Come on, Yakety-Yak!" or, "Whip him home, Kamikaze!"

The press fondly calls him the "Panic from Panama." In the jockey room, after a jolting, out-of-my-way-everybody ride by Ycaza, the names may be bitter and explosive. But to track stewards who police rough riding at such racing parlors as Hialeah and Belmont, there is one word for Ycaza: trouble.

In the past six years Carlos Manuel de Ycaza, a black-haired, twenty-four-year-old bachelor from Vista Hermosa, Panama, has shown an unrivaled genius for creating mayhem in a racing saddle. From the beginning of 1955 up to a recent date he had been suspended a total of 403 racing days. This is a record as towering in its own field as Roger Maris's sixty-one homers and Wilt Chamberlain's 100 points in a basketball game. Manuel Ycaza has become as legendary for sinful living aboard a horse as Jesse James.

"I only do what I love best—race the horse," Ycaza said in the days when his English was more fractured. "They poosh me, I poosh back. I never be afraid."

Sighed a California official, Alfred Shelhamer, "Manny, we all know you have courage. You don't have to prove it every time you get on a mount."

Three Near-Fatal Pileups

Three times Ycaza has gone down in thundering pileups that could have been fatal. Jockeys have attacked him with whips and fists. Owners have lectured him on the virtues of more cautious riding. His suspensions for roughness have cost him an estimated $150,000 in fees.

Ycaza has vowed he will be more careful from now on, but a trouble-free future for Manny is as improbable as Jim Piersall's playing out a baseball season without once questioning an umpire's eyesight. Ycaza is still the despair of race stewards and the glory of the two-dollar bettor, who rates him with such popular investments as Bill Hartack, Bill Shoemaker, Johnny Sellers and the now-retired Eddie Arcaro.

Arcaro, who has had his bitter debates with Ycaza, is on record that "this kid could be the greatest stakes rider ever. But he's got to calm down."

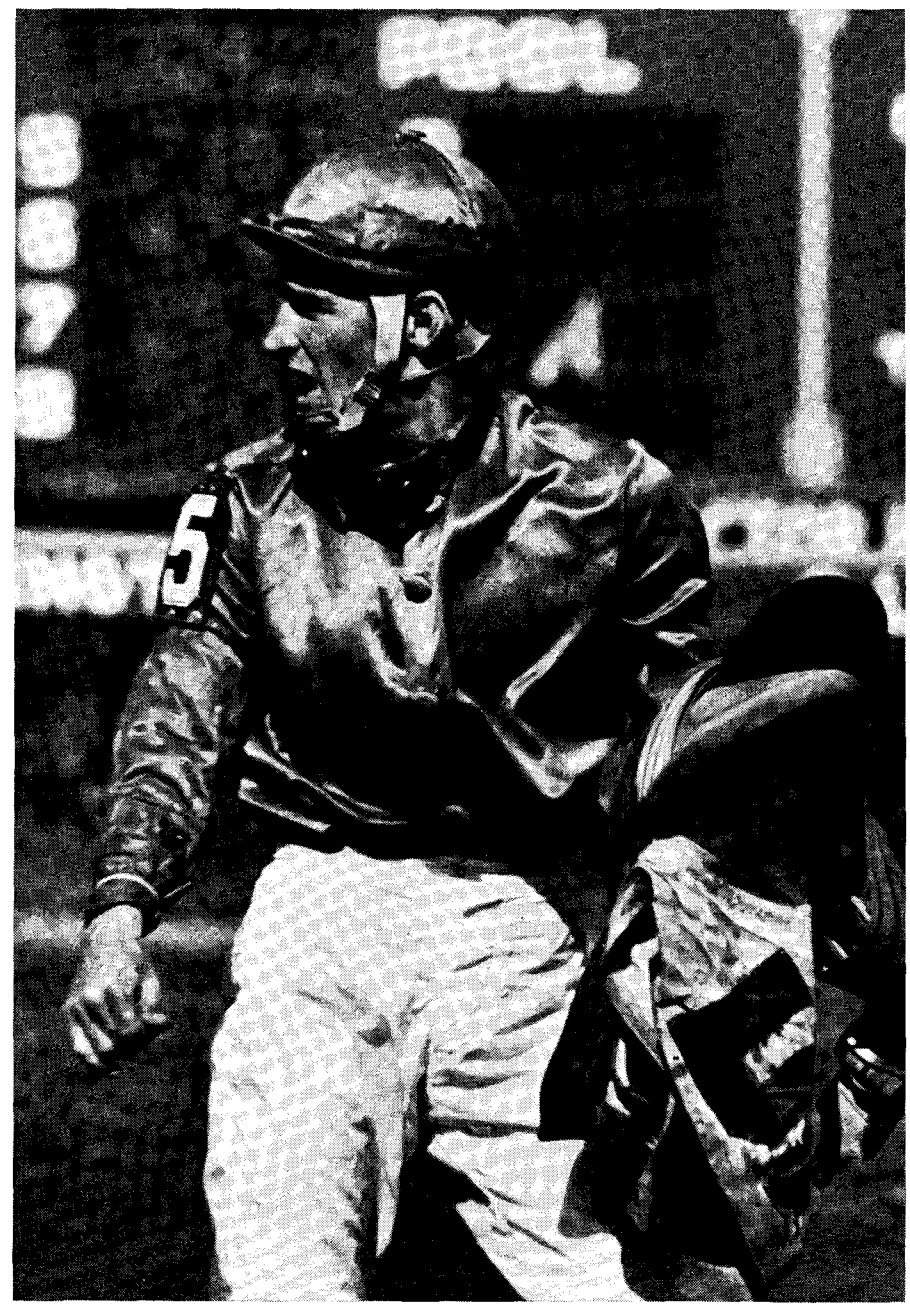
Said an agent at Hialeah recently, "Ycaza is much like Arcaro in the way he can hold back a horse until he's ready to fly. Either of them could hold an elephant away from a bale of hay with a silk thread."

Rougher in the Old Days

Sammy Remick, an ex-jockey and a TV racing commentator, says with a chuckle, "I'd like to have seen this boy ride in the days when they had no film patrols to catch all the fouls."

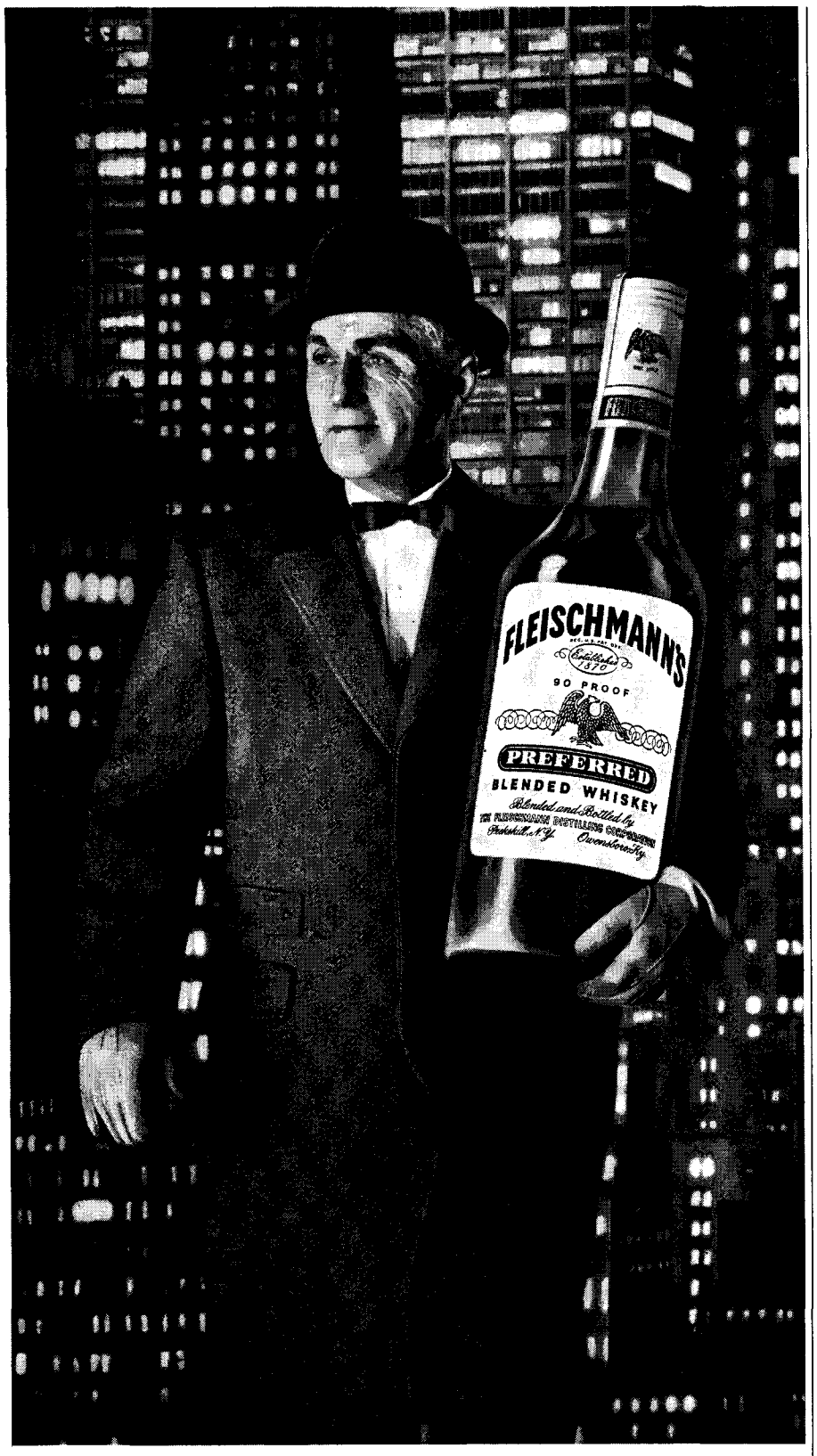
Ycaza may be best known for his frequent banishments from the track, but he also is gifted at winning. In 1957 his frantic tactics brought him 130 days "on the ground," yet he still won 306 races and was second to Hartack for the national championship.

All told, since Ycaza began riding regularly in the United States in 1956 he has finished in the money on nearly 60 percent of his mounts and taken first on more than one fourth of them—both unusually high percentages. His total purse winnings through 1961 came to $6,225,000—a handsome personal haul for Ycaza at the standard jockey's cut of 10 percent.



"They push me, I push back," says Ycaza. Despite his troubles he has finished in the money in more than half his U.S. races.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



In Fine Whiskey...

FLEISCHMANN'S is the BIG buy!

The First Taste will tell you why!

BLENDED WHISKEY • 90 PROOF • 65% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS
THE FLEISCHMANN DISTILLING CORPORATION, NEW YORK CITY

JOCKEY YCAZA

"Despite the talk about Manny's rough riding," says George O'Brien, the young Californian who is Ycaza's current agent, "I don't know any owner who isn't happy to get him on a mount. They know he is never beaten when he should win a race."

There have been times, though, when horse owners have felt that Manuel Ycaza overdid things. Certainly one was Elizabeth Graham of Maine Chance Farm, who is Elizabeth Arden in the cosmetics business. Riding Mrs. Graham's Jewel's Reward in the 1958 Flamingo Stakes at Hialeah, Ycaza rammed Bill Hartack on Tim Tam six times down the stretch. Ycaza's mount came in first, but the judges reversed the order of finish. So Jewel's Reward earned a mere $20,000 for second instead of $97,800 for victory.

Jockeys are five-foot celebrities in a six-foot world, a deficiency many of them seek to offset through swagger and nail-hard talk. The fiery Ycaza, in contrast, has something of the paradoxical gentleness that marks Floyd Patterson away from the ring. He is a splendid dresser in the Latin tradition. Pale and long-jawed, with narrow eyes that crinkle in anger or amusement and a smile that is quick to flash under his carefully-combed black coiffure, he is always the fellow at a restaurant table who is first to light a lady's cigarette or pick up the check.

Ycaza talks of himself and horse racing in philosophical bursts, the voice husky, high and accented. "Health, love, happiness, money," Manuel may say, toasting with the half Martini he sips before dinner—a small steak, no water, a light Italian wine later. He will be smoking a filter cigarette in a filtered holder. Moderation is the Ycaza creed. This does not extend, though, to pretty girls, often magnetized by this Central American sprite who is wealthy, eligible and as cavalier as a Spanish grandee.

"I read much," observes Ycaza, who says he hopes to study law. "I read about science and America. So much to learn, so much to live, so little time to do it."

Mobbed in the Locker Room

This romantic, pensive young man is obviously not the same clawing, fighting Ycaza other jockeys see—the Ycaza who was almost mobbed in the jockey room at Santa Anita in 1958. On a horse named Resistance, Manuel had mauled down the backstretch with all the finesse of a bulldozer wrecking a picket fence. He shoved three jocks out of the path, then took aim on the leader, Hank Moreno. His bat flailing, Ycaza caught Moreno. He jostled and bumped Moreno, beating him to the wire—a victory that did not stand up after officials checked the films. While Ycaza was pulled up, prematurely congratulating himself, Moreno sprinted over and began flogging him about the head with his whip.

Later, in the jockey room, Moreno threw a punch at Ycaza, who politely stepped back and spread his hands asking, "Why this?"

Moreno bellowed. Still courteous, Ycaza said, "I am poor Panama boy who speaks leetle English. Please say slower."

After Moreno cussed him in Spanish, Ycaza shrugged. "I suppose we must go outside and fight," he said.

"You fight my brother," yelled Pete Moreno, jockey brother of Hank, "you fight me also."

Ycaza, halfway out the door, held up two fingers. "OK, both fight."

A half dozen stewards rushed in to halt the spilling of hot Latin blood. Ycaza was suspended five days, and Hank Moreno was fined $100. The latter still mutters, "That Ycaza is always doing some damn fool stunt, almost killing a half dozen jocks, then saying with a silly smile, 'Let's be friends and play Ping-Pong.'"

There have been few jockeys of top stature who have not flamed with resentment at Ycaza's aggressive style. A natural sparring partner has been racing's angry young man, Bill Hartack, the rider Ycaza fouled in the 1958 Flamingo Stakes. Typically, Manuel refused to apologize or act contrite. He felt that Hartack had started the war earlier in the race, and that he, Ycaza, had been penalized for finishing it.

"I would probably run the race the same," Ycaza says now. "Funny, the harder I try in life, the more honest I try to win, the more trouble I get in."

Last year he tangled with Hartack again in another plush Hialeah event, the Everglades Stakes. Already under the cloud of a recent suspension, he was hit with ten more days for "rough-riding from quarter pole to finish" aboard Crozier. Hartack on Vapor Trail had been the victim. Crozier finished third but was dropped to last place after a steward's inquiry disqualified Ycaza, and Vapor Trail was given fourth place.

Not an 'Excuse Jockey'

"If it was my fault, I pay," said Ycaza. "I am not an excuse jockey like Hartack, who wants everything to go his way."

For years there has been coolness between Ycaza and Eddie Arcaro, who is twenty-two years older than Manuel. Their relationship was at its chilliest after the $138,770 Belmont Futurity last September, when Ycaza barreled along the rail aboard Cyane and slipped inside Arcaro on Jaipur to win a picture finish. Arcaro protested, but there was no foul.

In the jockey room you could have chopped the ice with a hatchet. What did Arcaro have to say about Ycaza? "He's a perfect gentleman," said Arcaro stiffly, "when he's off a horse."

A month later, riding Donut King in the $206,800 Champagne Stakes, Ycaza again edged out Arcaro on Jaipur—and survived another foul claim.

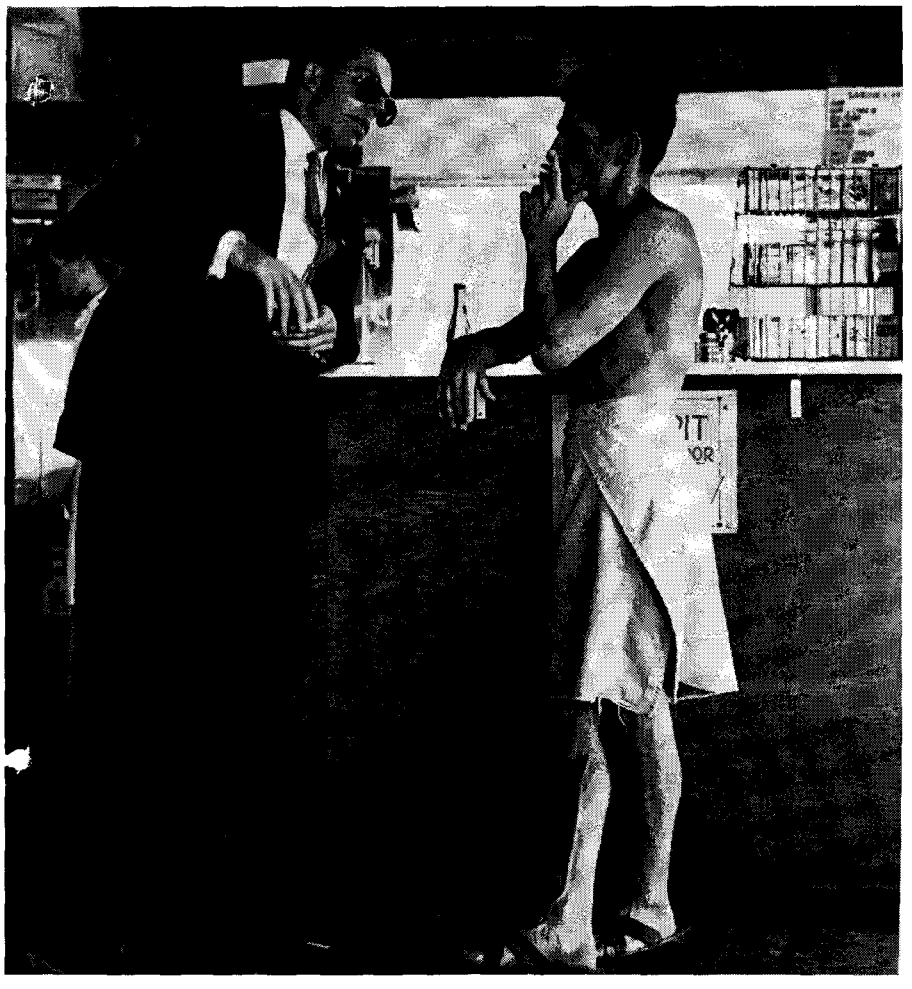
Ted Atkinson was another esteemed Old Guardsman who felt Ycaza's riding fury. During the United Hunt meeting at Belmont in 1958, Atkinson had to grab everything in sight to avoid being pitched on his head when Ycaza's two-year-old cut across his path like a motorcycle. "Throw the book at him," yelled Atkinson. It was thrown: twenty days.

For all his emotional intensity while in the stirrups, Ycaza generally is able to put a losing race out of his mind almost as soon as it has been run. Last March, for example, he commuted from California to Florida by plane one weekend to ride Dead Ahead in the Flamingo Stakes. He finished sixth, yet when I woke him at his Miami motel at noon on Sunday morning, I found him his usual gentle, courtly self.

His agent, George O'Brien, was making orange juice in the kitchen. Ycaza sipped black coffee and spoke of going swimming before catching the five P.M. plane back to California.

"Let us not talk of the bad things that happen to me," said Ycaza, buttering a roll. "Every suspension I ever got was for trying too hard. Remember—it is

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



A sportswriter interviews the tempestuous jockey after a race at Gulfstream. The $2 betters expect Ycaza to bring in the long shots.

important to me—I never hurt another jockey or cause an accident. But now I try to change. Many people I love and respect have convince me I must stay out of trouble."

One of these advisers is Capt. Harry F. Guggenheim, the distinguished sportsman and publisher of *Newsday*. Captain Guggenheim owns Cain Hoy Stable, for which Ycaza is a contract rider. Manuel has enjoyed some of his greatest successes in Cain Hoy colors. Aboard Bald Eagle in 1959 and 1960 he won nine major stakes races and more than $675,000, including two successive victories against horses from all over the world in Laurel's Washington, D.C., International.

Ycaza's father was a racing man of another sort, famous as a motorcycle rider in Panama. "I never saw pop ride, but they tell me he very reckless—like me, maybe," Manuel says. He now rents a home for his father and mother at Jamaica, New York, and is paying the bills for three sisters—Mirtha, Yolanda and Maritza—at a Brentwood, Long Island school.

Altogether there were nine children in the family. Three of Manuel's brothers, Carlos, Rudolph and Alex, were jockeys in Panama. "When I was six, we go to the farms and 'borrow' horses at night and ride them until they are tired," Ycaza recalls with a smile. "Then we 'borrow' fresh horses."

Ycaza was more interested in school and soccer until brother Alex took him to the local race track. "I did not want to ride," he told me, "but they say, 'Come on, Manuel, be like your brothers.' Four days later they put me on a horse named Muneco.

"Riding is very rough in Panama. Like stampede in TV movie. When I get off the horse, my legs are rubber." Ycaza staggered around his Miami motel room. "I am burning inside. I cannot sleep for a week thinking of losing that race. Next time I get horse named Kon Tiki and win. I know I love this better than anything. I was fourteen, though, and we try to keep secret from pop. But he reads it. He not so happy when I go to States to ride."

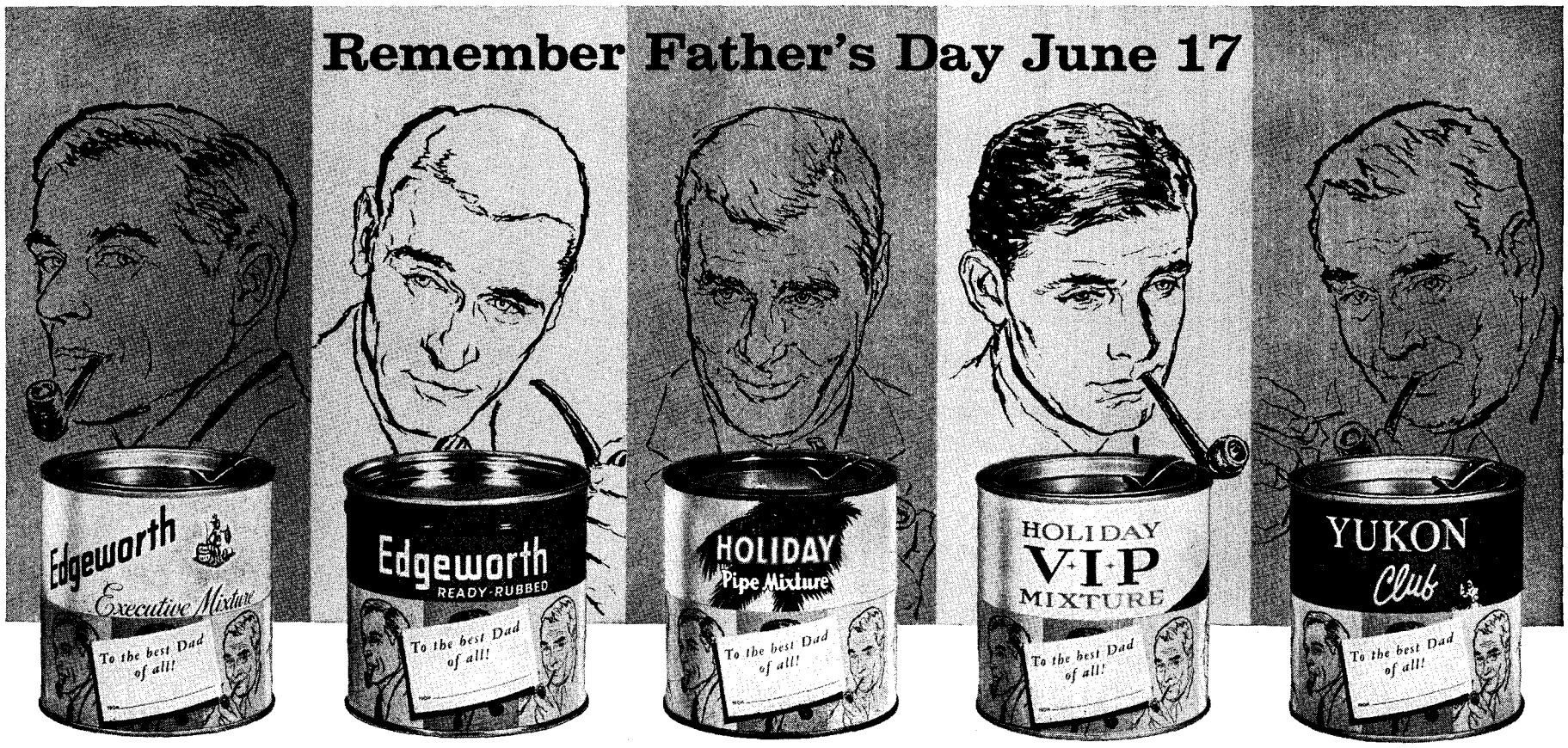
In Defeat, Hamburgers

Ycaza's first foray North in 1954 was discouraging. He was riding crowbaits at tracks in Mexico and Lower California, and barely staying alive on hamburgers. He rode 131 horses and won only nine races. Hungry and disgusted, the sixteen-year-old Ycaza went home.

The next year his family was on vacation in Mexico City when Manuel and Alex went to the Hipódromo de las Américas as spectators. The riding fever returned. Alex towed the shy Manuel to the barns to ask for a job.

"I tell them I am apprentice," said Ycaza. "First day I win four races. 'Hey, you don't ride like no bug boy,' they tell me. 'You no apprentice.'"

When he wasn't winning in Mexico he was the center of rhubarbs, being hit with eighteen foul claims in six weeks. Buddy Hirsh, the California horseman, was as impressed as a baseball scout who



Give the head of your house...House of Edgeworth tobacco

EXECUTIVE MIXTURE
Most luxurious tobacco you can give or smoke. Supreme flavor and aroma with no added aromatics.

EDGEWORTH READY-RUBBED
Fine, slow-burning, cool-smoking white Burleys. A top favorite with seasoned pipe smokers.

HOLIDAY
A delightful blend of five fine pipe tobaccos with an aroma men like and women welcome, too.

V.I.P.
New and uniquely aromatic blend of premium tobaccos. Easy packing, smooth smoking.

YUKON CLUB
A touch of refreshing menthol added to the natural cool-smoking quality of finest Burleys.

And for Dad's cigarette pleasure DOMINO Plain or Filter LARUS & BROTHER CO., INC., Richmond, Virginia. *Fine Tobacco Products Since 1877*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

JOCKEY YCAZA

finds a prospect hitting 500-foot homers. The upshot was that Ycaza returned to the States for a second time, in 1956. Riding for small purses, he won $76,693 on 118 winners.

"My English was not so good," said Ycaza. "One day I am on horse, Iron Circus, and trainer tells me to pace him slowly, saving horse for finish. He talk so fast, he must think I am Harvard graduate. I don't understand. I race horse out front, lose by nose."

George O'Brien, Ycaza's agent, suggested at this point, "Tell him about Scarlet Wave, Manny. That horse almost ended it all, eh?"

"That crazy filly tried to kill me," said Ycaza indignantly. "She jump the fence and down I go. I miss big iron post by an inch but hit a wooden pole with my leg."

This was at Del Mar, California, in 1956. Ycaza had three broken blood vessels in his leg. The doctor suggested seven weeks in bed, and encased the leg in a ponderous cast. Four days later Ycaza coaxed a nurse into bringing his clothes. He slid into a wheel chair, sneaked down a freight elevator and out to his convertible. He propped his leg up and drove one-legged to San Francisco.

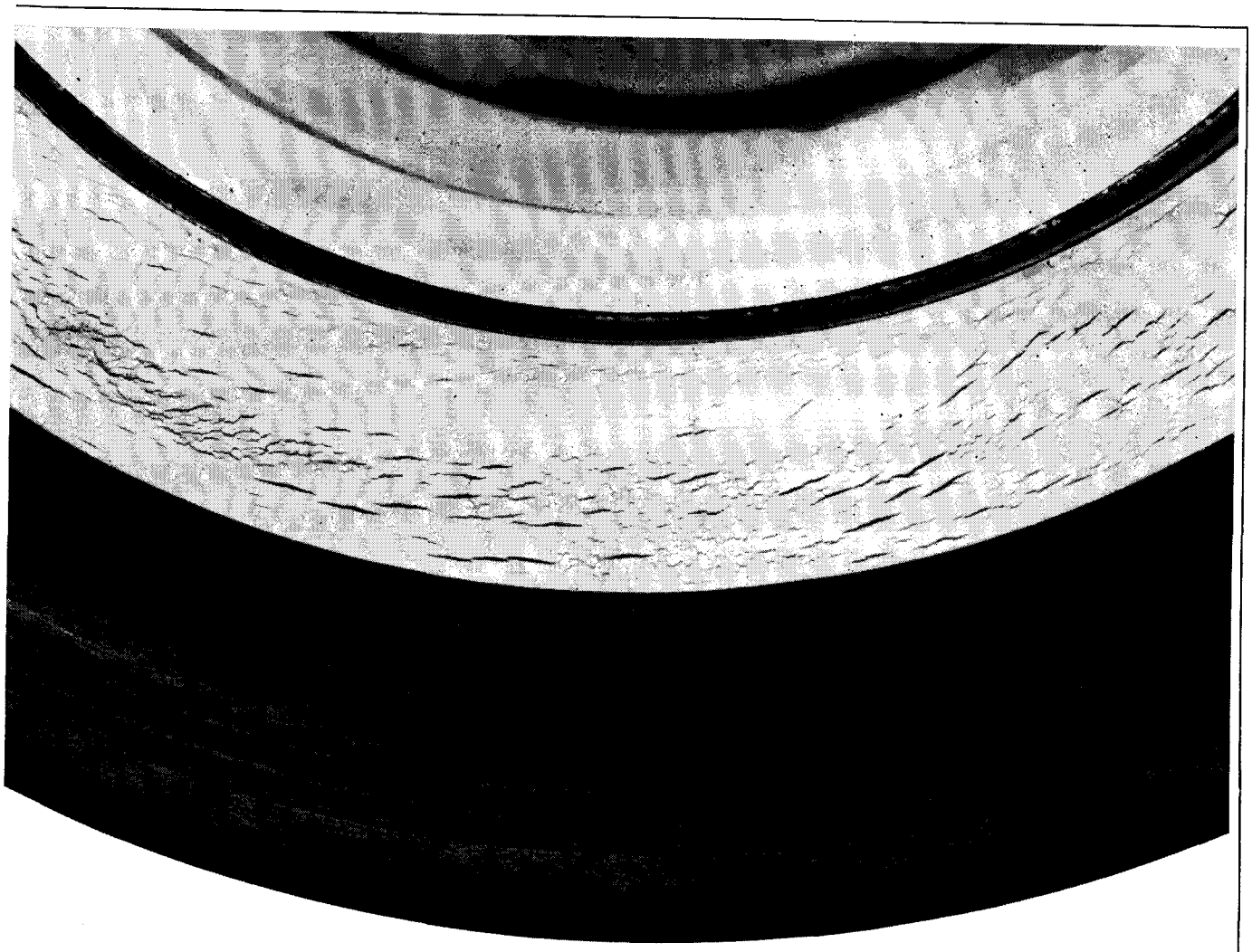
"A policeman catch me speeding," said Ycaza. "I pay the money because I don't want him to ask me to get out of the car and see I got only one good leg."

Ycaza's Dizzy Filly

What was the big hurry? "I want to ride," said Ycaza, "and I want that crazy filly again." There was a strike at the San Francisco track, though, so Ycaza flew to Boston's Suffolk Downs after breaking off his cast. Like Ahab and the white whale, Ycaza was out to tame Scarlet Wave. She was the first horse he rode at Suffolk Downs. A stubborn female, the horse hit the fence again, shaking up Ycaza.

"No horse is smarter than Manny," he said grimly. "Get her again." The next two rides on Scarlet Wave brought victories.

At Belmont last year Ycaza suffered a near-fatal spill that kept him idle two



YOUR TIRES DIED A LITTLE TODAY

And they'll die a little more tomorrow . . . and the next day. The unrelenting effects of ozone, sunlight and weather deteriorate ordinary rubber whitewalls, causing cracks that attract grime and dirt, discoloring the tire, spoiling the original attractiveness.

But this cracking problem can be cured when tire manufacturers use Du Pont HYPALON®, a highly crack-resistant synthetic rubber. It defies the enemies of ordinary rubber, stays smooth, resists cracking and scuffing. Dirt just can't dig in. So, whitewalls of HYPALON stay attractive for the life of the tire. Would you invest in a whitewall that won't? Write us for names of manufacturers of whitewall tires made with HYPALON. E. I. du Pont de Nemours & Co. (Inc.), Elastomer Chemicals Dept. SP-6-9, Wilmington 98, Delaware.

HYPALON®—ANOTHER RELIABLE DU PONT ELASTOMER

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

Better Things for Better Living . . . *through Chemistry*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

months. He had to undergo several operations for a broken collarbone, and still carries a shoulder pin as a souvenir.

However, it was in the autumn of 1958 at Tanforan, a track near San Francisco, that Ycaza brushed closest with death. It had been a bitter autumn for him. He had lost a ride in the $297,250 Garden State stakes race because of a suspension at Belmont. Indeed, the foul claims against him had been so thick in New York that there were rumors that jockeys were making false protests in an effort to run Ycaza home to Panama.

There was certainly no welcoming committee in the Tanforan jockey room when Ycaza walked in, and every eye was on him when he rode Al's O War, the first horse he had saddled after the long layoff. On the backstretch Ycaza was close behind Roy Yaka aboard Jimmy James. Suddenly Al's O War went down.

"It was like a football game when there is a pileup," Ycaza recalls. "Horses were falling everywhere."

Ycaza suffered a brain concussion, a broken collarbone and three broken ribs. It was eight hours before he regained consciousness. When he did, even guys who hated Manuel Ycaza cheered.

After five weeks he was riding again. His return was typically flamboyant. King Ranch had a "killer" horse named Well Away, a cantankerous brute who had caused the death of jockey Jackie Westrope. "Ycaza was pale and weak, but he wanted to ride Well Away," says a man who was there. "It was a great race. He battled down the stretch with Arcaro, Shoemaker and Johnny Longden, three of the best who ever rode, and beat 'em by two lengths."

He Never Gives Up

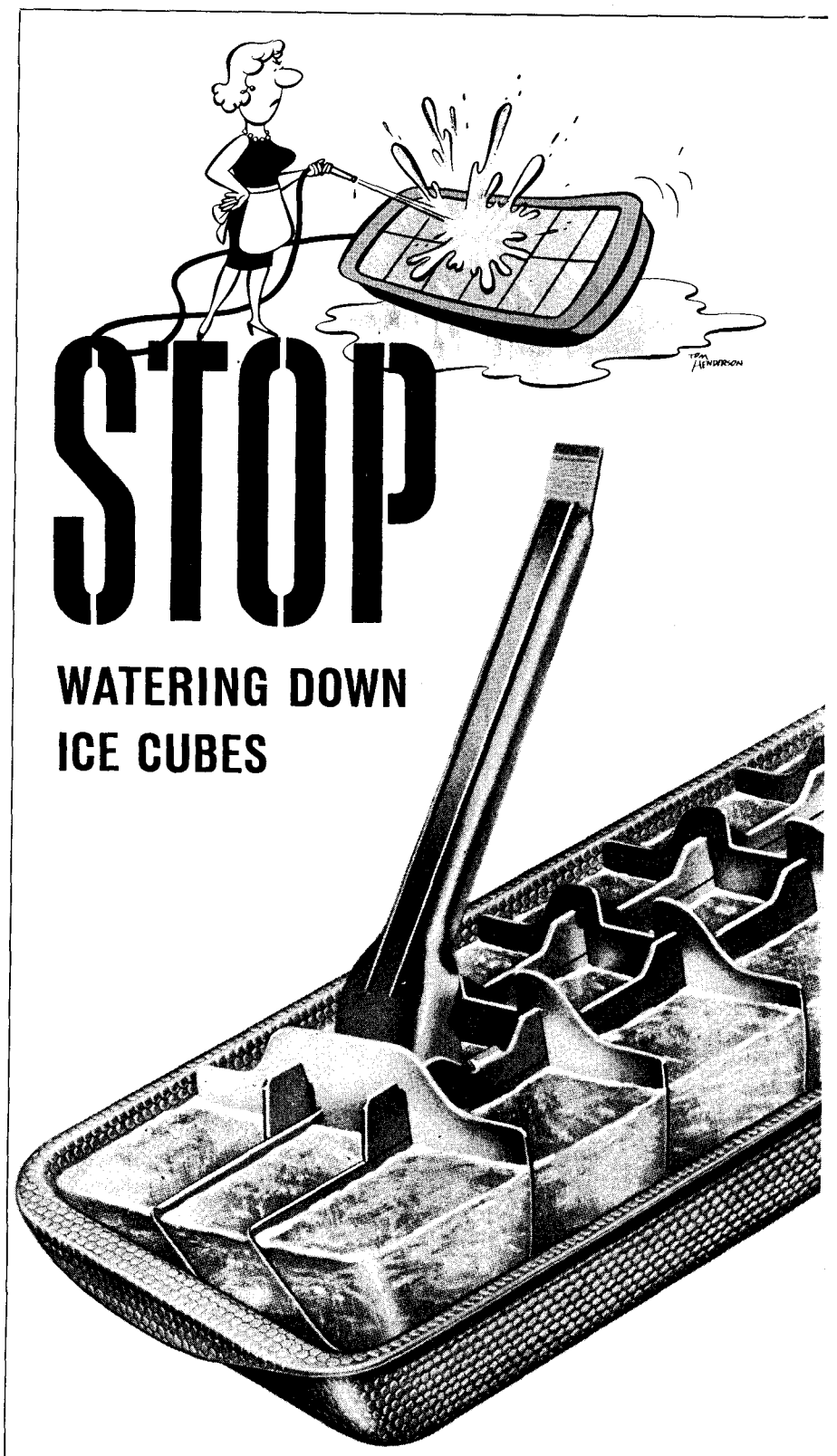
Ycaza has always come back from his accidents as fearlessly competitive as ever. Several weeks ago agent O'Brien elaborated on this quality in the course of trying to explain why his client has piled up such a mountain of suspensions for uncivilized riding.

"What people forget," O'Brien said, "is that Manuel never gives up on a horse. When an animal behaves badly, most jocks stand up right there and hold it back. Manuel takes those brutes and tries to win, no matter how wildly they're running."

Pulling on his tight white pants in the jockey room, Ycaza thought of his agent's remarks. "True," he agreed, "I feel responsible to the owner and fans, if I ride a cheap claiming horse at 100-to-1 or a one-to-nine favorite in a $100,000 race. But I do not like fouls. Only twice in my life do I call foul against others. Let life take its course."

After being suspended 130 days in 1957, Ycaza's record improved each year up to 1960, when he was grounded a mere twenty-five days. Then the jockey's record suffered a relapse. Last year the figure was back up to seventy-eight days.

Ycaza on Ridan leading at the mile in the '62 Kentucky Derby. Decidedly, No. 3, begins moving up on the outside to break the track record and win.



When you have new Inland "Magic Touch" Honeycomb Ice Cube Trays, a flip of the "Magic Touch" lever releases a trayful of full-size cubes instantly! Dry, decorative, ready to use. No thawing under the faucet . . . no getting drenched in the process. Get rid of old worn-out trays. Buy several "Magic Touch" Honeycomb Ice Cube Trays at your favorite store—and be sure they are in your new refrigerator.

INLAND MANUFACTURING

INLAND *"Magic Touch"*
HONEYCOMB ICE CUBE TRAYS

INLAND MANUFACTURING DIVISION, GENERAL MOTORS CORPORATION, DAYTON, OHIO

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"...and does your little boy have Blue Cross, Mrs. Smith?"

In facing hospital expenses these days, there's quite a difference in just having "protection" and in having Blue Cross. You'll find Blue Cross thinks about people as individuals, each with special needs. So when you present your Blue Cross membership card on admission to the hospital, an unusual kind of help begins for you: Blue Cross' "Personalized Benefits"—benefits in terms of actual hospital care. This means benefits that fit your illness, rather than a rigid, deferred cash allowance per day. This is common-sense, generous help. You can see why 57 million people prefer Blue Cross. Your local Blue Cross Plan can give you the facts. BLUE CROSS ASSOCIATION, INC., 840 NORTH LAKE SHORE DRIVE, CHICAGO 11, ILLINOIS.

® Blue Cross and symbol reg. by American Hospital Assn.

JOCKEY YCAZA

As this is written, he has lost fifteen days so far in 1962.

How does he feel when he sees the "inquiry" sign flash on a tote board and knows he is the accused party?

"When it first happen in Mexico City, I felt the blood rush from my boots to my brain," says Ycaza, fists clenched. "I went crazy mad. I jump off the horse and rush to the tack room, hoping to fight somebody.

"Now I know anger is hurtful. I try to understand others. When I get disqualified and cannot ride, I play golf, try to forget. I lose money, right? Maybe someday I go back to Panama and ride motorcycles like pop."

Before Ycaza returns to Panama permanently, he would like to pose in the rose-garlanded winner's circle at the Kentucky Derby. The closest he has come so far is third place, where he finished aboard Ridan this year and on Victoria Park in 1960.

He Stopped Short

The 1958 Derby was perhaps the only race of his career in which he found it necessary to stop his horse. Millions watching on television were mystified to see Ycaza's mount, Ebony Pearl, surge toward the lead on the final turn, then suddenly halt. Ycaza had been horrified when Ebony Pearl reached out and tried to take a bite out of Lincoln Road's flanks. When Ebony Pearl again snapped his teeth at the horse ahead, Ycaza jerked the reins and brought his crop down on the colt's head. He finished tenth.

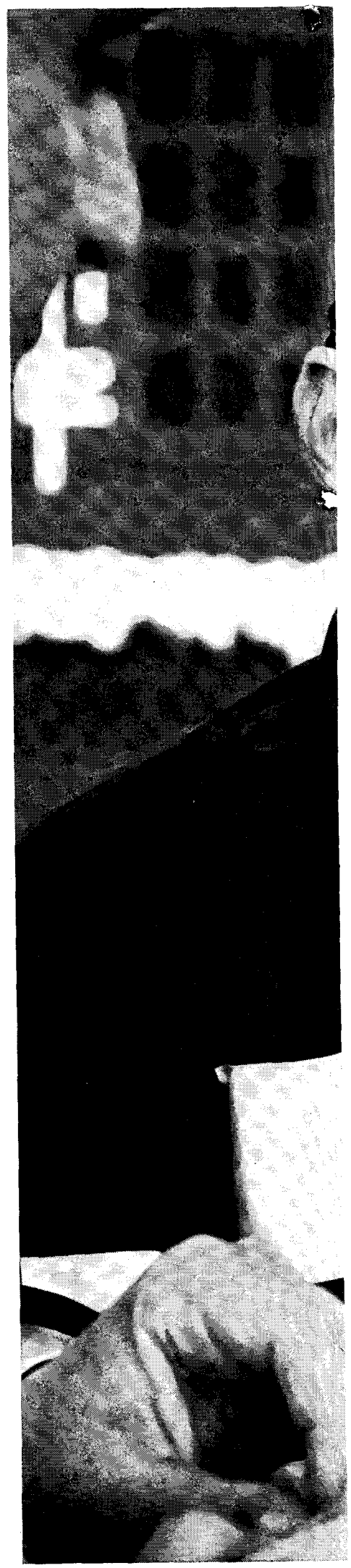
The Kentucky Derby aside, Ycaza comes up with his share of victories in the major stakes races. His biggest win in the first part of 1962 was on March thirty-first in the Florida Derby, a $125,800 race. Ycaza on Ridan literally nosed out Willie Shoemaker aboard Cicada. Typically, there was a foul claim. It was disallowed.

A couple of years ago, if a vote had been held among jockeys to pick the most unpopular rider, it probably would have been a contest between Ycaza and Bill Hartack. Now, however, the cold war between Ycaza and the fraternity seems to be thawing slightly.

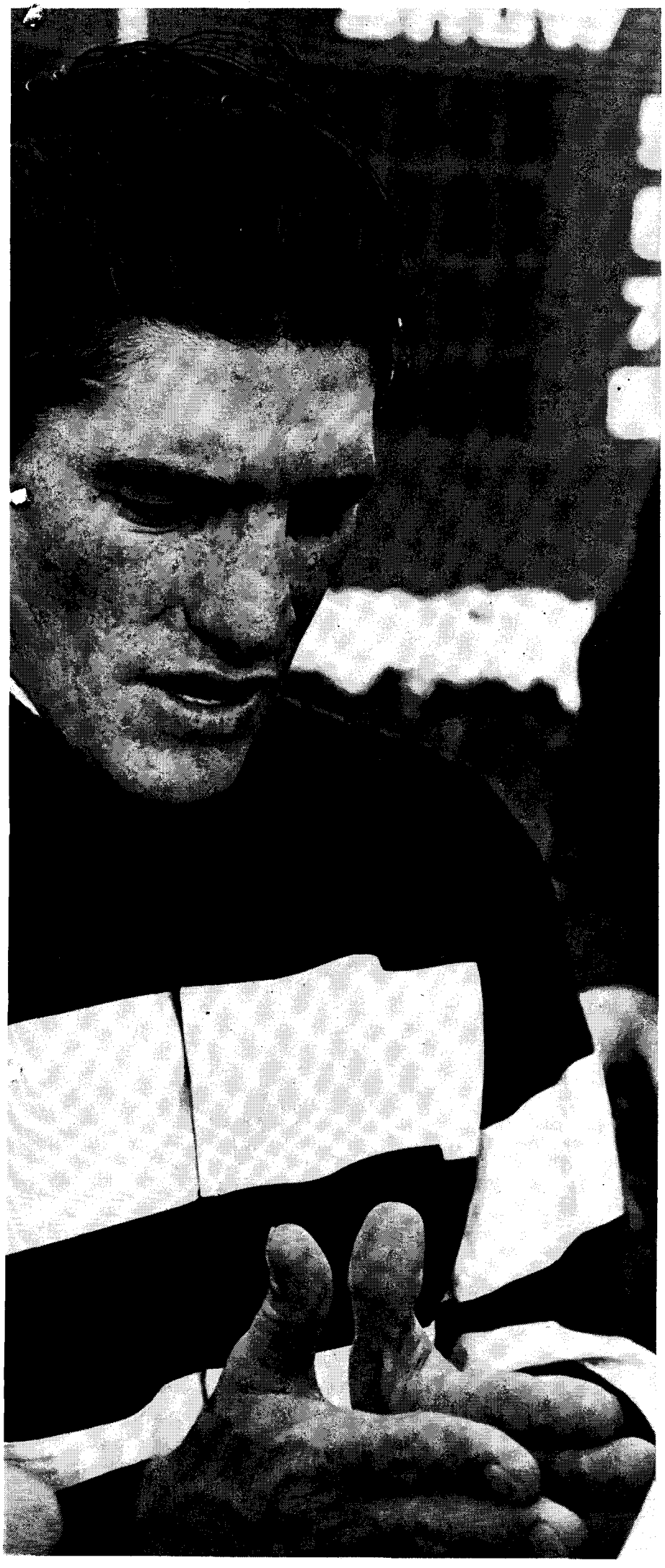
"Maybe he's behaving better because he's getting better horses," says Larry Gilligan, one of the better young jockeys. "Maybe he's learned his lesson the hard way."

Ycaza, speaking the exuberant English that sometimes mingles with Spanish and Greek when he becomes heated, insists that this is true. "I am going to be careful," he said not long ago. "Maybe I win the national championship. Maybe I become very rich. Maybe I meet a beautiful American girl and marry her. Maybe it happens tonight, for all is possible."

Then he pulled on the bright silks and white helmet and went out to race, a 110-pound alloy of poetry and ferocity. American civilization has conquered the forests, harnessed the wild waters and mastered the atom, but it may take a while longer to tame the spirit of Carlos Manuel de Ycaza. THE END



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Ycaza relives a neck-and-neck finish after the race. He now promises to mend his rough-riding ways. Critics doubt he can do it.

WHY AUTOMOTIVE "PROS" PREFER PERFECT CIRCLE PISTON RINGS

Automotive engineers don't guess about piston rings. They prove which ones perform best by scientific comparisons—in the lab, on the test track, in actual use.

Tested and proved quality and performance of Perfect Circle piston rings has resulted in their selection as original factory equipment in 95 brands of vehicles and engines.

To restore like-new power and oil control to your engine, insist on Perfect Circle—the rings the "pros" prefer.

PERFECT CIRCLE

PISTON RINGS • CYLINDER LINERS • PRECISION CASTINGS • TURBINE BLADES AND WHEELS ELECTRONIC PROGRAMING EQUIPMENT SPEEDOSTATS • Hagerstown, Indiana

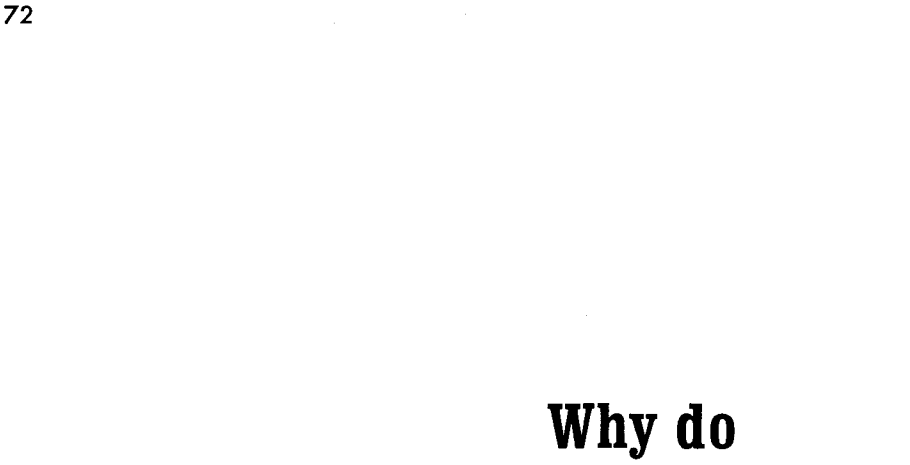
Plants and Subsidiaries: HAGERSTOWN, RICHMOND, NEW CASTLE, TIPTON AND RUSHVILLE, INDIANA • THE PERFECT CIRCLE COMPANY, LTD., DON MILLS, ONTARIO, CANADA • SCHELLENS TRUE CORPORATION, IVORYTON, CONNECTICUT • PERFECT CIRCLE INTERNATIONAL, FT. WAYNE, INDIANA • PERFECT CIRCLE HOLLAND N.V., THE HAGUE, NETHERLANDS • Factories, Affiliates and Licensees in MEXICO, ARGENTINA, AUSTRALIA, BRAZIL AND FRANCE

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Why do so many professional eye men recommend

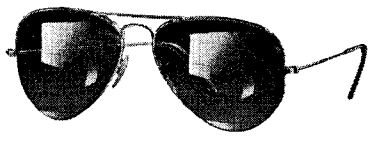
RAY·BAN

Sun Glasses



Professional eye men, of all people, know that sun glasses should be something more than ordinary glass, set in attractive frames. That's why so many fine optical offices recommend Ray-Ban Sun Glasses. They're made from genuine optical glass, ground-and-polished-to-curve. They filter out the harmful rays of the sun, cut down glare without distorting your vision. In short, Ray-Ban Sun Glasses keep your eyes cool, calm and *protected.* Plain (non-prescription) Ray-Ban Sun Glasses are available at optical offices and fine stores everywhere. Priced from $4.95 to $24.95. Try on a pair... you won't settle for less. For free style folder, write Bausch & Lomb Incorporated, Rochester 2, New York.

Over 90 stunning frame styles and colors for men and women



BAUSCH & LOMB Ray-Ban® SUN GLASSES

Wear glasses? You can have Ray-Ban Lenses ground to your prescription.

TAKE A CHANCE

(*Continued from page 31*)

"Did you make this drawing?" she demanded of Henry.

"Well ——" said Henry, hesitating.

"Don't you know, you foolish boy, that you can cause irreparable injury with a pin?" she demanded, turning to Mortimer Bloom.

"What's 'irreparable'?"

"Never mind. Take your seats. This is a study period."

Quiet again. An imperceptible sigh. What had she been thinking? Vagrant ideas like little paper sailboats floating aimlessly on a lake—embracing dancers, Montmartre in spring, her own definition of romance. But it was no use. The spell was broken. All she could evoke was the chant of the silly little poem they had made up: "Old Lady Thorpe's a grouchy old maid; the boys don't like her and the girls is afraid." Old lady—at thirty-three?

The day finally ended, since it had to. Her father was waiting when she arrived home. "Hello, dad."

"You look tired. Kids acting up?"

"No more than they have to. They've got little springs inside them. Nature winds them up, and there's not much you can do but sit and watch while they twist and squirm and run the darn things down. Did you get food for supper?"

"I figured lamb chops would be a good change."

She agreed that lamb chops might be good for a change. Hanging her coat in the hall closet, she wondered why the two of them continued to live in this old barrack of a house. Since mom had died they just seemed to rattle around in the big empty rooms.

"Bill came over," her father said. Bill, a friend of Mr. Thorpe, was a gentle soul who had never quite caught up with the present. He wore sleeve garters and referred to the past as though it were yesterday. "He was telling me about his company during the First World War—oh, and he might get his pension raised."

"That's nice."

"We decided we'd go up the channel and try for a few fluke tomorrow." A former stationary engineer, Mr. Thorpe was now retired. "There's nothing tastier than fried fluke."

"Any letters?"

"Just a card from the Logans up in Maine. That auto salesman called again."

"I'm going upstairs and mark. Give me a shout at about six and I'll put on the potatoes."

"Er—haven't you been acting a little funny lately?"

"Funny?"

"Sort of wrought up. I guess you've got your fill of those youngsters. Well, it won't be long till vacation rolls around."

"All right, dad." She took her papers to the library.

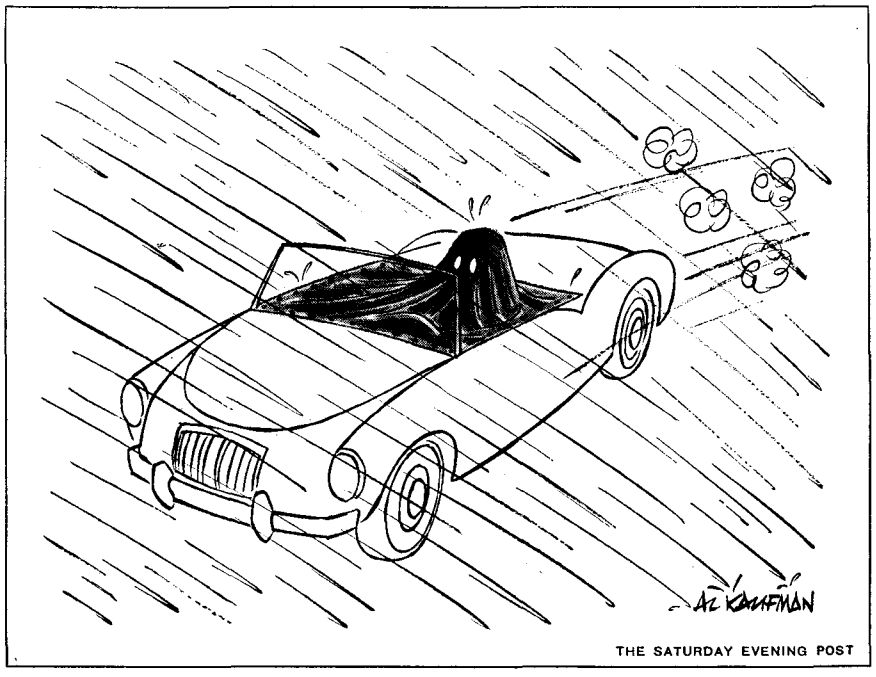
Then nothing, no thoughts, blank for ten minutes under concentration. Suddenly the concentration snapped. The kids would have been startled by her turn of mind now. So what would happen, she asked herself, if Old Lady Thorpe went off into the night and got ever so slightly drunk? But why ever so slightly? Why not as tight as a hoot owl? She laughed bitterly. It was a thought, but not so easily accomplished. Well! Here was Frank Klauber, with a splendid eighty-nine. Frank, congratulations. You restore my faith in humanity. Will you please grow up to be urbane, gracious, polished, even courtly—a true gentleman of the old school? For my sake. For the sake of Old Lady Thorpe?

She winked her filling eyes. There had been nothing unusual about her day. It was the same as any other day, identical with yesterday and a thousand yesterdays before it. She lived a perfectly contented life—perfectly contented, she thought, as her sharp knuckles showed white at the pressure of her clenched fist.

Miss Thorpe suddenly struck the desk with her closed hand and the pain stung the small bones. Then tears came up and welled in waves, and she let them. But it was not self-pity, she insisted to herself. It was only the simple desire for something—something to cause a little smile of gaiety, something to warm the heart, perhaps something beautiful, soft and sensuous—a little life. Was this complex, tumultuous world made for everyone but me? For fresh fish and scribbled idiocies and Mortimer Bloom dressed in bloomers?

She realized that all these jumbled notions, pressing in faster than she could absorb them, were simply the materials of a postponed breakdown. The built-up pressures, vainly seeking escape, kept beating against her nerves. Eventually something must give.

But what? Her lips narrowed and tightened, as they frequently did when the children had brought her to the edge of exasperation. Suddenly she thought,



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The hell with lamb chops. I've got to get out of here or go crazy.

She went to the mirror and examined herself closely. Skin, clear. Nose, aquiline. Hazel eyes and smooth forehead. Hair, thick, strong, a twist of gray. White cheeks. Within her the yearning for some sort of romantic interlude had reached irresistible proportions. It was hard to know what she meant by this. She'd had plenty of proposals from suitable men but had chosen a career instead. What she actually longed for was a moment of glamour, a little gaiety to reaffirm her feeling of aliveness.

Movies again? Hardly. She finally recalled a smart restaurant in town—Chambrey's, where she had once dined elegantly with friends. So it would probably cost a week's pay. She decided the black gown and green earrings would lend her that little touch of mystery a woman alone in a fashionable eating place needed. She knew she was overdramatizing, that the tension of her nerves was directing her actions, but there was no turning back now.

An hour or so later the taximan delivered her at the canopied entrance to the well-known Manhattan dining place, accepting her dollar tip with undisguised gratitude. Miss Thorpe decided that overtipping was one of life's soundest investments. The doorman was obsequious as he transferred her to the headwaiter.

"Alone, madame?"

"At the moment," she said, turning her head in a way that asked, *Do I look as if I'm together?*

His arm decorated with menus, the headwaiter escorted her to a table.

"Would you like a cocktail while you're waiting, madame?"

"I'll have it at the bar."

"Of course. Of course."

She asked for a whisky sour. "Bourbon, if you don't mind," she told the barman. She observed her appearance in the mirror. To be well dressed, she thought, was to attract attention without causing comment. Well, regardless of what happened tonight, at least she would dine on something a little more imaginative than lamb chops. The names of various dishes floated through her mind. Lobster bisque. Shrimps Creole. Baked Alaska. "I thought you were staying home for supper," her father had said, surprised. "The truth is, dad, I forgot all about this affair till a few minutes ago." "I see." Curious the way people played with words. Often it was harder to be frank with those you loved than with strangers.

Glancing up and down the bar, she thought, *What nice-looking men.* Her idea of "nice-looking" wasn't handsome. It was the way a man walked and moved and held his head, as though the different parts of his body kept up a close, friendly relationship with each other.

One of the nice-looking men spoke to her. She was pleased and scared at the same time. But again she realized there was no turning back. This was what she had come for—to be spoken to.

He was saying, "Actually, it's not just the food, but the high ceilings and light that I like about Chambrey's. I never could figure out why so many restaurants want to seem dark and grim."

"Probably," she said, "they're designed for couples who would rather not be seen together."

He smiled, glancing around at the soft, off-white decorations of the well-lighted dining room. There was something illusively familiar about his face, a curious familiarity that hovered just out of reach. "You mean," he asked, "there are enough illicit romances to fill all the dreary restaurants of New York?"

She shrugged. "I was merely guessing. I'm not an authority on the subject."

"But it does raise a question." Again the oddly familiar smile lifted the corners of his mouth. "If it's illicit, can it be romantic?"

"I wouldn't know. You see, Mr. ——"

He paused a moment. "Smith?"

"All right. I'll accept that. You see, Mr. Smith, I never happened to carry on a secret love affair in gloomy restaurants, so I'm not in a position to say."

"You are dining alone, though, Miss ——"

"Jones."

He grinned. "Miss Jones, then. I happen to be stuck in town tonight—I'm at the Wilton-Plaza—and thought as long as I had to have dinner it might as well be somewhere cheerful like Chambrey's."

"That's my own situation—more or less."

"In that case, would you care to dine with me, Miss Jones? I've a table reserved on the mezzanine."

"Well ——"

Arranged on a low gallery were certain favored tables which afforded a superior view of the charming dining room. Its vaulted ceilings, hung with clusters of starry lights, added to the airy atmosphere. The waiter brought immense cards, which Mr. Smith waved away. "May I order?"

"Indeed. Do."

He reeled off an unheard-of soup, scallops Bordelaise, a white Rhine wine, *filet mignon* with Burgundy, a cheese-and-vinegar salad, and said they would consider the grave question of dessert at some future period.

"I haven't had a real Bordelaise since Paris," she observed.

"When was that?"

Conscious of the twist of gray in her hair, she said, "It wouldn't do any good to lie. Nineteen forty-nine."

"I went into Paris," he said, "with a tank outfit in Forty-four."

They chatted, exploring, sending out feelers, searching for identifying experiences, trying to discover what was behind the formal masks they had put on. At last she said, "Now I've got to discuss something really serious."

He blinked. "Yes?"

"About paying for my dinner. I insist, so please don't argue about it. It's been a beautiful meal. If we bickered over it, the whole thing would be spoiled."

"All right," he said agreeably. "But will you grant me one favor in return?"

This caused a moment's hesitation. Finally she said, "Of course." She could always change her mind later.

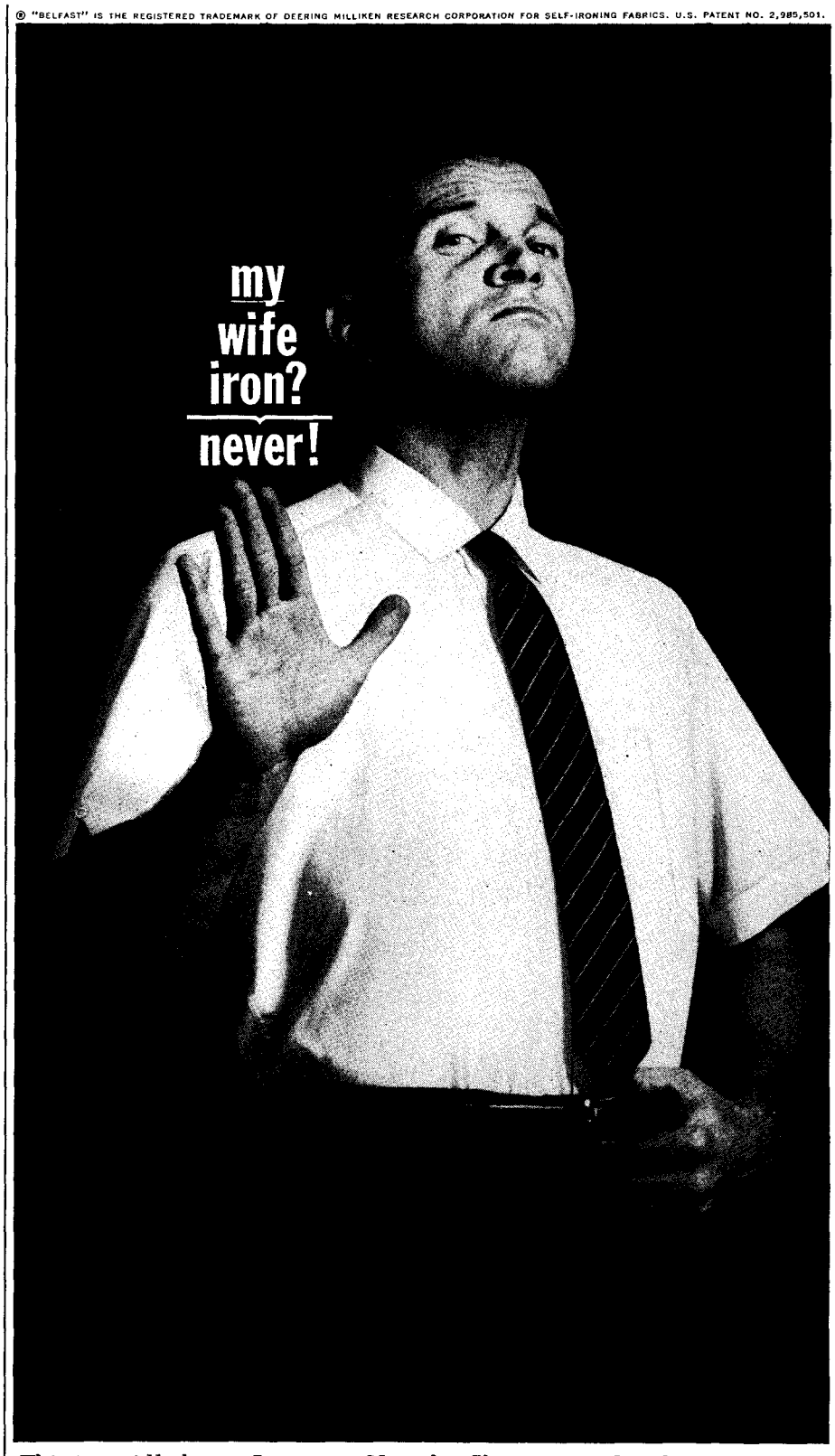
"I was supposed to take a business acquaintance to the theater. But he was called out of town, and I'm stuck with two tickets." He shook his head. "It doesn't sound convincing, I know, but it happens to be true. Will you come?"

She smiled. "Can you give me one good reason why I shouldn't?"

He paused, glancing at her ringless left hand. "Frankly I can't, Miss Jones."

How refreshing to be able to talk this lightly to someone, she thought as he poured another glass of wine. It was clear and delicate, reminding her of spring moonlight. Banished—at least almost—were Mortimer Bloom and his bloomers and Helen Spewacker being used for a drawing board.

® "BELFAST" IS THE REGISTERED TRADEMARK OF DEERING MILLIKEN RESEARCH CORPORATION FOR SELF-IRONING FABRICS. U.S. PATENT NO. 2,985,501.

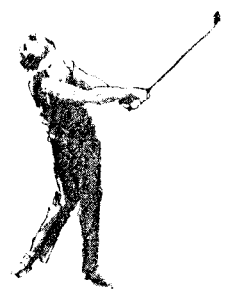


This is no idle boast. I *mean* it. Now that I'm wearing Manhattan shirts of *Belfast*® self-ironing cotton she'll never have to iron again. *Belfast* cotton irons itself. Forever. Without touch-ups. Without long-winded washing instructions. Spin, hang or tumble dried, *Belfast* cotton washes cream-smooth every time. Stays smooth, soft and white all day long, as long as you wear it. Hint to wives: if you love to see your husband looking smart, but hate to iron, treat him (and yourself) to some new Spinsmooth Plus™ shirts of *Belfast* cotton by Manhattan. He'll like the way his shirts look. And you'll never have to iron again. Available in summer weight weaves in a wide selection of fashion collar styles. At fine stores everywhere. About $5.

Manhattan®

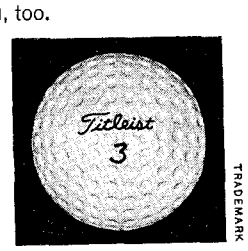
Quality makers of the finest men's furnishings, sportswear and Lady Manhattan® sportswear.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



3 OUT OF EVERY 4 TOP AMATEURS PLAY TITLEIST

At the 1961 National Amateur Championship 152 of the field of 200 players used Titleist. Only 18 used the second most popular ball . . . In fact, for the past three years, more than 70% of the Amateurs have played Titleist in this tournament . . . Top competitors play Titleist when it means the most. You should, too.



TRADEMARK

ACUSHNET GOLF BALLS

Sold Thru Golf Course Pro Shops Only

TAKE A CHANCE

She foiled his attempt to fill her glass for the fourth time by cupping her palm over it. "One silly giggle," she said, "and all the lights will suddenly go out. Gone will be Cinderella, Humpty Dumpty, Alice in Wonderland—and Chambrey's, probably."

"Then we'd better leave," he said, consulting his watch. "Why risk it?"

The evening lights of the city twinkled and made fanciful images, little imps dancing, coryphees, sparklers like kids light on the Fourth of July. Monsters on billboards bellowed silently by means of tinted bulbs. Wild geese honked—anyway, taxis. She discovered that he was very tall. She hadn't really studied his face before. It was simple; it might even have been colorless, except for that easy smile. And yet it was familiar.

New York. It depends on how you see it, she thought. Naturally it's just lights and streets and buildings and shops. But if you looked at it obliquely, with a certain roving eye, you absolutely saw dancing imps and coryphees and billboards that shouted without making the slightest sound. And taxis did have the soul of wild geese—this would be plain to anyone who'd given them more than a passing thought.

They arrived at the theater early and went down into the lounge. The walls were antique green and time-stained, but then all the theaters of New York were old. The manner in which the powder-room question was managed convinced her that he was no bachelor.

"You're married, of course."

He nodded.

"Children?"

"Just one. A very bright young miss. But then I'm prejudiced." He offered her a cigarette.

"As it happens, I don't smoke. It doesn't go with my job."

"Let me guess what you do."

"Go ahead."

He studied her carefully, her features, her hair arrangement, the gentle slope of her bosom. This permission to examine her so intently turned out to be somewhat unsettling. It charged the space between them with a certain amount of electricity. "Looks are usually deceiving. May I have three guesses?"

"Sure."

A loud buzzer sounded. A page boy went through the lounge calling, "Curtain time. Curtain going up."

"Dress designer?"

"No."

"Secretary to a corporation executive?"

"No."

With only one guess left he became cautious. "May I have a close look at your hands?"

She held them out and he took them in his fingers. The touch produced a warm, cozy sensation. But, like the blaze in a fireplace on a cold night, it might finally get too warm for comfort. Withdrawing them, she said, "Well?"

"A newspaperwoman."

"Wrong again."

He sat back in the pillowy lounge divan, arranging himself in the comfortable posture that certain men seem so easily to achieve. "You know, Miss Jones, we're really being awfully coy with each other. You're not Miss Jones, and of course I'm not Mr. Smith. We're merely two people spending an evening together, stranded by circumstances, and enjoying a moment of human companionship. Then why are we being so mysterious?"

"Maybe because I so seldom get the chance."

"We're missing the play. You realize that."

"I realize it."

"The minutes will go by," he observed. "I mean, eventually it will be time to say good night. Then what happens? Must it come to nothing? Two people fading into the darkness, never to meet again, not even knowing each other's names?"

"Do you mind?"

"After all, you haven't really told me anything about yourself. What, for instance, were you doing in Paris in Nineteen Forty-nine?"

"Seeing the pictures at the Louvre."

"Alone?"

"No. It was rather crowded."

"That's not what I meant."

Laughing, she said, "If you're fishing for information regarding my love life, I can tell you about it very briefly. I'm in love with my work. It can be very demanding. But I like the feeling of independence it gives me."

"And you don't miss ——"

"What?"

"Well, masculine attention."

"Perhaps. But that isn't the only adventure. I'm no longer a dreamy, moonstruck girl. It's an exciting world to live in, with so many pleasures to enjoy. I mean if you go looking for them."

"What about children?"

She had to turn her head half away to keep from laughing aloud. "For some reason I don't have to go looking for children. They usually come to me."

They chatted on. It was all very gay. But the faraway sounds of applause finally indicated that the time had come to leave. Outside, under the lights of the marquee, his smile disappeared for the first time into soberness. She noticed how his brown hair was thinning just above his temples. His eyes were set somewhat apart, giving his nose a sort of lonely, isolated appearance. Suddenly, with a shock as startling as the unexpected explosion of a flash bulb, she realized where she had seen that face before. What had looked vaguely familiar all evening, lying just beyond the reach of her memory, was now unmistakably identifiable. The two faces overlapped, one of the child, one of the man, and every feature coincided. Yet she wanted direct confirmation.

"The daughter you spoke of, the bright young miss. Would it seem strange if I asked you to tell me her name?"

The question was certainly unexpected. "Helen," he replied. "But why would you want to know that?"

"It just came into my head." She quickly ran past the subject. "Have you ever seen a more beautiful evening?"

He said wistfully, "And this is to be all?"

"What else could there be?" she asked, lifting her face to his. At this dangerous moment she hardly felt responsible for her actions. A little urging ——

The theater crowds were swirling by, leaving them in possession of a tiny island all their own. Her face appeared shiny under the yellow marquee lights, and somehow trusting, almost childlike. Putting a hand gently on her graying hair, he pressed his lips to hers.

Her chest stopped working for a moment. Finally, in a husky voice, she said, "I—would you be good enough to put me in a taxi?"

RP® EZKLEEN®
TRIM-TO-SIZE T.M.
WASHABLE
AIR CONDITIONER FILTER

✶ Washable in water
✶ Easily cut to size
✶ Removes odors, dust, pollen
✶ Retards bacteria
✶ Durable rust-proof aluminum

$1.75

Get yours at your air conditioning dealer
AND GET ALL THE COMFORT YOU'RE PAYING FOR!

Or Write
RESEARCH PRODUCTS Corporation
Dept 260-F, Madison 1, Wisconsin

Manufacturers of the famous E Z Kleen Air Filter for ALL types of air conditioners and furnaces

Send for booklet filled with "Before You Paint" tips that save time and money!

Tells how to fix up and seal up **before** you paint. Helpful tips for using **DAP**, **DURATITE** and **INDO** products to caulk, glaze, seal, glue, repair, refinish, resurface. Saves time, work and money.

Send **10¢**, to cover handling, to:
DAP inc. Dept. A1 · Dayton 31, Ohio

MORE CASH FOR YOU!

YES, you can have more cash in your pocket if you put your spare time to work. Write for our money-making plan. No obligation.

CURTIS CIRCULATION COMPANY, 336 Independence Square, Phila. 5, Pa.

HINGE LOOSE?
fix it quick with
PLASTIC WOOD
Handles like putty–hardens like wood!

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"And we are never to meet again?"

She said, "Would you advise it?"

He paused, gazing into her limpid, hazel eyes. At last he said, "No. Apparently we're both wise enough to know better." Lifting a hand, he hailed a passing cab.

"Good-bye, Mr. Smith. And—and thanks for being a true gentleman."

He sighed. "Good night. Good night, dear Miss Jones."

"It's been a perfect evening," she called, and was swallowed up in the rushing stream of traffic. . . .

The alarm jingled off at 6:15 in the morning, and Miss Thorpe stepped into her slippers. The feeling of breakdown, of screaming nerves, had vanished. Instead, she hummed a little tune.

"I didn't hear you come in last night," her father said.

"I came in on tiptoe. I was at the play."

"Oh? What play?"

She hesitated, pouring the coffee. When she answered, it was as much for her own benefit as his. "One of those problem dramas. Girl was an aging spinster. She meets a married man, and they're attracted to each other. But nothing happens. Oh, I suppose they both had ideas. But they were really looking for something else—a little warmth, a renewal of their faith in human nature. They never reveal their identities. They just kiss and part, and somehow it seems like a perfectly happy ending."

"I thought you didn't care for happy endings."

She shrugged.

"It must have made an impression. You're pretty sprightly this morning. I was getting worried. What was the name of this play?"

She thought a moment. "*Kiss*."

"*Kiss?*"

"That's all. *Kiss*."

"Funny name. Did you make enough coffee for Bill? He'll be in shortly. You say you'd like those fluke fried?"

"What fluke?"

"I told you Bill and I were going up the channel this morning."

"So you did."

"Isn't that a new way of doing your hair? Makes you look sort of—well, young."

She continued to hum the little song.

"Is it O.K. if Bill stays for supper?"

"Sure."

Later, in the classroom, the hushed buzz of children sounded like the murmur of an audience at a play. The smell of soap emanating from the fresh young bodies in front of her was pleasant to the nostrils. The beams of sunlight came slanting through the window.

Harry Schonberg raised his hand. "Listen, Miss Thorpe. I gotta page outta here missing from this history book. Here it says page one-sixteen, and right here it goes over to ——"

"Let me examine it."

Mixed with the missing page of Harry Schonberg's history were scallops Bordelaise, *filet mignon*, cheese-and-vinegar salad, romance, lips locked in a kiss, "Good-bye, Mr. Smith, good-bye, and thanks for being a true gentleman."

She glanced at Helen Spewacker. The same eyes wide apart, the lonely nose and soft brown hair. "A very bright young miss," he had said. "But then I'm prejudiced."

Well, I'm prejudiced too, Mr. Spewacker-Smith. I mean in favor of proper gentlemen, restaurants with high ceilings, civilized food, pleasant conversation, our little evening together. I favor wines that warm the heart, things that are soft and sensuous, that make one aware of life. I favor a kiss under a marquee, if that's what goes with good-bye.

In fact, I recommend an evening out on the town now and then for everyone with overstrung nerves, who can afford to give dollar tips to taximen and eat in well-lighted restaurants. What do you think, Mr. Lincoln?

Abraham Lincoln's eyes twinkled. After all, what else could the Great Emancipator do but give his approval?

"You know what?" said Henry Collier.

"What?"

"My neck still feels a hole in it where this Mortimer Bloom stuck me."

"Now I'll tell you what," said Miss Thorpe. "If that's the worst thing that ever happens to you in life, you'll be a lucky, lucky boy."

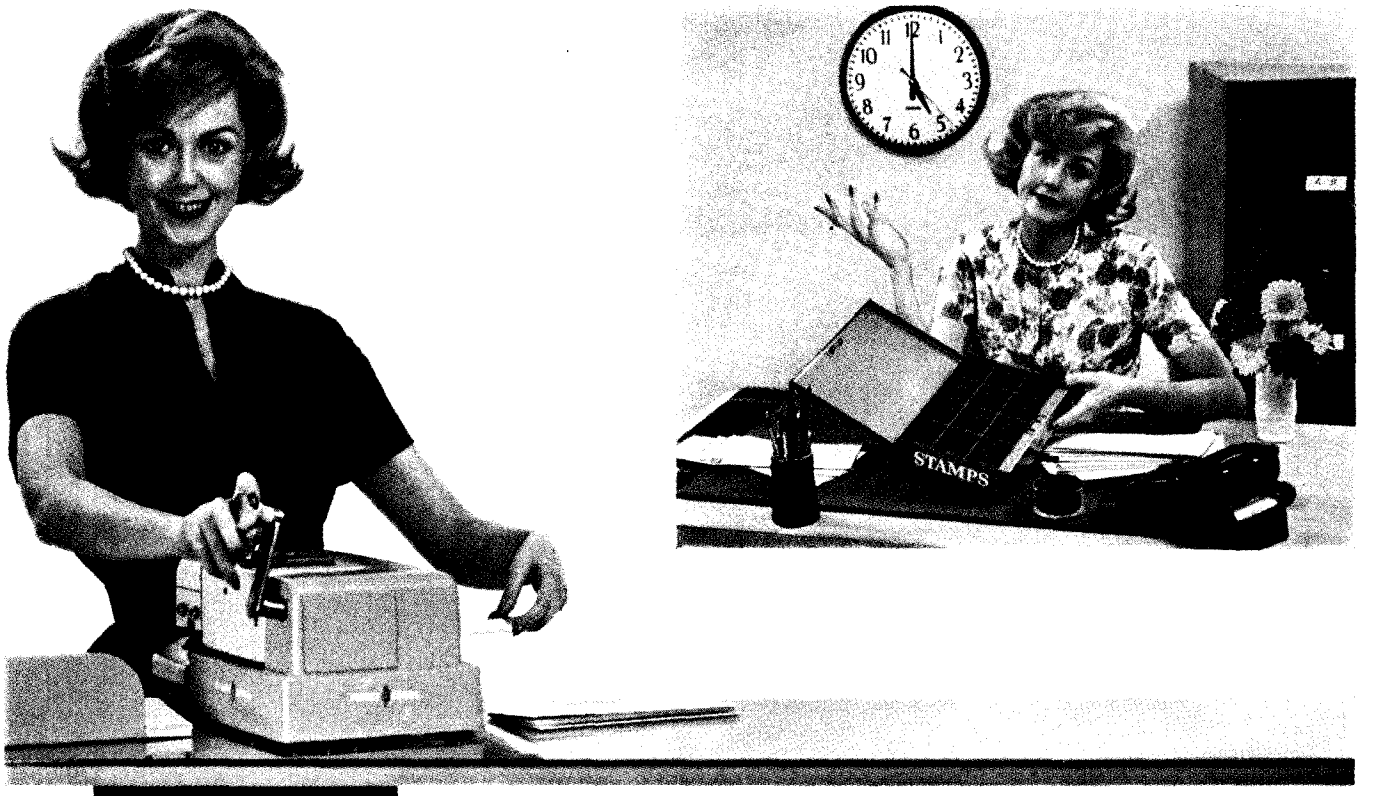
"Yes, Miss Thorpe."

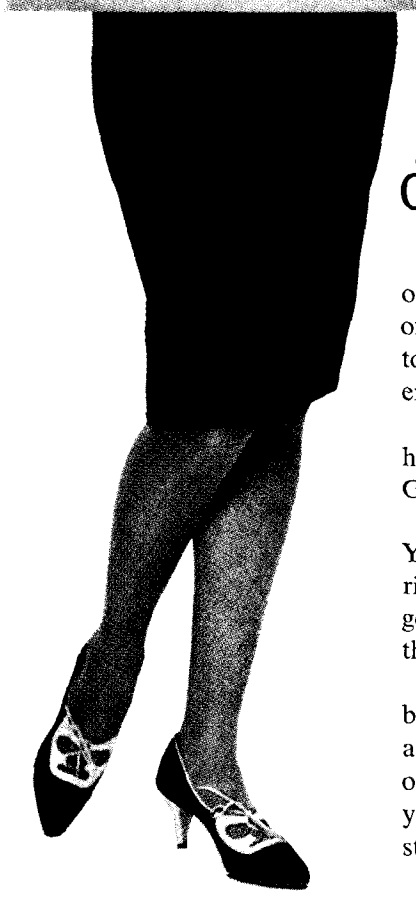
Miss Helen Spewacker said, "Well, Millicent Raney drew a picture of Superman on me yesterday, and I don't consider that very nice. I showed it to my father this morning, and you know what he said?"

"What did he say?" asked Miss Thorpe, suddenly attentive. It flashed through her mind that he might have said he was coming in to see her.

"He said, 'Don't let it bother you.' But it does bother me."

"I'm sure he's a true gentleman and a wise father," Miss Thorpe remarked, smiling. "You'd do very well indeed to take his advice." THE END





A girl like me, I said, deserves a postage meter!

"I'm useful. I'm busy. I spend hours on the phone every day. I do oodles of odd jobs around here. I'm too bright to waste time sticking stamps, sealing envelopes. And I'm too well paid.

"That's what I told the boss. Okay, he said. So we got a postage meter. Golly! Why didn't I pipe up ages ago?"

When you have a postage meter: You bypass those GI glued stamps. Get rid of stamp sticking and good-bye government stamped envelopes. Keep the stamp box for petty cash.

You always have the right stamp — because *you print it*. Any amount for any kind of mail. Right on the envelope, or on special tape for parcel post. Plus your own small ad, if you want one. You stamp and seal a day's mail in minutes!

How do you buy postage? Go to the nearest postoffice. They set the meter for as much as you want to buy, a little or a lot. Postage in the meter can't be stuck together, swiped, borrowed, burned up, or blown away! Also, it's automatically accounted for! And metered mail takes less time in the postoffice, can often make earlier planes and trains.

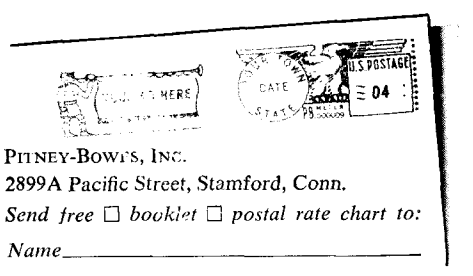
Even if you are just a small mailer, you can now have a postage meter. No minimum mail volume is required — one-third of the smallest meter users average less than $1 a day for postage.

Like to have a demonstration in your office? Call any Pitney-Bowes office. Or send coupon for free illustrated booklet.

FREE: *Handy desk or wall chart of latest postal rates, with parcel post map and zone finder.*

Pitney-Bowes
POSTAGE METERS

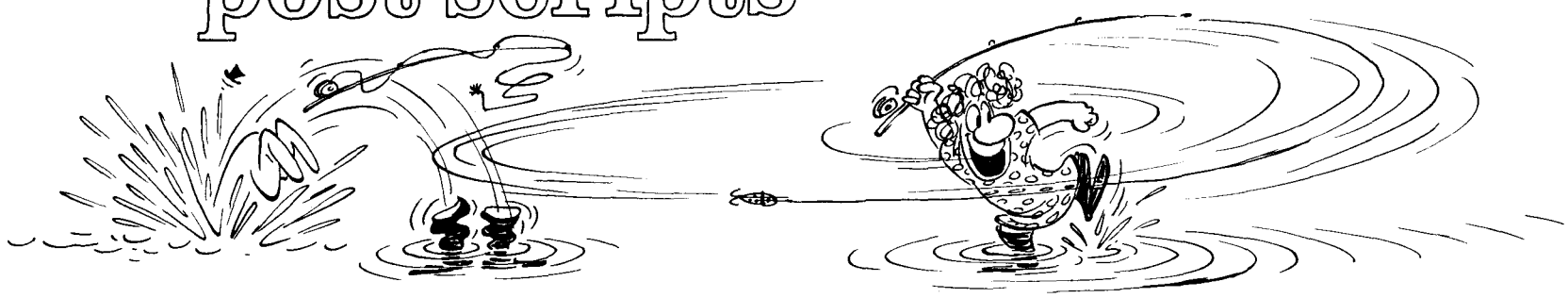
Made by the leading manufacturer of mailing machines...149 offices in U.S. and Canada. In Canada: Pitney-Bowes of Canada, Ltd., Dept. 399, 909 Yonge Street, Toronto.

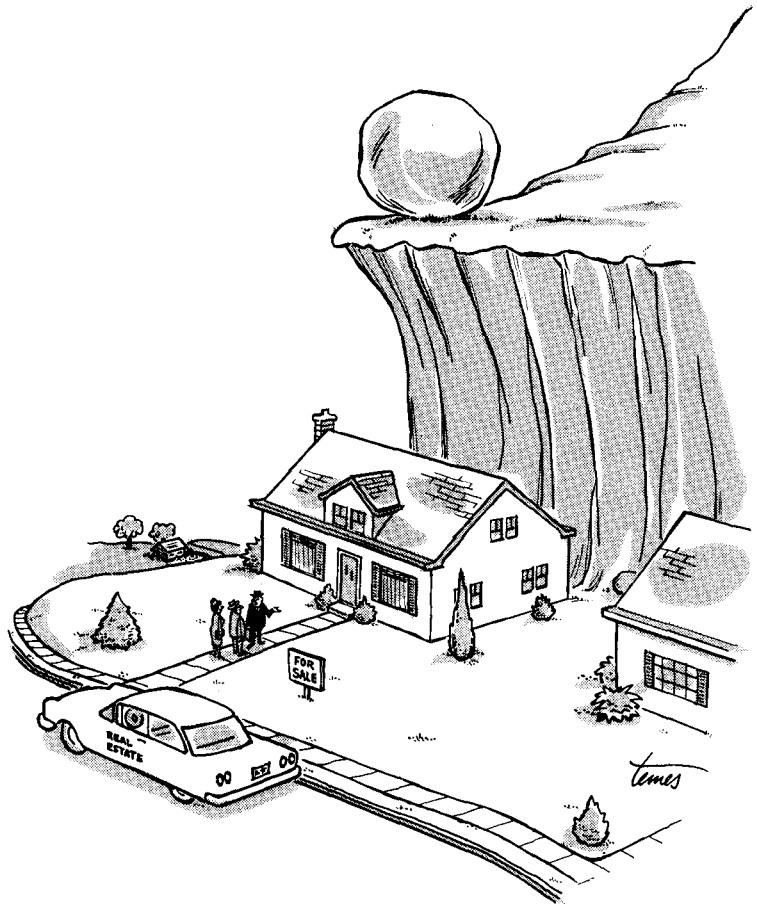


PITNEY-BOWES, INC.
2899A Pacific Street, Stamford, Conn.
Send free ☐ booklet ☐ postal rate chart to:
*Name*_____
*Address*_____

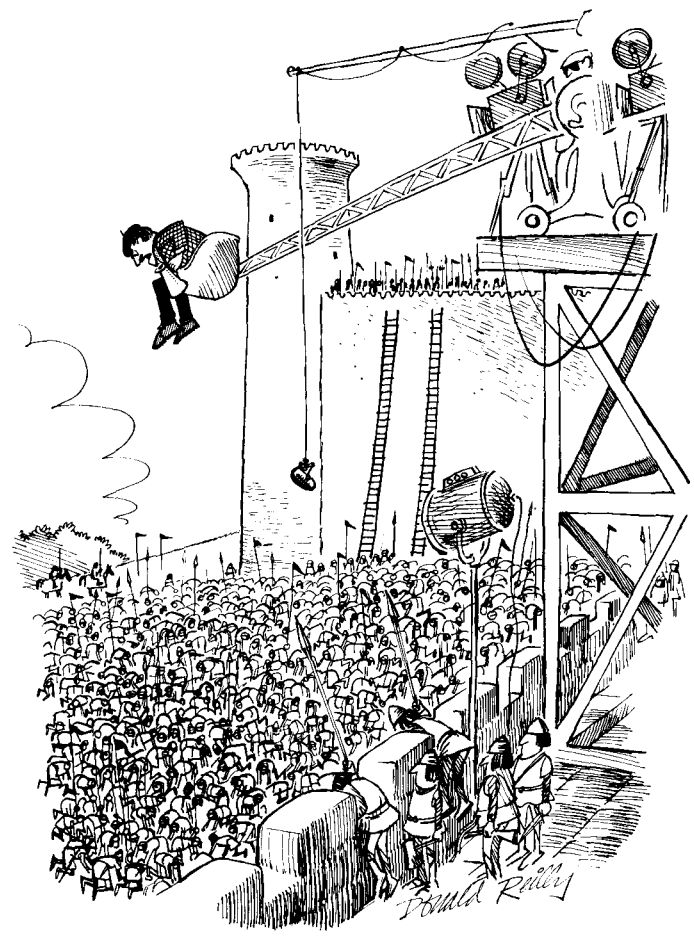
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

post scripts





"This is a quiet neighborhood, so I'm going to ask you not to slam any doors."

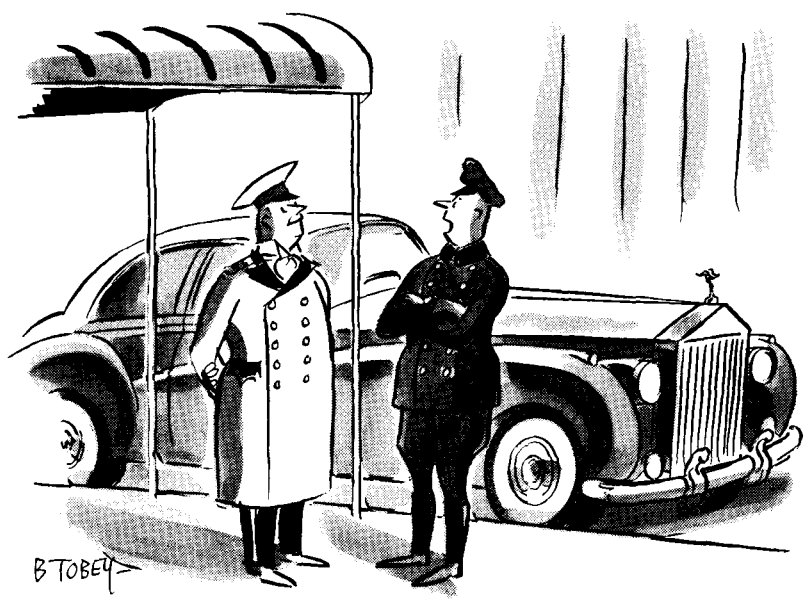


"Well, it's a hell of a time to lose a contact lens."

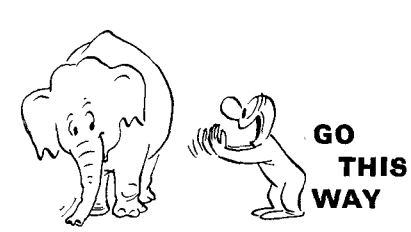
Heard at a Wedding Rehearsal

BRIDE'S MOTHER: Emily Post says ——
GROOM'S MOTHER: Amy Vanderbilt says ——
BRIDE'S AUNT: The bridal consultant says ——
GROOM'S GRANDMOTHER: Well, in *my* day ——
BRIDESMAID: But at Carol Downing's wedding ——
MATRON OF HONOR: And at *my* wedding ——
BRIDE: Hey, whose wedding is this, anyway?
BRIDE'S FATHER: Don't look at me.
GROOM'S FATHER: Or me.
GROOM: Yeah, whose wedding *is* this, anyway?
MINISTER: It's *mine*. Take your places, everybody, and I'll show you how it's going to be.

Kay Nelson

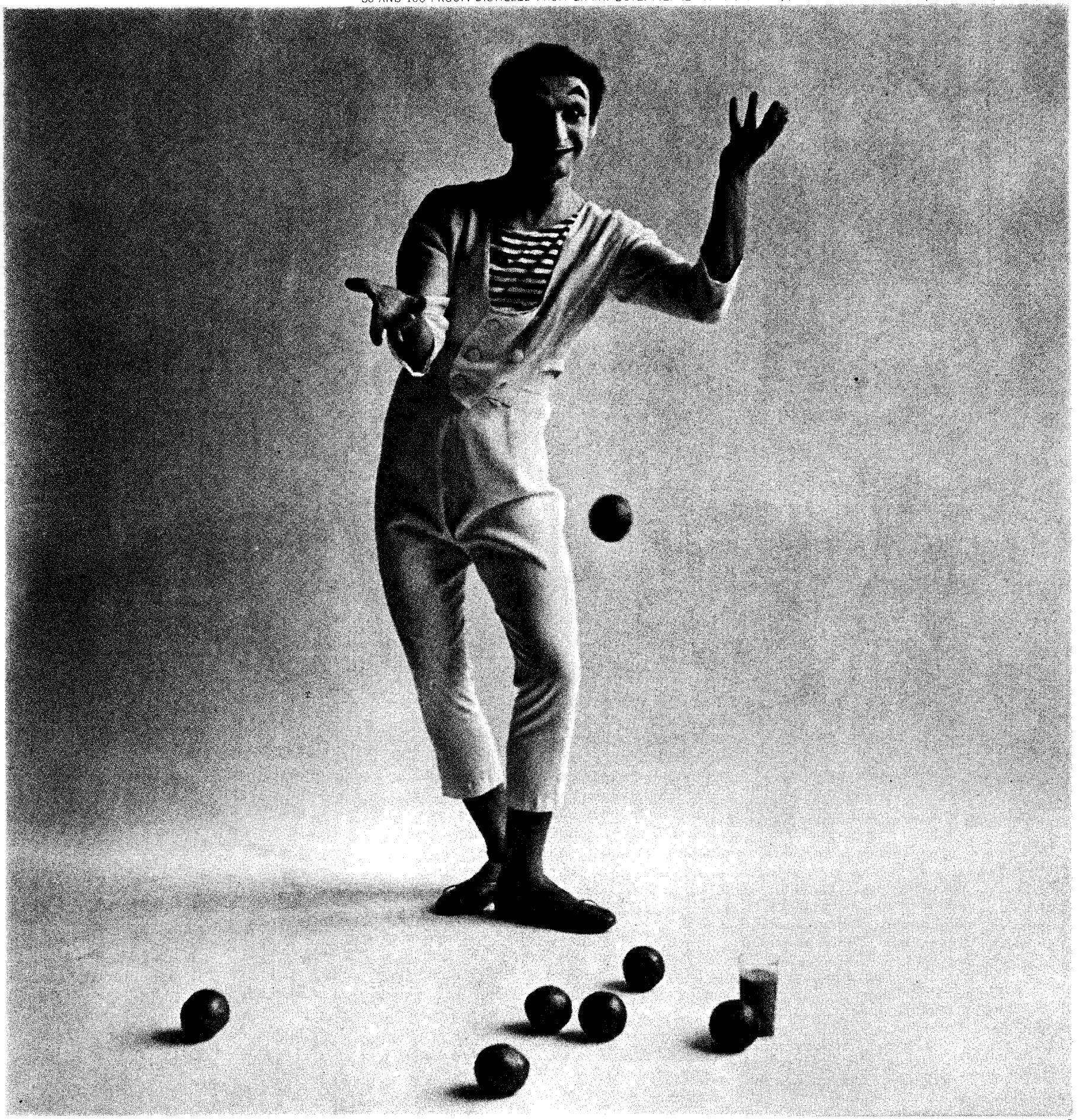


"Do you know what we are, you and I? We're status symbols."



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

80 AND 100 PROOF. DISTILLED FROM GRAIN. ©STE. PIERRE SMIRNOFF FLS., (DIVISION OF HEUBLEIN), HARTFORD, CONN., 1962



MARCEL MARCEAU, THE GREAT FRENCH PANTOMIMIST

JUGGLE WITH THE ORANGES IF YOU MUST...but don't juggle with the Vodka!

You can mess up a Screwdriver something awful if you don't observe three rules: 1. The orange juice must be delicious. 2. Be sure you use plenty of ice. 3. The vodka must be *Smirnoff!* Insist on getting smooth, mellow, flawless Smirnoff, standard vodka of the world since 1818. If there's ever a shortage of Smirnoff in your town that'll be time enough to accept a substitute.

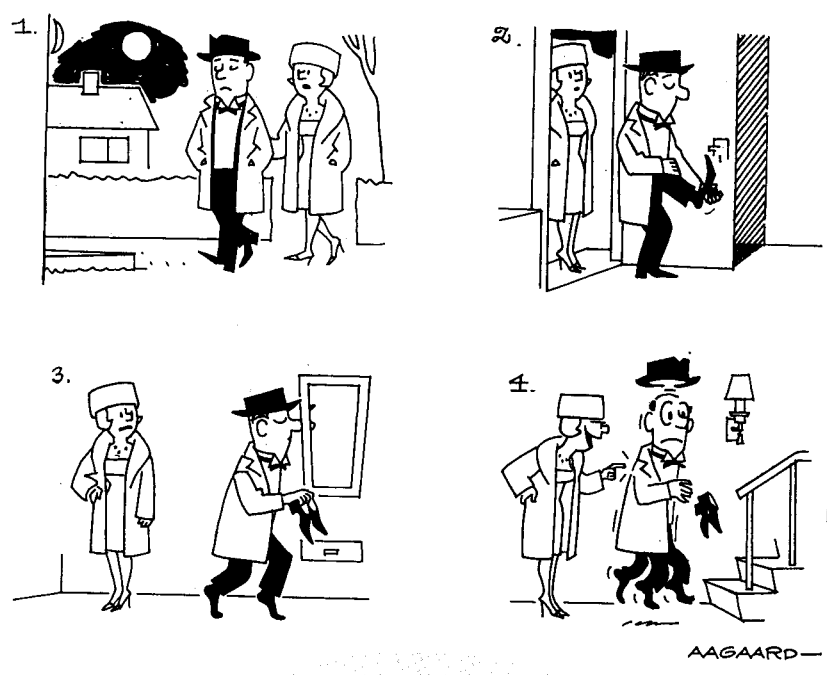
It leaves you breathless

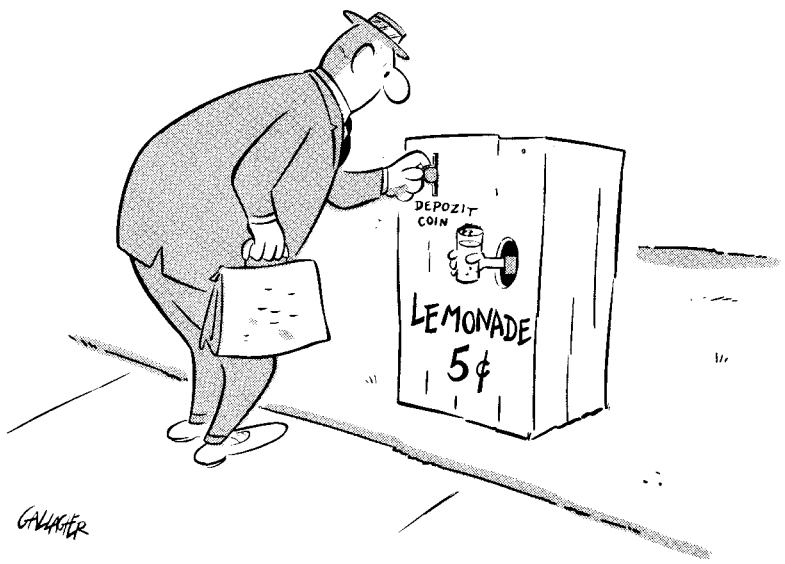
Smirnoff®

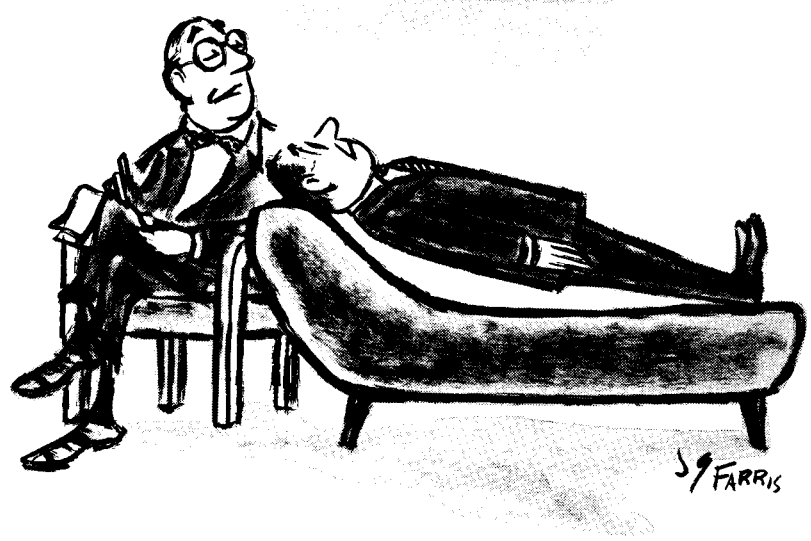
THE WORLD'S LARGEST SELLING VODKA

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Next car, folks. This one's full."







"First of all—relax."

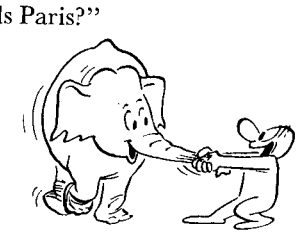
The Computer That Rebelled

I'm the latest machine and I've just been installed;
I've a heavenly hum that holds people enthralled.
I've a nonglare gray finish that adds to my charm;
I'm too strong to incur any physical harm.
I'm more accurate than any human can be
And I'm sold with a 25-year guarantee.
But despite astronomical assets like these,
All the junior executives give me the freeze ——
I am greeted each morning with glances quite cool,
And I'm never allowed in the basketball pool.
When I print "What has sent our relations amiss?"
They invariably give me an answer like this:
  "Though you may be an A-1 computer,
  The 12 girls you replaced were much cuter."

My efficiency slackens when I stop to think
Of the office romances I've put on the blink,
Of the jobs I have taken from blondes and brunettes,
Of the redheads now faced with unpayable debts.
And they won't even let me contribute my buck
For a gift to wish those I'm supplanting good luck.
What amends can I make? I shall make some mistakes!
I shall step on my gas while applying my brakes,
I shall make out the payrolls for spurious amounts,
I shall blow out a fuse; I shall juggle accounts.
They shall have to rehire all the girls while I'm off,
And no longer will junior executives scoff:
  "Though you may be an A-1 computer,
  The 12 girls you replaced were much cuter."

LOYD ROSENFIELD

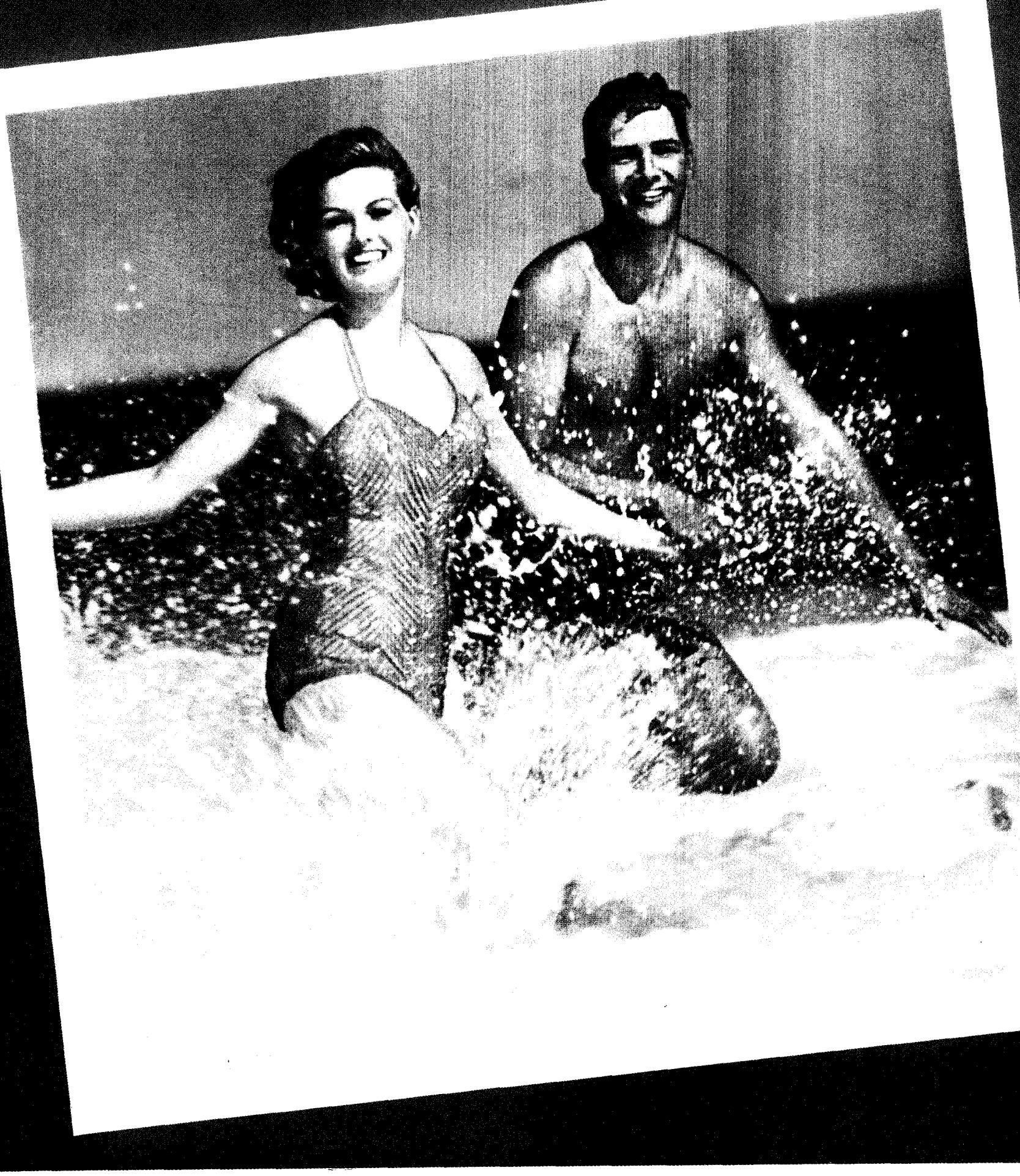
"Who needs Paris?"



KEEP GOING

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Kodak
TRADEMARK

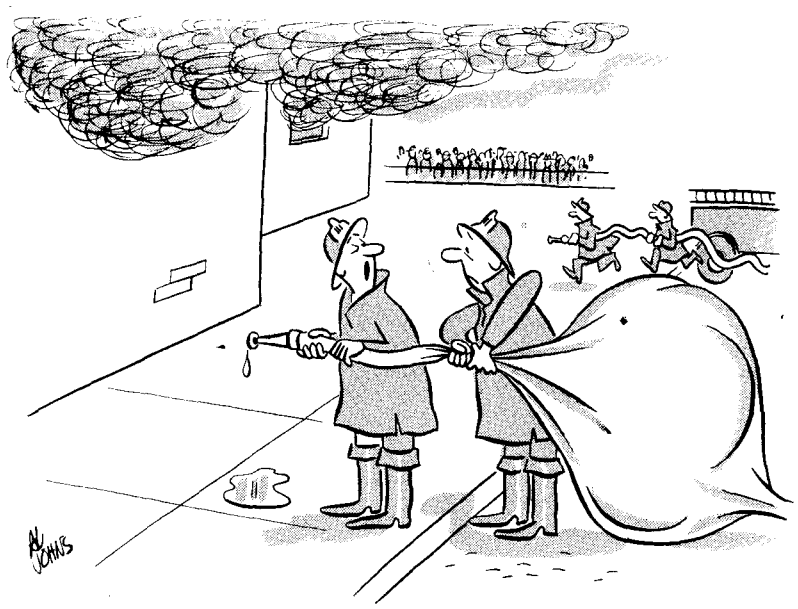


Don't spend your vacation—save it with snapshots on Kodacolor film!

EASTMAN KODAK COMPANY, Rochester 4, N.Y.

Kodacolor
C-127

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

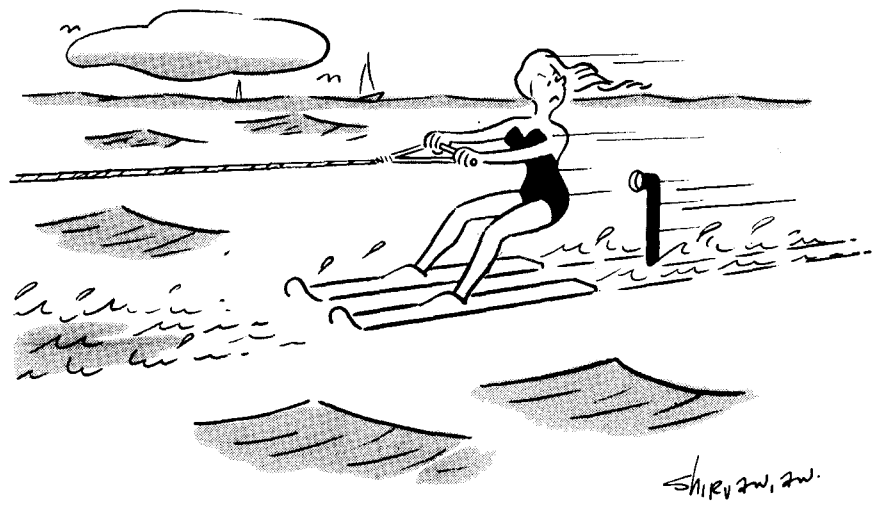


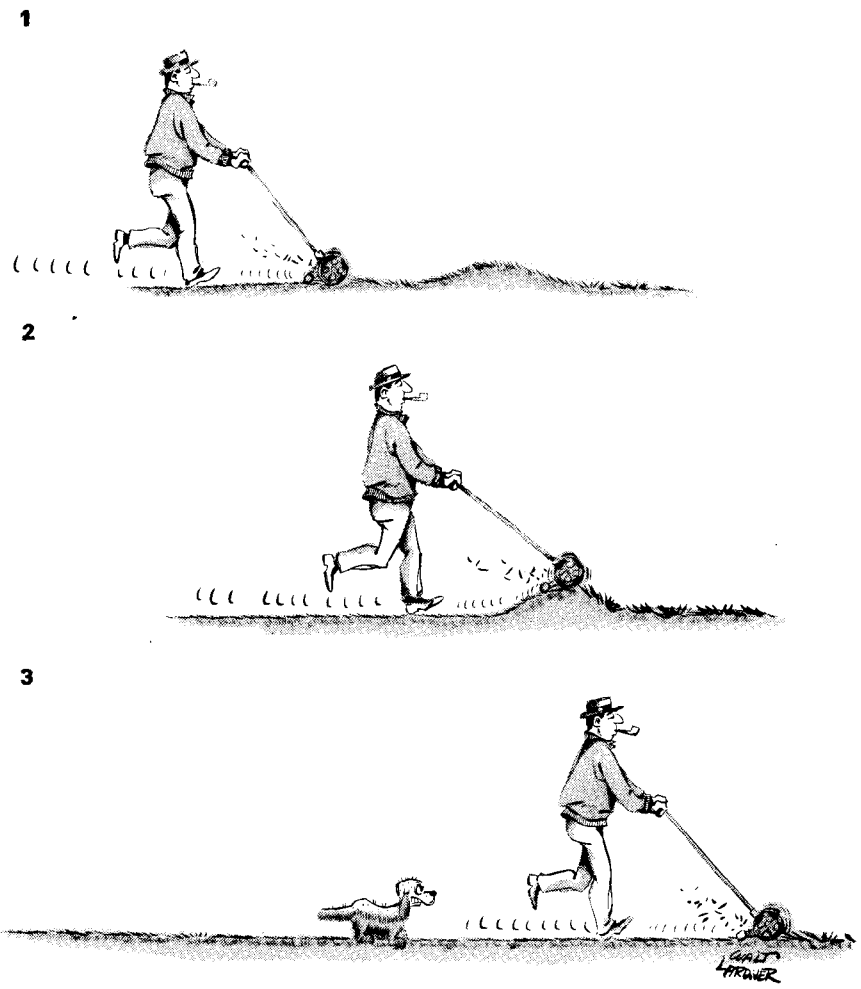
"Your first fire?"

LEFT. . . . . TO. . . . . RIGHT

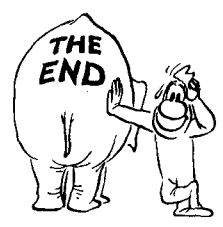
You've a crick . . . . . in your neck.
It's all . . . . . rather silly.
Your head . . . . . keeps swiveling,
Willy . . . . . nilly.
To . . . . . and fro
Like a gate . . . . . with no latch,
After watching . . . . . an all-day
Tennis . . . . . match.

ETHEL JACOBSON

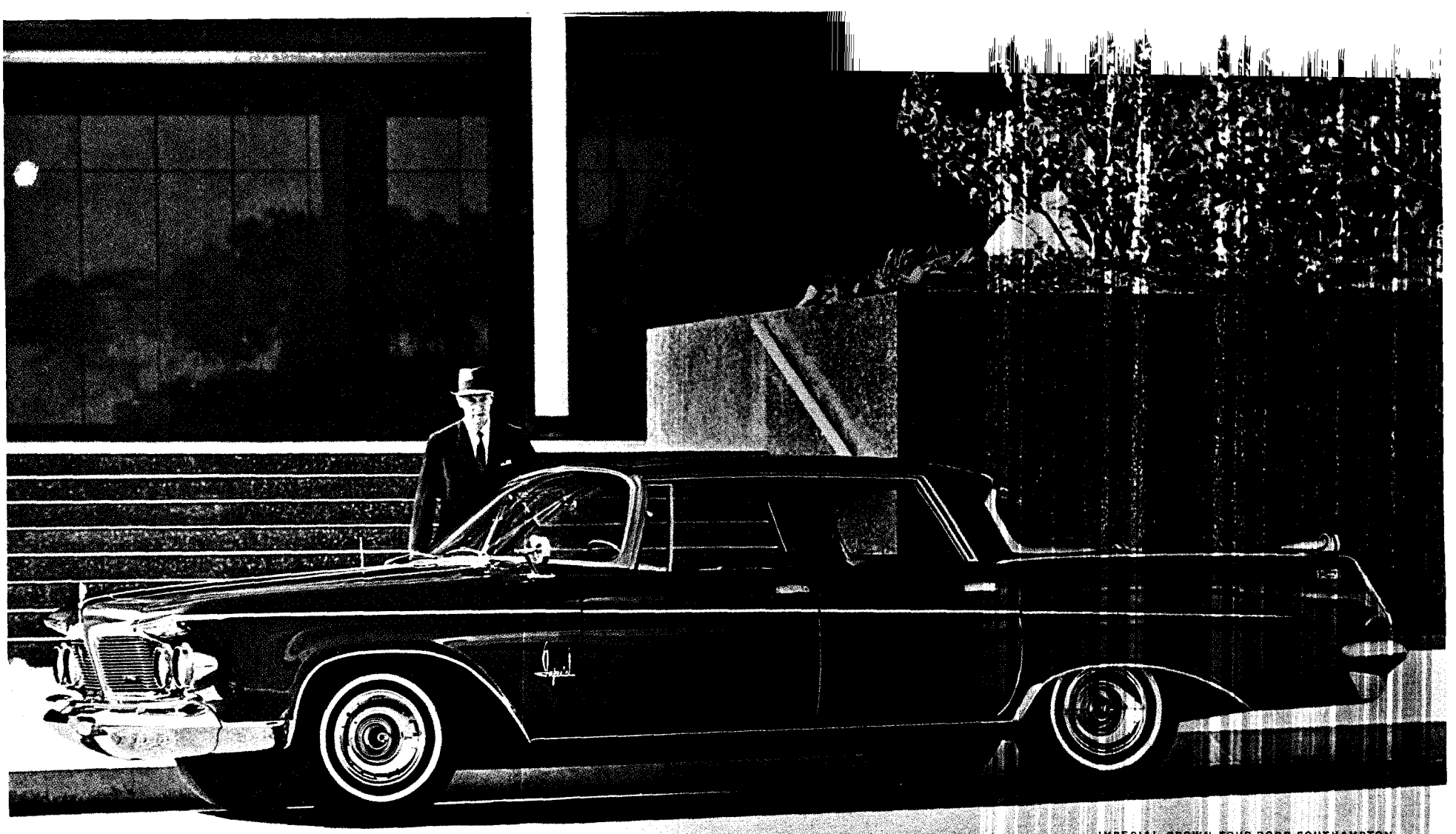




"Say—did you knock?"



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



IMPERIAL CROWN FOUR DOOR SOUTHAMPTON

A PROPOSAL TO AMERICA'S EMINENT ATTORNEYS

Within the month, you and your colleagues in the legal profession will be offered personal use of a new Imperial for a thorough driving test.

You will be asked only to specify an hour of appointment. Our dealer will deliver the car at your home or office; he will brief you on operation of its controls; he will answer any questions you may have.

Then the Imperial is yours—not for a quick drive around the block, but for as long as you need to make full and private evaluation of Imperial motoring.

You will learn much that will help you in selecting your next fine car. The extraordinary handling and roadability possible in a fine car with torsion-bar suspension, for example. And the satisfying sense of command you get from the most powerful engine and largest brakes in any American fine car.

So we propose that you alert your secretary for the arrival of our invitation. Should it fail to reach you, and you find our road-test offer intriguing, simply write to: General Manager, Imperial Division, 12200 East Jefferson, Detroit, Michigan. Arrangements will be made promptly.

IMPERIAL

America's Most Carefully Built Car

IMPERIAL — A PRODUCT OF CHRYSLER CORPORATION

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

symphony for

THE JAZZMAN WITH A HEALING HORN

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

solo cornet

BY PAUL DARCY BOLES

I was glad to be driving with Charley—Charley Bello, producer-coordinator for the *Watch the World* program and a devil of a hard-working, progressive boss—down through the South on this journey. Glad because it gave me time to think things over about my girl Jill. Glad because it was sheer escape—from the drum-drum of the headlines, the constant sense of pressure like an iron bar against the back of the neck. And glad because the object of our trip was Ishmael Robins.

It could be that you've heard of Ishmael. Not the Bible's and not Melville's in *Moby Dick*. This Ishmael played cornet. There are still a few of his records around; recording facilities were bad in the early '20's, but the horn comes through. It's impossible to describe the sound. All I know is I've seen the best sidemen sit shaking their heads after an Ishmael chorus, saying even as the record stopped, "Start it again—from the top."

Not that he was a flash. He didn't have circus technique; he never hit a sustained high C or anywhere near it. But there was rightness and warmth—call it human compassion—that sang out of the cornet. Couple that with an unerring sense of development and imagination, and you've got bright gold. Or better.

There are writers' writers and artists' artists. Ishmael was the hornman's man. A lot of his legend had rubbed off on me; so when Charley said, "Grab a toothbrush, Leo; I think we've got the original Ishmael," I didn't ask questions. I packed, and we drove. Of course Charley wanted him for *Watch the World*. It's one of the last of the live shows—been going a long time.

Charley is adamant about two things. When he finds somebody like Ish—and you don't do that every day—he likes to sign the discovery up for a thirteen-week stint. Charley says a one-shot doesn't mean anything, and it's only week-to-week depth and exposure that bring the viewers back. His theory's worked out, for us and for the sponsors, with new talent and with rediscovered old talent that had happened to get lost. The other point on which Charley's unyielding as the Great Stone Face is tape. He won't use it—claims live TV is the showman's greatest chance to get the flash of spontaneity in every performance.

I knew he had this campaign all laid out. It was why we were driving instead of flying—so that on the ride back he could have plenty of time to explain everything to Ishmael. I hoped Ishmael was still good; I thought he might be, because there are some touches a really good musician never loses. Charley'd bring him back up slowly, give him time to get back the lip if he'd lost it.

And while I hoped everything would work out, I really just wanted to meet Ishmael. And as I've said, the trip gave me breathing time to figure out whether I should or should not marry Jill.

Now while Charley's big lemon convertible rushed its way deeper below the Mason-Dixon line—the silences of the side roads getting more profound, the land looking rich-dark and lonesome and end-of-summerish—I kept pondering about Jill. This was the second afternoon of our driving, and my pondering must have showed. At any rate, Charley snorted all at once like a curious moose. "Leo, you haven't talked for a hundred miles. Love?"

"Absolutely," I said in all truth.

Charley arched his impressive eyebrows. "Ruinous, Leo. Especially for a scriptwriter. So wed the girl and forget it."

"I want to," I said. "Get married, I mean—not forget it. But is this the kind of bomb-shelter world to do it in? To have all those kids—all we'd want?" There was a lot more I didn't say, of course. But that was the gist of all of it.

Charley glinted a glance at me, saw I was dead serious, and brought the eyebrows down into a tangled black thatch. "I hate to admit it to anyone your age, but it's a point." His forehead wrinkled; I could see him thinking about his wife Babs, their three just-about-grown kids. "If I were back at your age, on the edge of popping the question, I might do some wondering in the cool watches of the night."

We were doing seventy past a stretch of pines. The pines, slashed for turpentine, looked like gray-green ghosts moving fast. Their smell tingled in our nostrils. Ahead, the land went out and out, bronze and green, snake fences unrolling beside it, and high up, a hawk balancing almost without wing motion under the clouds. I said, "I've wondered—even at high noon. I still don't know. I'll tell you when I get the full message."

About a mile farther along, Charley braked, and we cut down to a crawl. "Hey, we're almost there. 'Side road marked with a falling-down sign,' the man said." He was squinting, then nodding. "Right road, because that's the right sign."

A scrawl of weathered paint on the sign said LORFER'S. Charley whirled the wheel, and we bumped past the sign down the narrow road; over its red clay the tires made a sound like surf, and more slashed pines leaned in close. Going this slow, you could smell all the land—sweet, fresh, loamy. The pine shadows went flick and flick over the hood, and there wasn't a soul in sight.

After a while the road curved to the right into a driveway—also of red clay and packed down hard—under the porte-cochere of a house as big and gracious and shabby as anything I'd ever seen. Maybe it was ante bellum, maybe it wasn't; I never did ask. But it had that look—as though the pillars, chipped and worn and needing paint, yet proud, had been here when Sherman came through; as though the whole huge old pile were sunk and rooted and wise in the solid past.

When Charley had cut the engine, there seemed nobody alive at all but us—and we were intruders—in the silence of waiting pillars and house and oak-dappled sun. It was even a slight shock to see a trim elderly man in sport shirt and slacks come walking from shade to sun out onto the porch, a patched screen door shutting softly behind him. We got out as he came down the steps. Spanish moss stirred on the oaks—most of them looked as if they'd been here longer than the house—and made a dance of shadows around us in the lazy-afternoon breeze.

Mr. Lorfer was a wiry man with blue eyes, a tan so deep it must never have bleached, and a shy but strong handshake. Whether or not he meant it, he said he'd been honored to get Charley's phone call; he told us he'd watched the show and thought it was a good thing. "Brings folks closer to you; you get to know them a little," he murmured. From the start he gave me a strong impression of patience and understanding and wariness. I also had the idea, which I told myself could have been all wrong, that the wariness wasn't self-protection.

Inviting us in, climbing a little ahead of us up the rosy, almost powdery brick of the porch steps, he said over his shoulder, "Reckon you folks did some real sleuthing to get this close to Ish. Wouldn't be a convenient place for somebody in New York to find out about, right off the bat."

With vast, dry understatement Charley said, "We worked a little. It's the end of a little detective story."

In the hall it was suddenly cool; after the first blink your eyes could start to take in the massiveness, the height, the stretch of oak flooring going to a giant stairway that seemed to float up forever. Lorfer was murmuring again. "Well, I did what you suggested, Mr. Bello. I kept shut about it. Ish hasn't the faintest idea you're coming to see him."

Charley's nod was vigorous and relieved. "Thanks. I appreciate that. As I told you on the phone, I don't like people I call on—possible performers—to worry about it before I get to them. Mr. Lorfer, your help's worth something to me. . . ." Lorfer had begun to answer and Charley overrode him. "Now please don't say no. This is all in the show's budget. We expect ——"

But Lorfer was smiling a fraction and cutting in. "Who's saying no, Mr. Bello? I'm no Croesus. Be glad for whatever you want to put in the kitty." Again then I sensed the wariness; not as though he protected himself, but another. Beckoning us toward a room at the side, he said, "It's just—you won't get Ish to go with you."

The room was a library with ancient calfbound books lining the walls, the sun reaching through slits between dark drapes to touch bindings and frayed gold titles. I've seen a lot of Southern mansions on stage sets, but there's never that grace

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

solo cornet

and overpowering dignity about them. Lorfer went to a table and began mixing drinks.

Beside me in the semigloom I could hear Charley fill his lungs as if for a blast. But all he said was, very quietly, "All right, Mr. Lorfer. Why? What's the hitch?"

His straight back to us, Lorfer went on mixing. His voice was murmurous through the clinking of glasses. "I can't answer that. It's his business, you see. No offense meant—none at all—but it's his business."

Charley breathed in and out with admirable, tremendous control. "All right, Mr. Lorfer. But he works for you—he's been working for you most of his life, I understood you to say on the phone. Isn't his welfare your business? The chance to get started again with his art? The chance to bring it to millions of people, for their pleasure?"

In the slashes of sunlight, Lorfer had turned. He came a few steps over to us; he handed Charley a glass and gave me one. Still with his jet-black, questioning eyes on Lorfer's, Charley sipped. He sighed as he tasted the bourbon. So did I. Lorfer's voice came like slow, old music. "Yes, Mr. Bello. Ish has worked for me all his life, except for the three years from seventeen to twenty when he and his wife, Mattie—he married young—went away from here, and he played his horn in the cities."

Lorfer looked at the ceiling, where a reflection of the sun on the rim of his glass flashed and where a late-summer fly cruised in soft-buzzing circles. The air of a century seemed trapped and pleasantly waiting here. Everything waited. Lorfer's eyes came down to meet Charley's again. "No," he said as though he'd been reading Charley's mind. "He's no criminal; he's not wanted for anything. It's not that either."

Lorfer's own eyes shone blue as very fine, worn blue cloth. "But Mr. Bello, even though he does work for me, we're friends, you see. Friends." As if absently, he reached with his free hand to ripple a finger along a sun-brushed row of the calfbound books. "My problem's the same my daddy's used to be. He was a lawyer. Couldn't bring himself to influence anybody if they happened to be good friends. He had to respect a man's mature ability to make his own decisions. And then, even knowing why the decisions had been made, if they seemed foolish in the eyes of the world, he still couldn't tell the world the facts. Because those belonged to the man who'd made the decision—his property, sacrosanct."

Swirling the liquid in his glass, Charley scowled down into its amber. The nearly speechless and huge regard Lorfer had for Ishmael could be felt in the room. "All right," Charley said, still with quiet.

When we had finished our drinks and Lorfer was guiding us out toward the back gallery, I found myself estimating what Lorfer represented. It wasn't regional, not just a part of North or South. It was universal, except you didn't see it every day.

The sun was taking the last of its evening plunge, and in back of the house it gleamed over what had been formal gardens and were now partially weed-choked areas. Branching around from the drive in front, narrowing even more, the road went right on between oaks and pines. Lorfer said, "Shame you have to walk. But it's not far at all. I'll mosey on down to the store. It's a couple miles past Ish's."

He was moving ahead of us then, saying, "Mite too narrow to get a car through without hanging her up on brush."

Charley and I dropped a short distance behind him. I looked back. The house was already screened off by pines. There was a hint of coming coolness in the shadows over the road. And again, out here was the smell—almost a taste—of earth cherished for hundreds of years, some of it worked for generations, some run down, all of it valued.

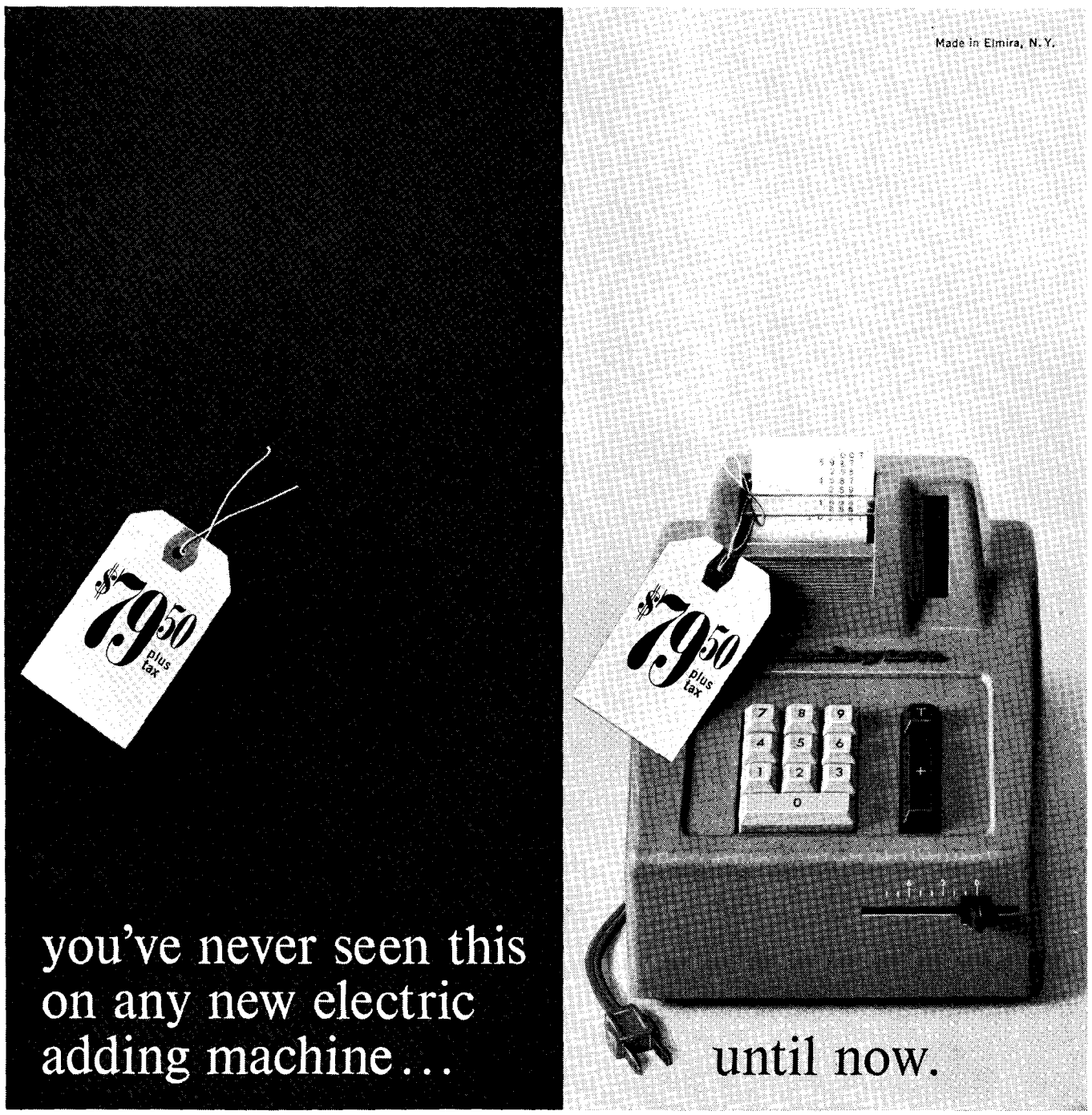
Charley's hands were shoved in his hip pockets; he was staring ahead as though ready to face an irate network president.

I waited for Lorfer to pull far enough ahead so Charley could snort in comfort, and when the snort came, it fairly shook the pine needles. But he kept his comment down to a growl. "I wonder if our Mr. Lorfer has any conception of what it means to be seen and heard, for thirteen weeks, every Sunday night, by millions of ——"

I said, "He knows Ish, and we don't. I think that's all."

"More, Leo. Much more! What's the secret? Ishmael running some kind of still?" Charley's jaw shot out. He shook his head like a man coming up from a dive. "We'll lick this. We'll tread soft as spiders if that's what it takes."

He didn't communicate much more for the rest of that trip down the road—just walked purposefully. As the shadows kept on gathering around the feet of the pines and oaks, I could tell Lorfer's



The world's first electric portable adding machine at such a low price

Actually, it's the first electric adding machine at such a low price, portable or *not!*

But its portability *is* important.

Lets you move faster to wherever the problems are.

For example, whisk the REMINGTON Model 8 home with you to total up bills, checks, taxes, budgets and other pesky et ceteras.

Weighs just 9 lbs. Compact: base is 6″ x 10″. And a carrying case is available.

What's more, it prints on tape. To give you a permanent record. And lists 8 columns, totals 9. That's $9,999,999.99!

All with *electric* ease and speed. And with *Remington* reliability.

So pick one up today at a nearby Remington office or office machines dealer.

(And if you have more than $9,999,999.99 to count, why not pick up *two?)*

Remington Rand
OFFICE MACHINES
DIVISION OF SPERRY RAND CORPORATION

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

GOOD COFFEE IS LIKE FRIENDSHIP: RICH AND WARM AND STRONG

Good coffee always makes good sense, especially on the road.
It's good just to stop, and it's better yet
When you stop and relax with coffee.
Savor the taste of it, deep and rich.
Then set off on your way alert. Renewed. And so rewarded.

MAKE IT COFFEE. MAKE IT OFTEN. MAKE IT RIGHT.

Pan-American Coffee Bureau, 120 Wall St., N. Y. 5, N. Y.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

solo cornet

assurance—about Ish's house not being far—was the estimate of a man used to walking. Now and then Lorfer paused, politely, waiting for us to catch up. Then he went on and we got behind again. Charley was puffing and trying not to show it. And then at last Lorfer was standing still in the road at a place where pines had been lopped from the roadside, pointing through the rays of the sun.

He was pointing up a ridge toward a small clapboard house of about three rooms. It was neat, but as paintless as a stone. In this final heat of the day, as we stepped out of the tree shadows, it looked incredibly lonesome. Nothing lay behind it but brush, fields, low rolling hills—and the sky simmering with its red glare.

From the road a foot-beaten lane mounted to the house. Beside it a morning-glory curled around a stake. Next to the porch a handsome tree of heaven dropped leaf shadows, black as tar, over two rocking chairs—with nobody in them—which looked out over the road.

Lorfer said softly, "I'll go on along. Got a few provisions to tote from the store. And I want to talk with the storekeep awhile. If I'm not back when you get back to the big house, make yourselves at home." We murmured something, and he started along. Then he stopped and added, "I don't go calling on Ish much unless I'm asked. He never did need supervising. He does his share." He walked along.

Charley squared his shoulders, and we walked up the lane to the porch. Against the enormous evening silence the creaking of the porch boards under our shoes seemed a profanation. I was just behind Charley; I could hear my heart beating through the stillness around us. For some reason I thought of Jill as I'd seen her last. I thought of all I'd wanted to say to her but hadn't said. The worst part had been that she'd known I wanted to say it.

The screen door in its parched frame was a dark mesh barring all sight of anything past it. Charley stood blinking. "Hello?" His voice—always full of power and crispness in a studio—somehow got lost. It just bounced back to him from the door.

And then there was another creaking, this time inside the house, like somebody getting up from a rush-seated chair. And a voice as serene and mild and calm as Charley's had been nervous and abrupt said, "I'm right here, mister. Just you wait there, if you please."

We waited. And slowly from the green gloom of the interior a face swam toward us—velvet chocolate-brown, gleaming in points of the sunset light as it came. Then the door was opening and shutting again with no sound at all behind careful fingers. Then there was the whole body before us, lean and hard under a washed-out blue shirt and blue denim pants. The man who was Ishmael Robins stood there. He had the ageless look some colored people own. At seventy and eighty—you could tell—he would look much the same. It was the same face I'd seen in the few photos available—a thoughtful, far-off quality about the eyes.

In a low tone—a wonderful and right tone, with just the right instinct for the awkward moment guiding it—Charley explained who we were and where we came from.

Yet—through my admiration for Charley's instinct—I felt that the opening words were needless, that somehow Ish knew all about us even though Lorfer hadn't told him. I felt he knew it with the intuition that is born in some men—and with amusement. His face didn't show the amusement, but I could tell that it was there.

After a moment Ish moved a few steps along the porch, waving Charley into one of the rockers and me into the other. With the same grave courtesy—as Charley talked on—Ish settled himself down on the porch, his back against a post. He lifted a pipe out of the loose hammock of his shirt pocket, filled it with shred tobacco from a tiny cloth sack, tamped it down.

Leaning forward, Charley was saying now, ". . . It's a young thing, Ishmael, still like a child learning its strength. You can see there'll be greatness in it as well as entertainment. Why, sometimes —" Charley had very real awe in his words "—sometimes *both* those apples, greatness and entertainment, can be peeled in one performance."

Ishmael cleared his throat. And at that Charley was quiet all over, switching from star actor to dazzled audience.

Ishmael's pipe smoke went drifting out past the tree of heaven. "Seems—" he said "—seems I haven't seen it much. We do not have it here. Sometimes, visiting Mr. Lorfer, I catch the teensy edge of a show." More smoke joined the last sun rays. "Seems, from what I have seen, there's not much for the spirit. Everything for the eye and the ear. Of course—" he looked down at a bee roaming over the boards—"I wouldn't know, since we do not have one."

I began fiddling my wallet out of my pocket. There were some blank cards in it. I wanted Ish's autograph.

I saw I'd have to wait to ask for it, because Charley went right back to work like a baseball pitcher with a fine edge, burning in the pitches.

While he talked, the hills glowed with the sun's afterblaze and then sank to black.

We sat now in a coolness that came walking up the ridge from the road, reaching the ankles first, then spreading around the ribs.

We were only three shapes in the darkness, Ish listening while the pipe coal flushed bright from time to time and lighted up his eyes from beneath. I'd swear that at one of those times the savor of merriment leaped from the centers of his eyes.

The moon began rising, at first as cool in pristine shining as the sudden darkness had felt, then with a tinge of orange flushing its icy ivory. You could see how later on it would ride the hills like a pumpkin coach. And, with the rising moon, Charley rose to his point with all his skill and all his genuine earnest hope and conviction. He still wasn't talking loudly at all, only with the power of the born proselytizer. ". . . Thirteen weeks, if you'll trust me for thirteen weeks. At the end of that time you'll be on your own, with no strings—Ishmael, you'll be where you'd have been today if you'd never stopped playing." Charley's voice was soft-hoarse in the thick shadow. The wood of his chair protested, and I knew his big hands were clenched around the ends of its arms. "It's up to you now. I'd like to have your answer."

Crickets had begun piping through the moonlight-frilled dark, making a wave of sound and letting it die off and then coming back with a stronger wave.

Through their next crescendo Ishmael said, "No, sir, Mr. Bello. I could not do it. I belong here."

I couldn't start reproducing the pride with which he said the word *belong*. It wasn't intense, it was even hard to make out, but it rang like a gong in the middle of the earth.

And Charley knew he'd been knocked off the mound. I liked Charley very much—a devil of a good man, a progressive man and an inspiring boss—as he stood up, concealing all disappointment, stretching, saying, "Well, Mr. Robins, nobody can ever say we didn't try. Leo, we're starting back tonight, and I'll ask you to push the wagon while I sleep for a while." He snorted tumultuously. "Ishmael, Mr. Robins, it's been a real pleasure meeting you."

We were shaking hands with Ish and saying our good nights, with the moon well up now. Behind a ridge to the east a dog howled, the sound curling up as though one end of it hooked onto the moon. And, his high cheekbones whittled to sharp edges by the moonlight, Ish was coming with us down the lane to the road, with the stride of a man whose muscles enjoy moving on the earth, the ground-eating stride of a boy.

At the bottom of the steep, short lane, he remarked, "You know, I played a time in New York. I kind of liked that town." Distances were irrelevant; the New York he carried in his head was as close as the light smoke of our breaths on the sharpening air. "I always think of it well," he continued. "So I will think of you people the same."

Charley and I stepped into the road, pitch-black until presently our eyes got used to it enough to make out webs of light filtering through the pines.

But the story isn't over. We were at least a quarter mile along on our way back to Lorfer's place when I groped for a handkerchief and found my wallet gone. Then I remembered taking it out and the wish I'd had for Ishmael's autograph. I don't collect them, but it still seems a worth-while notion. I told Charley and started loping back the way we'd come.

A few minutes later I stepped off the road up the lane into the full moon's glare. I had to narrow my eyes against it as I climbed the ridge. One room in the house ahead of me held warm yellow light. I was about to step onto the porch when I heard the music.

It was *Melancholy Baby*. Played with a mute, purring and searching. And pure and perfect. There was the same thrust of good will, warmth and impeccable technique I'd heard in the scratched, rare records. It wouldn't have made a commercial record, but even without accompaniment, I liked it better.

Holding my breath, I stepped back and walked to the south end of the house where the light came from. And without shame I looked in through the shadeless window.

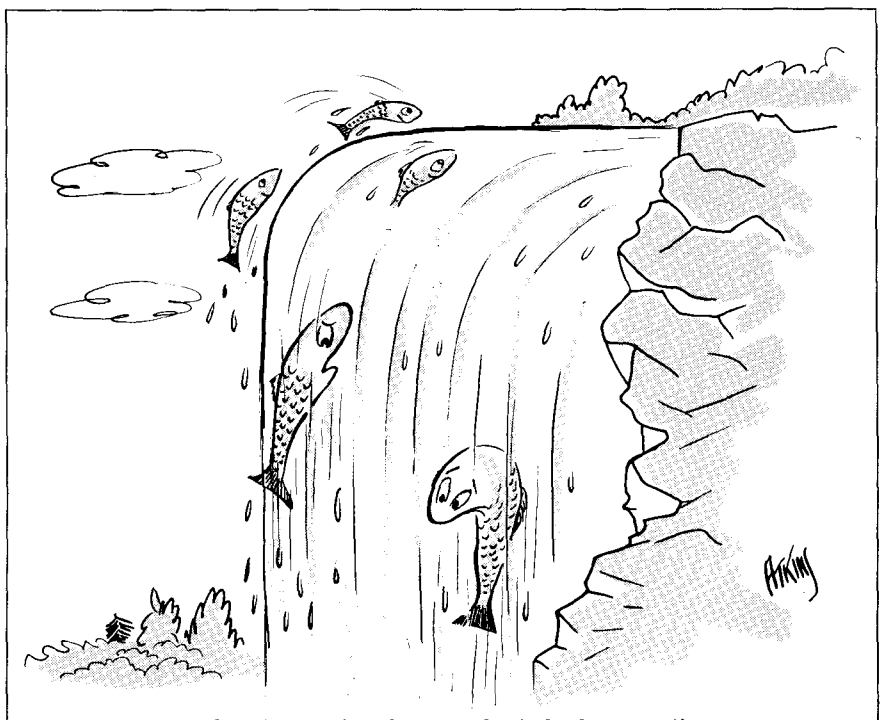
Ishmael Robins sat beside a bed. In the bed lay a woman with the face of a little hawk, bronze and drawn, with enormous shining eyes. An Egyptian face. The eyes were lighted as though fires burned behind them; as though they and not the lamp made the cave of brilliance which was the room. Her body was drawn and withered like a husk, wire thin. Once she had had great natural beauty, but it had been long ago, and now it was as if its ghost existed only by high perseverance and faith in the man whom she was watching.

There's a look to people who have lived with pain, day in and day out; you can see it. You could tell it had been with her most of her life. It was in the eyes and, I could see now, some of it had got in Ish's eyes.

He finished the chorus. He lowered the cornet, a stubby battered instrument; yet it appeared to be alive. He held it on his knee, and bent over the woman.

I could make out her voice like reeds murmuring. "I said I heard what they told you. You should have gone along. It would have been a nice thing, Ish."

"Hush," he said. "Hush, hush." It was the gentlest hushing I expect to hear, ever. Years of being gentle and joyful and understanding surged behind it. "We don't need money. Got all we need. Me, you and this place—and enough for the doctor once a week—what else we need?" His voice went up in fond, accustomed mockery. "I been saying that going on forty years. You going to get to believing me some time, woman? Some day you going to just believe old Ish?" He kissed her and sat back.



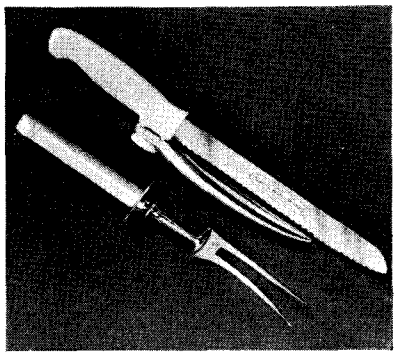
"For heaven's sake . . . don't look down."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

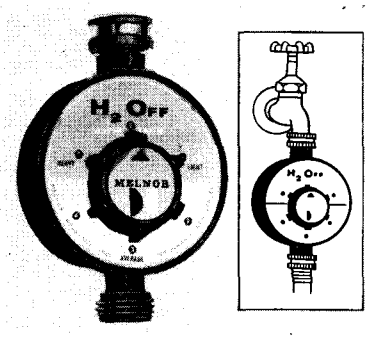
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Relaxed Living... Shop by Mail for pleasureful gifts

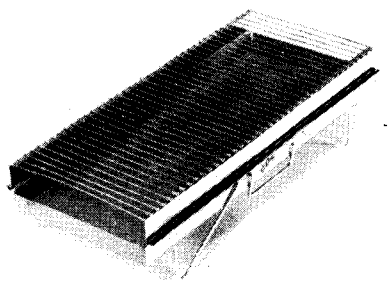
Jiffy-service anywhere
Wheel-about metal patio cart with 3 conveniently removable trays... each a different color—tangerine, robin-egg blue, white. 12" trays hold a quantity of refreshments, serving needs, also. 31" high. Gleaming white enamel finish frame. Easy to assemble.
56 Wheel-about Patio Cart $7.00



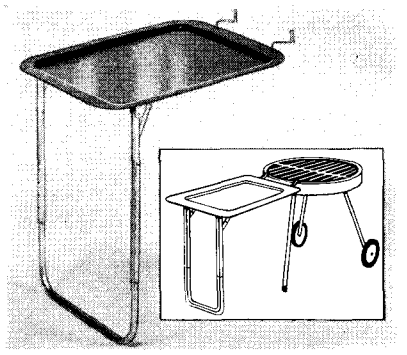
Like a slicing machine
Slicing-control adjusts from 1/16 to ½" thickness. Remove slice control and it's regular kitchen knife. Has sharp, stainless steel serrated edge.
65 Magna Wonder Knife $6.00
66 Matching Magna Fork $5.00



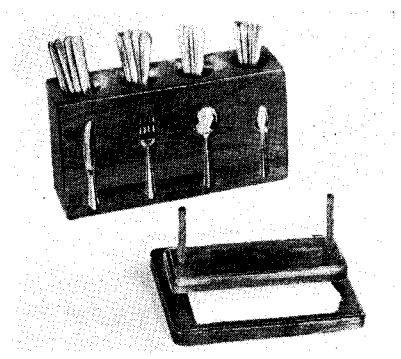
Regulates lawn watering
"H2 Off" water-timer regulates the flow of water. Set dial for heavy, light or average flow... sprinkler is automatically shut off when area is adequately watered. Saves you money!
58 Automatic Water-Timer $5.00



Portable cook-out grill
Lightweight 'Pic-Nic Grill' for delicious outdoor cooking on camping trips, boat, anywhere. Large grill slides in-out for easy tending of fire. Stands up on convenient folding legs.
63 Portable Pic-Nic Grill $4.00

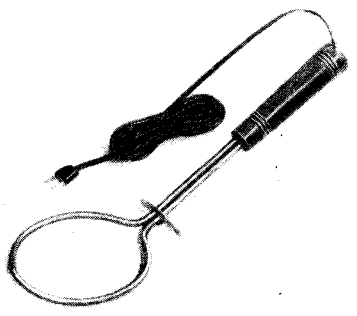


Fits all size braziers
Portable, folding table with hooks for attaching to barbecue brazier. Keeps food, utensils, and all other needs in reach. Use it at beach, on lawn, patio. In rust-resistant steel. Buy a pair!
64 Portable Barbecue Table $4.00

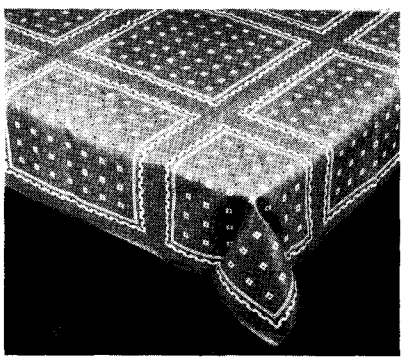


Flatware-Napkin holders
Pine-finish wood pieces for indoor or outdoor use. Flatware holder has 4 bins. Grip-bar napkin holder keeps napkins from blowing away outdoors.
59 Decorated Flatware-Holder $4.00
60 Matching Napkin-Holder $2.00

Light 4-gallon cooler
Big party-size, insulated "cooler" pail ... lightweight, white plastic with water-and-alcohol-resistant laminated covering in moss green, white daisies. With big, brass-finish ring handles.
62 Party-Pail Cooler $15.00



Electric charcoal-lighter
Charcoal lighter with far-reaching 10-ft. long, attached extension cord. Eliminates need for moving the grill near house or garage. Also used as a fireplace log-liter in the wintertime.
57 Electric Charcoal-Lighter $4.00



Big barbecue-table size
Bandanna-print tablecloth of carefree vinyl-laminated rayon ... just wipe it clean. Happy-go-lucky red with white-and-black design. Large 52x88" size for picnic table, for indoors.
61 Barbecue-size Tablecloth $7.00

Shop by mail with

Susan Dale

Mail this ORDER FORM, today! Satisfaction Guaranteed!
SUSAN DALE, Dept. H23-2 195 North Street, Teterboro, N.J.

ITEM NUMBER	ITEM NAME	QUAN.	TOTAL PRICE

TOTAL AMOUNT ENCLOSED $ _____

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ ZONE _____

STATE _____

Offer good in U.S. only.
No C.O.D.'s. No stamps, please.

PRICES INCLUDE PRE-PAID POSTAGE

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

SOCKRATES SAYS...

WISE AND CONSIDERATE IS THE WOMAN WHO ASSURES DAD 2 FEET OF **COMFORT** WITH

Interwoven®

BAN-LON® SOCKS

These socks are quality knit for smooth, snug fit of this extra soft, textralized yarn. Easy to wash but difficult to wear out. Bright summer colors are dyed-deep-down. One size fits all. **$1.00**

solo cornet

There was a silence between them. But it was like looking at somebody at prayer. I started to move away.

As I did, the woman said, "Play more, Ish." I walked off, hearing in her voice a quality that denied all pain and regret. For he was a man shot with luck, she was a lucky woman, and what they had was wordless and supreme.

My wallet lay on the chair seat where it had been dropped. I got it and turned away again toward the lane. Halfway down I stopped. The muted cornet had begun once more. Ish was playing *Just a Closer Walk With Thee.*

It's a reverent song, but full of delight with the world—delight past sickness and the dark—and as well shaped as any psalm. It has all that and a little rhythm-and-bounce step through it too. It was being played with gaiety, as a guard against all the nights there are.

Quietly I stepped back into the road. I had gone four steps more in that sudden blackness when Lorfer joined me, standing there with his forefinger stabbing my chest like the barrel of a rifle.

"Listen," I said. "I see why Ish thinks he has to stay. But—maybe some better doctors—she'd get wonderful care in New York ——"

Lorfer sighed then, and his shoulders slumped and his finger left my chest. "Ish got the best doctors when it happened," he whispered. He nudged me along, away from the sound of the cornet. It sang behind us, though, for quite a while in the fresh earth-scented air as we walked. "Happened when he and Mattie were back here on a visit. Took up all he'd saved while he was playing." Lorfer was louder now, and the cornet farther behind. "There's nothing to be done. Those big doctors didn't think she'd stay alive a year then. Young Doc Milner—he's good too—comes in once a week, says it's outside belief she's living now."

The sounds of our shoes on the moon-striped clay were companionable, and fern fronds felt loaded with dew as my knuckles brushed them.

"It's Ish. He keeps her alive, you see." Lorfer paced at my side. "Just by being there, close, he does that. He'll go in from the fields—or from gathering pecans or turpentining—ten, a dozen times a day. It's a balance he keeps. Like starting a smashed clock again, just by brushing its works with a hand, keeping it running. He makes her want to live. You can't disturb the balance."

After ten more steps I said, "I think I can see ——"

"No, you can't." Lorfer's voice was fierce and resonant, yet there was his first courtesy again behind it. "I can't. Nobody could see, or tell it all the way unless they happened to be Ish. Play anyplace? He tried playing at a tiny little shack dance over at Ellijay. Tried it once. Couldn't sit still, had to get back to her; it almost killed *him.* Moving her, disturbing her—that would break the balance too. So I'll ask you ——"

I broke in. "Wait now. If you're going to ask me not to tell Charley, don't do it." Lorfer had stopped; I stopped with him. I said, "Because I won't tell him. Charley didn't see her. He didn't see Ish with her. He didn't see her eyes. It would be hard telling anybody who hadn't seen that."

Lorfer's sigh was very small this time. "Reckon I was edgy. Mistaken in judgment. You can't always tell, sir."

In back of us the last roundness of the cornet had died out; we'd passed its range. But it seemed to me I could still hear it, and would be hearing it forever, and we were both moving faster through the moon-flashes now, and I said, "Mr. Lorfer, I'd like to use your phone as soon as we get back to the house. I have a long-overdue question to ask my girl. Her name's Jill."

"You're welcome to use it. Nice name," said Mr. Lorfer. THE END

SEE HAZEL ON NBC THURSDAY NIGHT

HAZEL *by* Ted Key

"Father's Day?"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Strypeeze

Strips Paint Fast

Semi-Paste for general use. New Non-Flammable for tough jobs.

Earn Your Own

BOWLING BALL

You can easily earn a nationally advertised bowling ball, bored to fit your hand.

Just send us four 2-year SATURDAY EVENING POST subscriptions sold at $10.95 each. All subscriptions must be sold to persons outside your own home at the full price. New and renewals count, but not your personal or personal gift subscriptions.

Write subscribers' names and addresses on plain paper and mail with your own address and full remittance. Be sure to specify weight of ball desired. Your bowling ball will be shipped to you after the order is processed.

Offer good in Continental U.S. only.

CURTIS CIRCULATION COMPANY

334 Independence Square Philadelphia 5, Pennsylvania

FRAME SPLIT?

fix it quick with

PLASTIC WOOD®

Handles like putty–hardens like wood!

MONEY . . .

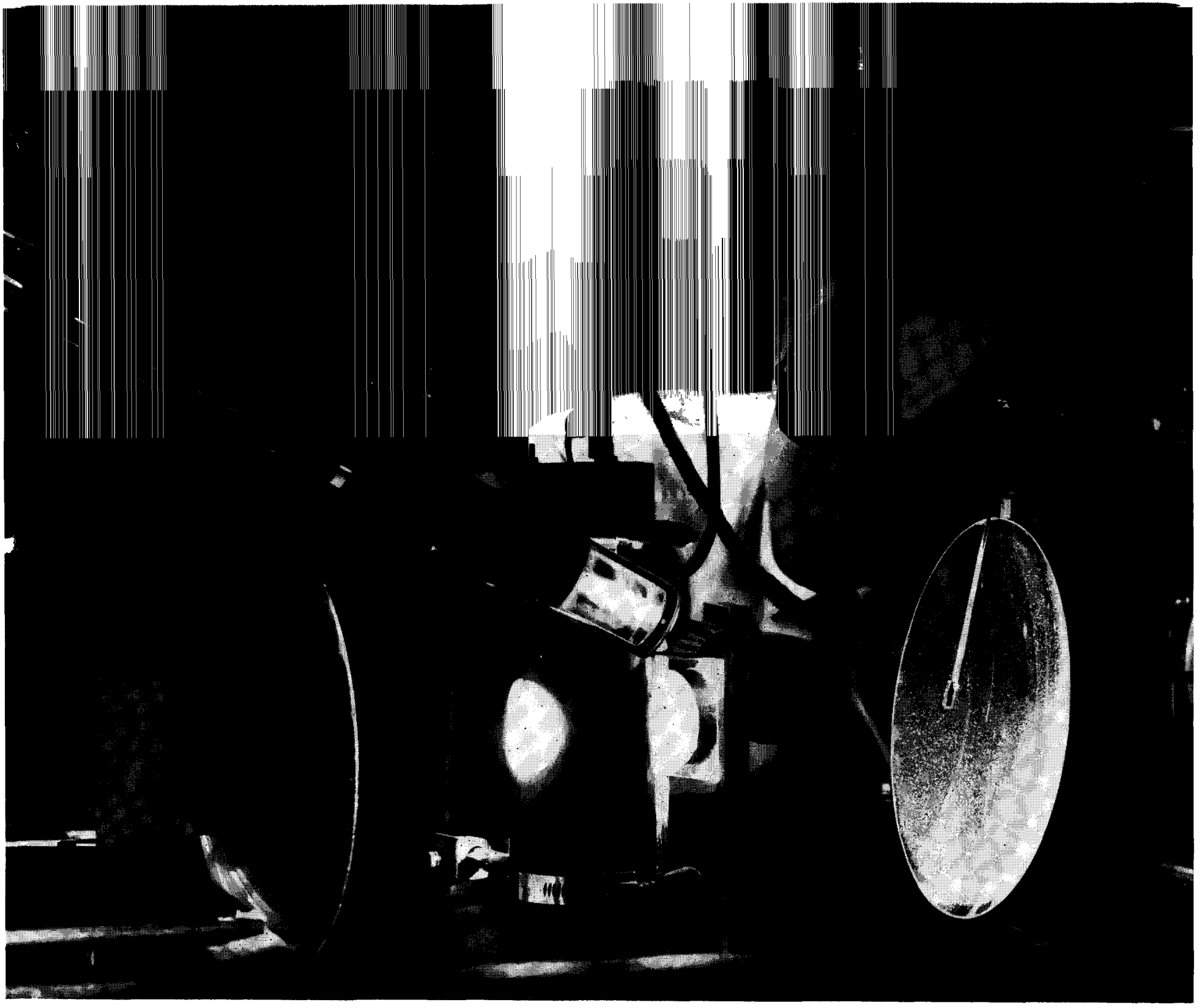
In Your Free Time

Spare-time income can help you meet expenses. Write for details about our subscription-selling plan. No obligation.

CURTIS CIRCULATION COMPANY

335 Independence Square, Philadelphia 5, Pa.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



VOICES OVER A BEAM OF LIGHT. Latest in a series of optical maser developments at Bell Telephone Laboratories, this new model is a solid state type using a ruby crystal and capable of continuous operation. The optical maser (or "laser") generates a kind of light beam that may some day be used to transmit telephone calls, TV programs and data messages. Could conceivably carry far more communications than any radio system. It is also a remarkably precise tool for study of atomic processes.

The Constant Search for a Better Way

Research and organization of the Bell System are vital factors in improving your communications services and holding down cost

The zest for discovery is a powerful factor in the vitality of the Bell System and its far-reaching progress in communications.

Today there are more than four thousand scientists and engineers at Bell Telephone Laboratories. They conduct research in behalf of the Bell Telephone Companies and Western Electric, the manufacturing and supply unit of the Bell System.

Without the close co-operation of research, manufacture and operations in one organization, your telephone service would surely cost you more and the quality would be less.

Behind the day-to-day research for communications is a program of basic scientific research into wholly new ideas, principles and materials. Out of it have come discoveries that have brought far-reaching benefits not only to telephone users but to many other businesses and the defense of the nation.

It was the basic scientific research of the Bell Laboratories that resulted in the invention of the transistor, one of the biggest technological advances of all time.

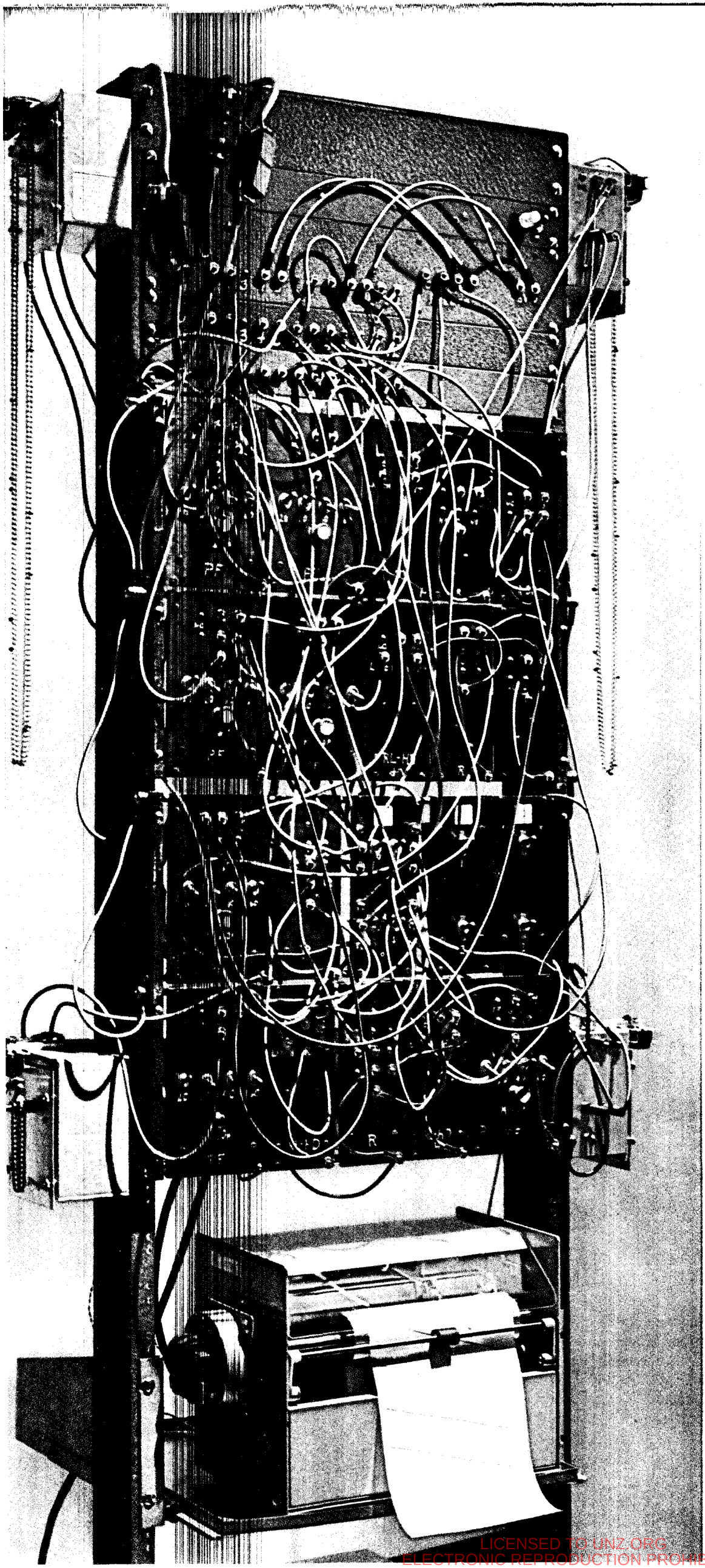
The electronic "brains" that are capable of guiding missiles first took form in bold adventuring along unknown paths by Bell Laboratories scientists.

Telephone research and development, which have brought so much to so many, have but touched the fringe of still greater progress to come.

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM

Owned by more than two million Americans

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



IT KEEPS A MOST UNUSUAL DIARY

This intricate machine is used by Parke-Davis scientists to measure patterns of learning, strength of motives, and the effects of new drugs on these aspects of behavior.

It is but one of many methods used in Parke-Davis research to discover new drugs that will act on the brain and other parts of the nervous system.

Mental and nervous illnesses are hospitalizing more patients at any one time than all other causes combined. For this reason, Parke-Davis continues to assign more and more of its research capacities in the search for medicines useful in this field.

We started such work many years ago. Our efforts played a key role in developing the most successful drug to control epilepsy. Millions of sufferers from this disease can now lead near-normal lives.

But millions more are afflicted by other serious nervous disorders still uncontrolled. The need for help is urgent. At Parke-Davis, special forces of scientists are continuing to devote their full energies toward the discovery of better medicines for these disturbed minds.

Copyright 1962—Parke, Davis & Company, Detroit 32, Michigan

PARKE-DAVIS

. . . PIONEERS IN BETTER MEDICINES

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

An American Hero

Concluding the valiant story of Pop Buell, a dedicated American who is conducting a one-man crusade for freedom amid mounting Communist aggression in Laos.

By DON A. SCHANCHE

At dawn one morning last April I was stumbling sleepily down a jungle path behind enemy lines in the mountains of northern Laos. Walking jauntily ahead of me, humming what sounded like *When the Saints Go Marching In*, was Edgar Buell, the retired Indiana farmer whose work has made the difference between life and starvation for 50,000 to 60,000 primitive Meo tribesmen. Ignoring his happy mood, I mumbled something about the long days we had been putting in: up at dawn, a four-to-six-mile hike on an empty stomach, time out to care for the sick in remote mountain villages, visits to village gardens and opium fields, and interminable nighttime conferences with village leaders.

"Most folks look on eight hours as a good day's work," said Buell, smiling. "I was always of the opinion that I ought to do a little bit extra after I've done my day's work. It's that little bit that sells America."

Buell has done more than a "little bit extra." Since moving to Laos two years ago he has organized and personally kept going a $1,500,000 relief program for the benefit of the thousands of Meo refugees who have been driven from their land by Communist Pathet Lao soldiers. Although he has the active and hearty support of the Laotian government, the U.S. Agency for International Development for which he works, and many friendly Americans, Laotians, Thais and Filipinos, the job of getting the supplies to the homeless, hungry Meo has been largely his alone. To accomplish it he spends most of his time living with the Meo under primitive and dangerous conditions. He has been shot at, run out of villages by attacking Communist troops, and exposed to a variety of diseases which run the gamut from amoebic dysentery to leprosy. Radio Hanoi, the powerful Communist propaganda voice of Southeast Asia, has twice broadcast a lookout for him, and he has been told that the Communists have offered a $25,000 reward for his capture.

A Legendary Figure

To the Meo people, among whom he has become a legendary figure, Buell is known as *Tan Pop*, which translates as "Mister Sent From Above." It is a godlike name for someone the Meo consider a godlike man, and with good reason. Since the fall of the famed Plaine des Jarres a year and a half ago, when Mister Pop was first swept into the maelstrom of war in Laos, he has performed tasks which to the Meo, and to many Americans as well, seemed superhuman.

At times the job has been not only risky but expensive too. Buell, working as a sixty-dollar-a-month volunteer, was stationed at the village of Lhat Houang along with another International Voluntary Service adviser named Dick Bowman, now with the Peace Corps in Washington. They had two helpers, a young multilingual Meo named Chung, and an equally adept Chinese boy named Tsieng. In late 1960, war around the Laotian administrative capital of Vientiane, and in the city of Vientiane itself, had totally disrupted the U.S. mission there, so that Buell's isolated outpost was left without supplies.

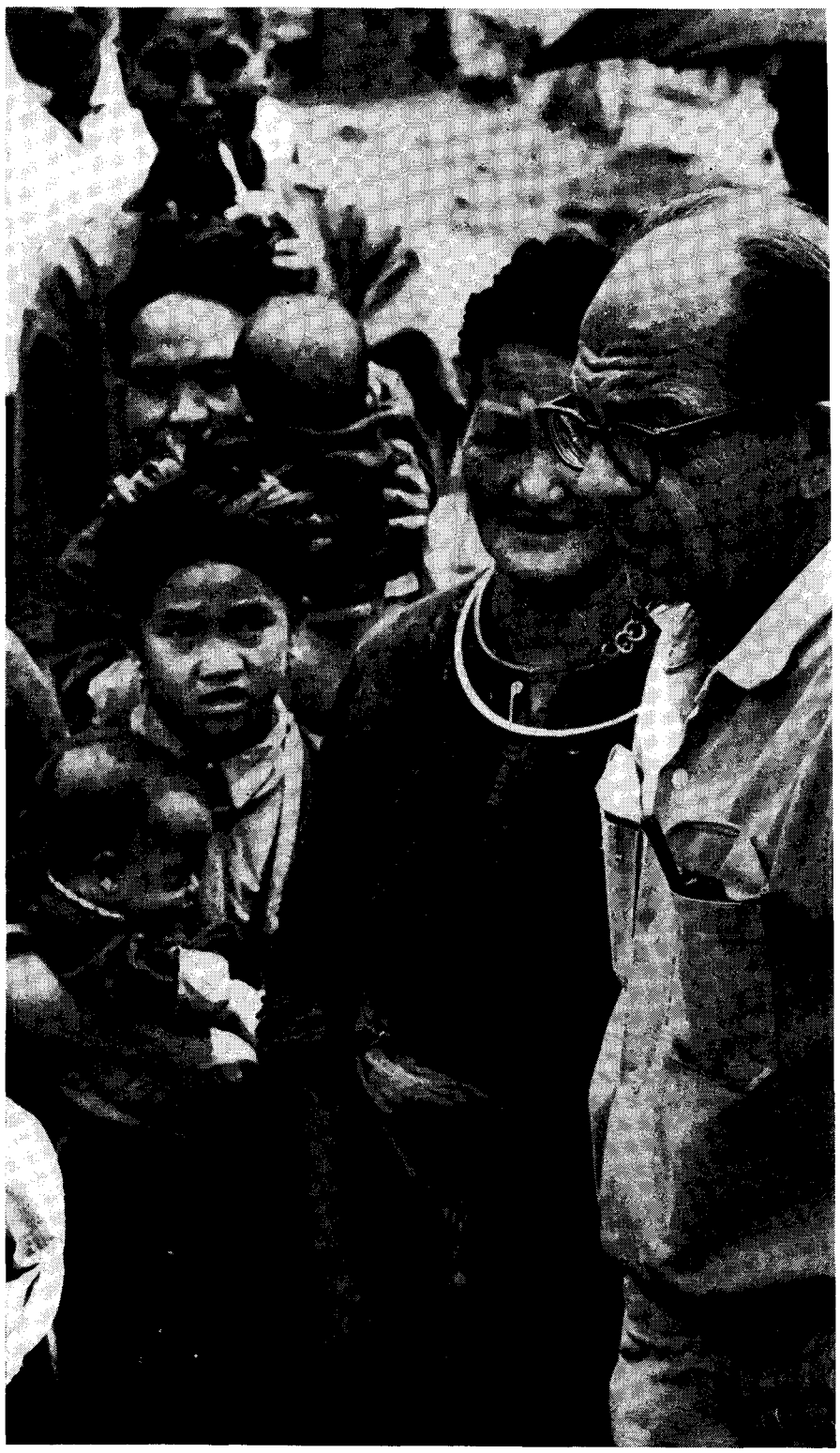
They Refused to Flee

Normally an American caught on such a limb would call for a last-ditch evacuation plane and get out. But Pop and Bowman decided to stay. They were busy training carpenters to build a dormitory for a school at Lhat Houang, giving agricultural advice and helping to care for the sick in smaller villages in the area. But without a weekly supply plane to bring food and other essentials, they had no means of support.

After searching around, Pop found a place in the nearby town of Xieng Khouang where he could cash his personal checks on the Edon State Bank of Edon, Ohio, just across the border from Pop's home farm in Steuben County, Indiana. For two months Buell personally financed the U.S. aid program in Xieng Khouang Province, drawing from his own retirement fund in the Edon Bank.

"I don't know exactly how much I spent in those two months," he says, "but counting that and other things I've bought to give to the Meo people, I've used up about $7000 of my own money out here. I don't expect to get any of it back, but neither do I expect to spend any more. I can't afford it."

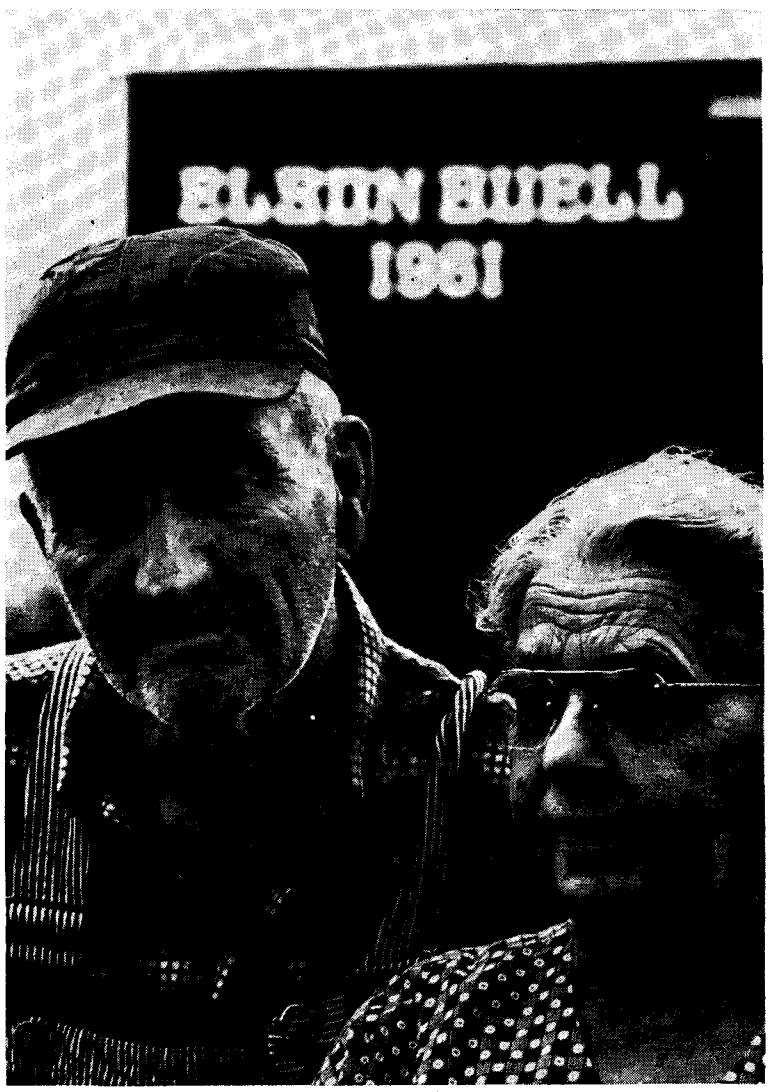
Although Pop and Bowman felt secure, it was a tenuous kind of security. The area was thoroughly covered by Communist Pathet Lao guerrilla forces, and they often came uncomfortably close. One night, after administering penicillin to a child suffering pneumonia in a village about fifteen miles from Lhat Houang, Pop and Chung were returning by Jeep to their quarters. Suddenly a barrage



With his adopted Meo people, Pop Buell discusses needs of one of the 50 Laotian villages he serves. Buell has learned to speak Meo, Lao and Thai; he treats the tribesmen as if they were all old friends in Indiana.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

At home in Indiana, Pop's son Howard, 25, makes a good living from his father's farm. Daughter Harriet lives in Somerset, Ohio.



Pop's parents, Elson and Clara Buell. Puzzled by her son's sacrifice, his mother says, "I just hope he takes care of himself."

of small-arms fire erupted from the thick jungle beside the crude road.

"They kept it up for about two minutes," Pop recalls, "but the best they could do was blow out one tire of the Jeep. They was either lousy shots or they was just trying to scare us. Anyway, we walked the rest of the way home."

The Plaine des Jarres fell on New Year's Eve, 1960, and with it went Lhat Houang. Three days before, Pop, whose medical training consisted of nothing more than the delivery of calves on his Indiana farm, was called to attend a native woman in labor. By that time, with the instruction of an American nurse who also worked for IVS, he had presided over several deliveries, so he was not alarmed. When he arrived in the village he found the woman dead. She had been in labor for twenty-eight hours. But listening with a stethoscope, he could hear the baby's heartbeat.

"I got the baby out and dipped her in cold water, then warm water, like they did me when I was born. She was breathing OK, but she died later and I felt terrible. Losing a mother and a baby like that, I thought those people would never trust me again. I laid up all night worrying about it and wondering what I could have done. The next morning some of the men from the village come to my door, and for a minute I thought they was after me. But they had come to invite me to a breakfast in my honor, because they knew I had tried."

On New Year's Eve he was returning with Chung from the funeral of the mother and child when he met Dick Bowman and Tsieng, heading hell-bent for the Plaine des Jarres airport. Enemy troops were closing in, they said, and the evacuation plane was waiting for them.

"Hell," said Pop, "I got to go to Lhat Houang and get my clothes." With Chung beside him, Pop raced to his house in Lhat Houang. As they entered the front yard they saw dozens of enemy soldiers in the back. Turning around, they raced away in a hail of bullets. A few hours later they took off in an evacuation plane. As they looked down, they could see enemy troops digging gun emplacements at the end of the runway.

John Tobler, then director of the U.S. aid program in Laos, wrote Pop a commendation, the highest award he could give a volunteer worker. "In the face of great personal danger . . . your effective and intelligent handling of an extremely difficult situation materially contributed not only to the achievement of project objectives but also to the effective strengthening of the United States position. . . ."

Pop Lost Thirty Pounds

During that period Pop's weight dropped from 135 to 105 pounds. He was exhausted. But after a brief recuperation in Bangkok he plunged into the urgent new job of saving the Meo refugees. Pop began the dangerous and wearying task of rounding up wandering bands of refugees, settling them in new villages behind enemy lines, and organizing air drops of rice and other supplies to keep them alive. Having learned the Lao language in order to work more effectively at Lhat Houang, he began studying Meo so that he would not have to take an interpreter on his long treks through the mountains. Pop now speaks Lao, Meo and Thai, none of them perfectly, but all well enough to get along without help.

"Now Tan Pop has traveled much and is known by all of my people," says Laotian health minister Touby, himself a Meo. "He is the only man who can go to them and find out their needs."

Like a Johnny Appleseed of democracy, Mister Pop wanders from village to village in the mountains distributing garden seeds and other supplies to help the resettled Meo get back on their feet.

"I try to give them things that they can do something with themselves," he says. "Their main diet is rice, and I have to give them all of that because the Communists haven't let them stay in one place long enough to harvest a rice crop, so U.S. aid has to air-drop all of that to them. But for the rest of the stuff, like vegetable gardens, I just help them to help themselves. It's just like back home. When you sell a man something, hope that he makes a profit on it when he sells. That way he'll be back for more."

The Ancient Age of 49

During the week that I accompanied Pop Buell on a tour of mountain villages, I began to understand his near-divine status with the Meo. One reason is his age. At forty-nine, which is barely middle-aged by American standards, he is an ancient to the Meo. They cannot understand how a grandfather can be ramrod straight and tough enough to climb mountain trails night and day with even the most stalwart tribesmen. Another reason is his almost limitless self-control.

"I get mad as hell sometimes," Pop says, "but I figure if I'm going to get along with them I've got to hold it back, so I do. And I never cuss, either to them or at them. I don't care if a man don't speak your language, he knows when you're cussing and it hurts him."

As we sat down to dinner in the hut of a village chief one night, Pop looked up from the strange variety of food on the table and told our host that his food was very good. It was the same, Pop said, as the food we eat in America. The only similarity I could see was that some of it was cooked. On the table before us were intestines of water buffalo, a plate of raw pork blood, a variety of pale broths, some unidentifiable vegetables and a murky bottle of Nom Saly, a two-week-old corn whisky which tastes as if it contains used innersoles. While Pop ate with gusto and I tried to imitate him, the chief happily repeated Pop's praise to some other villagers. He was proud that his food was like that in America.

In countless little ways Pop has made himself one of the Meo, and they welcome him as such. Other Americans would take cases of C-rations to supplement a not-always-palatable native diet; Pop never brings so much as a can of beans. "Just as soon as I opened a can," he explains, "I'd be setting myself apart from the people, and it just wouldn't be the same anymore." His only concessions to civilized living are frequent baths in mountain streams. "I'm trying to teach these people to stay clean because dirt causes a lot of the disease up here."

The Meo people know that theirs is not a safe and placid country. Many of them have been shot, some of them tortured, and almost all of the refugees have been chased by Communist troops. The fact that an American would live their life and share their peril has made a deep impression and has created a bond that is far stronger than if Pop had been born among the Meo.

To them he seems fearless—"But I got just as big a yellow streak as any other man," he says. Among Pop's first

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

acts when he arrives in a village is to inquire about escape trails in case the Pathet Lao come. "If things get too hot, I want to know which way to run."

We were talking about the possibilities of capture one night when Pop looked up at me. "If you ever hear that I'm missing out here, just don't give up on me. In a year and a half I've learned this country pretty well. I know these people and I know they'll take care of me. It might take me six months, but any time it's necessary I know that I can walk out of these mountains all the way to Thailand without getting caught. You just cross your fingers and wait. I'll show up in better shape than I was when I left."

Before he came to Laos in June, 1960, Pop Buell had a rewarding but sometimes hard life in Indiana. His mother and father, Clara and Elson Buell, were farmers in Steuben County, and they helped all five of their sons, and their daughters as well, to become farmers. The elder Mrs. Buell, now seventy-two, and her husband, seventy-six, are still somewhat puzzled over the impulse that took their son to faraway Laos. "I just hope he takes care of himself," says Mrs. Buell. "When he was little, I had to make him a bright red sunbonnet so we wouldn't lose him in the cornfield. But he was capable. Even when he was just five years old he was a good onion weeder."

"The reason Edgar Buell can get along so well over there in Laos," says Merritt Boyer, one of his former high-school teachers and a longtime friend, "is this: From the time he was a little devil on up, when his dad told him to do something, he did it regardless of how hard it was. If he didn't have any tools to do the job with, he found a way to do it anyway."

Will Rogers's Young Disciple

As a youngster Pop Buell was active in the Future Farmers of America. When he was sixteen he won a free trip to an F.F.A. convention in St. Louis. There, for keeping the best dairy records, he won another prize: a week with a dozen other boys on the Will Rogers ranch at Claremore, Oklahoma. For years thereafter he emulated the great humorist, and today he still shows traces of Rogers's influence in his healthy disdain for stuffiness and government red tape. "I read everything Will Rogers ever wrote," says Pop, "and when he was on the radio I listened to every broadcast. I rate my favorite Americans like this: Franklin Delano Roosevelt, Abraham Lincoln and Will Rogers. I hate to put a Republican in that group, but hell, Lincoln was a rural boy and he was everything every other American ought to aspire to be."

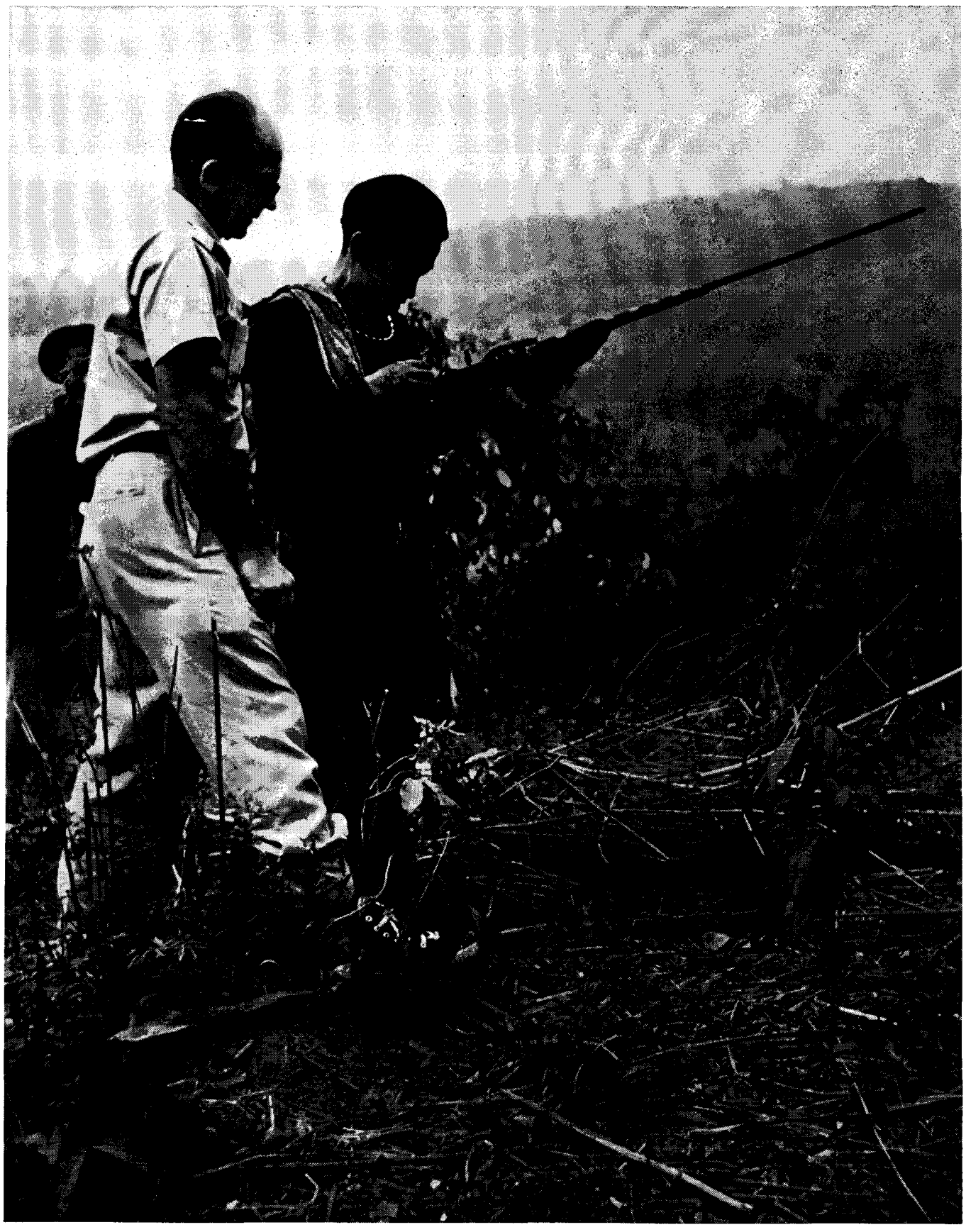
As Democrats in an overwhelmingly Republican section of Indiana, the Buells were well-known, if politically isolated. When Paul V. McNutt ran for governor in 1932, the silver-haired politician came into Steuben County on a stumping tour. Edgar Buell, as the leading young Democrat in a county otherwise barren of McNutt supporters, was given the job of introducing the would-be governor at an outdoor hoedown and barbecue.

"Some of us got to drinking before the speechmaking and things was getting pretty wild," Buell recalls, "but somehow I managed to get up and make an introduction speech.

"Five minutes later I couldn't remember what I said, but after Mr. McNutt got through talking he came up to me and thanked me for the nice introduction. Then he looked at me real straight

"I ain't unusual. If you look around I think you will find at least one Edgar Buell in every rural county in America."

Photographs by the Author



A Meo tribesman shows Pop his pistol-grip musket. Natives still manufacture these weapons for defense and hunting. They are copies of a design learned centuries ago from the early Catholic missionaries.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"If you ever hear I'm missing, don't give up on me. I can walk out of these mountains. You just wait."

and said, 'Mr. Buell, just remember. Always be an adult.' I never forgot that."

All of the Buells were, and still are, known for their unbending honesty; Edgar was no exception. But in 1936, after marrying his high-school sweetheart and starting to carve out a meager life on a partially arable farm, he decided to break the pattern. It was December. With Christmas coming, the newlywed Buells had no money for presents. Edgar decided to go to the bank in Edon and borrow fifty dollars. "I'll tell them it's for a new calf," he said to his wife, Mattie Lorene. "They'd never let me have the money for Christmas presents, but they'll give it to me for a calf."

"You never lied before, Edgar," said his wife, "and nothing good can come from lying now, even if it is for Christmas."

Buell Blurts the Truth

Undeterred, Buell went to the bank. Art Mauerhan, now executive vice president of the Edon State Bank, remembers the awkward young farmer stammering as if he couldn't decide what to say. Finally Edgar blurted:

"Mr. Mauerhan, I come in here to tell you I needed fifty dollars for a new calf, but that ain't true. I need to borrow the money so we can have Christmas."

He got the fifty dollars and a top credit rating, which still stands at the Edon Bank.

Home with his wife, whose name Edgar and everyone else contracted to "Maloreen," Christmas plans progressed happily until the two suddenly thought of a tenant farmer, Rollie Fraley, who lived with his wife and six children in a small shack on one corner of their farm. The Fraleys, who had just migrated to Indiana from Kentucky, were dirt-poor. They planned to have no Christmas at all. With half of their fifty dollars, Edgar and Maloreen played Santa Claus to the Fraley children.

Every Christmas after that bleak one, Edgar Buell dressed up in a Santa Claus suit and brought toys to country children who otherwise would have received none. By 1957 the list of children had swelled to include dozens whose parents also bought them presents but who waited for Santa Claus nonetheless. All over Steuben County today you can find children and adults who remember Uncle Edgar's words each Christmas: "May the good Lord be just a little good to you."

The early years on the farm were hard ones. Although the Buells had two healthy children, Howard and Harriet, Maloreen suffered complications after the birth of the second child and was bedridden for months. "They had to have a hired girl," recalls Forrest, "and poor Edgar didn't have any money to pay her. But he had a good vegetable garden. Every Saturday before it was time to pay the girl, Edgar would pile a truck full of produce and drive all over the area peddling it. When he got up enough money, he would come home and give the girl her wages."

When the war came, Buell was naturally draft-exempt as a farmer. "He had enough land and livestock to keep three men out of the Army," said a neighbor. He also had a number of extracurricular jobs, among them the assistant chairmanship of the county Alcoholic Beverage Board and a post on the Agriculture Department's Corn Loan Board. Technically, a draft-exempt farmer was not supposed to do other work, and someone complained about Edgar's extra jobs. "To hell with them," Edgar said, and went to the draft board to ask for induction. He failed his physical examination because of poor eyesight. Determined to go anyway, he got new glasses. A few months later he was a corporal in the horse cavalry, helping to train recruits at Fort Riley, Kansas. He did not get overseas. At war's end he was a supply sergeant at Fort Knox.

The war years and postwar years were good ones for agriculture, and Buell's farm grew and prospered. From a start of 142 partially arable acres, his holding expanded to a productive 249-acre farm. Together with Maloreen he poked into every civic activity in the county that was open to them. While Edgar worked with 4-H clubs and coached Little League baseball, Maloreen looked far and wide for people who needed a helping hand. "If she heard about a sick old lady who needed her house redecorated," says an old friend, Mrs. Jesse Ketzenberger, "she'd drop her own work and go over and hang the lady's wallpaper herself. I wouldn't run down Edgar, but Maloreen was twice the person he is, and he would be the first to agree."

Love in Another Wrapper

The marriage was a perfect one, says Edgar, "but we used to argue. Anybody who says he don't argue with his wife is either lying or there's something wrong with him." Not surprisingly, the argument usually concerned how to raise Howard and Harriet. Edgar, accustomed to the Spartan ways of his own father, bridled at Maloreen's easygoing way with the children. "I thought she was too lenient," he says, "but after a while I learned she was right. She just put her love out different than I was used to. She just wrapped them up in it." (Today Buell's twenty-five-year-old son Howard, whose wife Bonnie expects a child this summer, operates his father's farm. Harriet, now twenty-four, has one son and expects another child soon. Her husband, Wesley Gettys, teaches high school in Somerset, Ohio.)

In 1958 tragedy struck. Maloreen developed a mysterious malady which doctors were unable to diagnose. For six months she grew weaker. Hospitalized in Fort Wayne, about forty miles from the Buell farm in Steuben County, she appeared to be improving. Every night Pop would drive down to Fort Wayne to sit with her until she fell asleep. One night after he had been in her room only a short while, Maloreen looked up at Edgar and said, "I'm sleepy. You'd better go home now."

"She usually wanted me to stay until nine o'clock, and it was only seven," Buell recalls.

As Buell said good night from the hospital-room door, Maloreen smiled and called, "Good-bye, Edgar."

"She never said 'good-bye' to me before," he recalls.

By the time Edgar had driven the forty miles to Steuben County, the doctor had telephoned. Maloreen was dead.

Buell tried to go it alone on the farm. Howard was away for a two-year tour in the Army. Harriet was working in Columbus, Ohio. It was a dismal life. Over-solicitous friends and relatives kept popping in. And a few widows began calling regularly, with obvious designs.

One day a former Alcoholic Beverage Board colleague drove into the farmyard and showed Edgar an advertisement for International Voluntary Service in a farm magazine. IVS needed experienced farmers, preferably college graduates, to lead its young volunteers overseas. For a year he corresponded with IVS headquarters in Washington, sending applications, character references and pleas that the college requirements be waived in his case. "Finally I squeezed my whole life down into a two-page letter and they accepted me," he says. Howard was back from the Army and had married Bonnie. He was eager to take over his father's farm. "I was ready to retire from farming anyway," says Pop, "so I turned it all over to Howard." A month later, Buell was in Laos, a country whose name he had never heard before.

In a way, he treats Laos just as if it were Steuben County, only bigger. Like farmers everywhere, his favorite off-duty pastime is "going visiting." He calls on Health Minister Touby, an exalted Laotian-government figure, with the same simple, straightforward approach he would make to Jake Fifer, who lives down the road a piece from Pop's farm in Indiana. Col. Vang Phao, the onetime French Army sergeant who leads a tough and well-trained force of Meo guerrillas in North Laos, shares the same camaraderie with the Indiana farmer as do Pop's brothers back on the farm. When the two sit in the courtyard of Vang Phao's house, swinging their crossed legs and laughing at each other's sallies, it sounds almost as if they were a pair of Indiana farmers gossiping about a neighbor's new silo. You can almost hear them utter an occasional "By golly," in Meo.

To the relief of Vang Phao and everyone else with whom Pop works, he has signed up for another two years in Laos. "I couldn't leave these people now," he says. Tragically, events in Laos since my visit may force Pop to leave them. At this writing, Communist troops have swept the royal government out of most of northwest Laos, and the effect of this move on the rest of the country is still uncertain. Pop and his beloved Meo tribesmen are in the northeast and thus were not directly involved in the recent Laos battles. But further Communist victories could so isolate the Meo that Pop would have to get out. Even if a solution is found in the much-sought coalition of neutrals, Communists and the royal government, most Americans on the scene predict that within a few months the Communists would control all of Laos. It is unlikely that they would want Mister Pop around "selling America." Thus Buell's heroic efforts may be frustrated. But, as he told me one day in the mountains, "I'm sowing seeds that, by God, someday is going to grow."

The Most Effective American

Other Americans also are sowing the seeds of democracy overseas, but in many travels to almost every part of the world I have never seen one who did it so effectively as Mister Pop. I told him one day that men with such a combination of simplicity, intelligence and guts are rare. He was embarrassed. "I ain't unusual," he said. "If you look around I think you will find at least one Edgar Buell in every rural county in America."

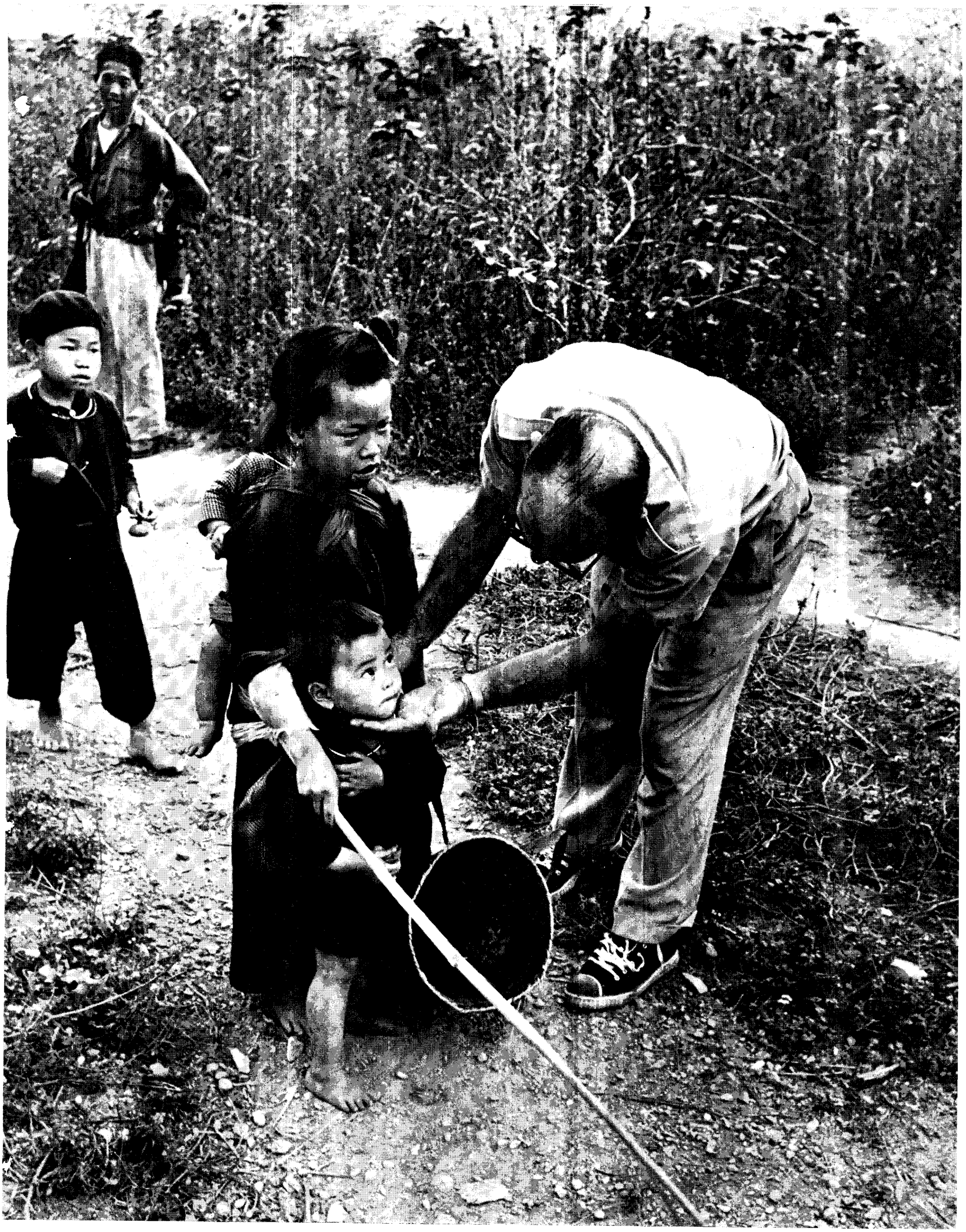
When I left Mister Pop in Laos, he was getting his garden seeds and supplies ready for a ten-day trek through mountains which, theoretically at least, are held by Communist forces. Pilots had reported seeing large bands of Meo refugees wandering the jungle trails in the area, and Pop was on his way to find them and help them if he could. He had never been in the area before and had no way of knowing whether his reception would be friendly or final. Just as I began writing this report, I received a letter from him, written from a tiny village which he described as being "real close to the enemy."

"For the first time since I can remember," he wrote, "I came off from Vientiane without my medicine kit.

"Was greeted here by a family who were the victims of a hand grenade, a sad sight. I got two young girls patched up by using what we had here, and put the father in the Helio-Courier and sent him to O.B. (the Operation Brotherhood hospital run by Filipino volunteers under sponsorship of the Manila and Vientiane junior chambers of commerce). The worst one (of the girls) I took to a house, washed and bandaged, and put her to sleep. A little boy is not too bad. If the girl is still alive and if a Helio can get in here, she will go to O.B. tomorrow.

"I have just ate again and am about ready for bed. Was you ever deep in the jungle at night, locusts chattering, plus some kind of hunting bird, a mortar shell (exploding) now and then, plus cold and dark? That is this place tonight. I believe I will leave my shoes on." THE END

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Near a remote mountain village Pop stops to offer encouragement to a little boy. He spends most of his spare time with children.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Moscow-Peking Rift

When the history of the '60's is written, it may be neither the Congo nor West Berlin, nor even Laos nor South Vietnam that will dominate our era. The growing rift between Soviet Russia and Communist China may prove to be more significant than any of the crises that have preoccupied us in recent times. Kremlinologists and demonologists no doubt will be probing the rift for many years to come, but even at this stage it is clear that the cleavage is deep and extends well back into the history of Sino-Soviet relations.

It was only in recent years, however, that the crack in the Communist bloc began to show. Khrushchev's astonishing denunciation of Stalin at the Twentieth Party Congress in 1956 set off the tremor. The Twenty-second Party Congress in Moscow last fall produced an incredible series of events. Khrushchev attacked Stalin and Albania's Enver Hoxha, and everyone knew his target was Red China. China's Chou En-lai retorted that the attack on Albania would "gladden the hearts of our enemies." He laid a wreath on Stalin's tomb and went home in an ideological huff. Khrushchev climaxed his attack on Stalin and Red China by ordering Stalin's corpse removed from its place beside Lenin. A barrage of insults between Moscow and Peking followed.

The Communists sometimes behave more like Groucho Marx than Karl, but all of this is a serious business, and no amount of papering over—as Russia and China have attempted in recent weeks—can conceal the rift. Writing in *Foreign Affairs*, Walter Z. Laqueur, an eminent authority on international Communism, says: "World Communism will never be the same again. . . . Communist ideologists have spent much time developing their theories about the emergence of Communism as a world system, a social, political and economic community of free and sovereign peoples united by close bonds of international proletarian solidarity, by common interests and objectives. . . . In 1962 all of this sounds like bitter mockery."

History is full of ironies, and not the least is the fact that the Communists, who boasted that history was on their side, are now being buffeted by history. Nationalism, as may well be expected, is showing itself to be a stronger force than world Communism.

There are more immediate reasons for the rift. Among the most important would seem to be: (1) The cult of Mao in China and Chinese contempt for Khrushchev, especially for his blundering—in their eyes—attack on Stalin, which opened a Pandora's box inside the Communist world; (2) War versus peaceful coexistence as the way to achieve Communist world domination; the Chinese espouse war and the Russians coexistence, both citing Lenin as their source; (3) Disagreement over Communist policy in uncommitted nations, with the Russians favoring aid for local nationalist movements and the Chinese advocating support for resident Communist parties; (4) Differences between a "have" nation (Russia) and a "have not" nation (China), which explain, in part at least, the "soft" line of Russia and the "hard" line of China: Russia has passed through its Stalinist period and has transformed itself by a ruthless effort into an industrialized society; China is attempting—or was until famine and starvation intervened—to transform itself overnight from a feudal into an industrial society.

It is hard to suppress a certain amount of wry satisfaction over the spectacle of the two great Communist powers squabbling between themselves, but it would be foolhardy for us to place any bets on the rift. Russia and China recently have drawn back from a final rupture. In case of war they no doubt would quickly gloss over their differences. It may even be that the rift will spur them to try to outdo each other as capitalism's enemies, in order to attract lesser Communist nations to their leadership. In any event, Russia and China are unalterably bent upon world domination. They differ as to the means, but if we should lose our freedom, it would matter very little how we lost it.

On Avoiding a Holocaust

President Kennedy has never for a moment considered adopting a preventive-war policy. He has never so much as discussed with his associates even the theoretical possibility of launching a "preemptive" nuclear attack against the Soviet Union.

These statements, which can be made on very high authority, will come as no surprise to informed Americans. Yet there is a good reason for making them here, on the editorial page of *The Saturday Evening Post*. An article, KENNEDY'S GRAND STRATEGY, by Stewart Alsop, appeared in our March 31 issue. In it editor Alsop quoted the President as saying that "in some circumstances we might have to take the initiative" with the nuclear weapon, if the "vital interests" of the United States were threatened. This statement was the signal for a blustering attack by the Soviets on the President and his policies. Soviet leadership has been using a distorted and out-of-context excerpt from the article to "prove" that President Kennedy is "hatching plans for a surprise rocket nuclear attack" on the Soviet Union. This campaign of distortion started immediately after the article was published, and it reached a climax on May Day with a speech in Moscow's Red Square by the Soviet Defense Minister, Marshal Malinovsky. Malinovsky chose the *Post* article for his text. The article proved, he claimed, that President Kennedy "would not hesitate to start a preventive atomic war" against Communist countries. Malinovsky issued an order of the day demanding "extreme vigilance" by the Soviet armed forces. More recently Khrushchev, in his meeting with presidential press secretary Pierre Salinger, reverted repeatedly to the *Post* article as proof of the President's aggressive intentions.

At no time in talking with Alsop, either on or off the record, was there the slightest suggestion by the President that he considered or ever would consider a preventive-war policy. On the contrary, the main theme of what Kennedy said, a theme to which he returned repeatedly, was the need to *avoid* being forced to resort to nuclear war.

There are actions which the Soviets themselves could take, which would threaten the vital interests of the United States and the West, and which would leave no choice but to use the nuclear weapon. In his talk with Alsop the President cited as an example a "clear attack on Western Europe." The point is that the United States would not rule out the possibility of using nuclear weapons if such an attack occurred. Clearly this is a far cry from preventive war. The President of the United States would be remiss in his duty if he did not use every weapon at his command to repel such an attack. But the essential purpose of the President's strategy is to reduce the risk of nuclear warfare by narrowing the area in which the Soviets might leave the West no choice but to resort to the nuclear weapon. As Kennedy has said repeatedly, he wants above all, by building the nonnuclear power of the West, to avoid a situation in which a Soviet challenge to our vital interests will confront the West with the stark "choice between surrender and all-out nuclear war."

Indeed, in everything he said to Alsop, as in so much that he has said elsewhere, President Kennedy showed a profound desire to avoid what he calls "the holocaust"—if a nuclear holocaust can be honorably avoided.

If the day ever comes when some aggressive move by the Communists leaves us no choice between "surrender and all-out nuclear war," then we must choose war—and "damned be he who first cries 'Hold, enough.'" But those who talk loosely and threateningly about using these infinitely terrible weapons, whether their names are Malinovsky or Walker, are little children playing with matches in an old wooden house on a dry and windy day. The President of the United States is no child.

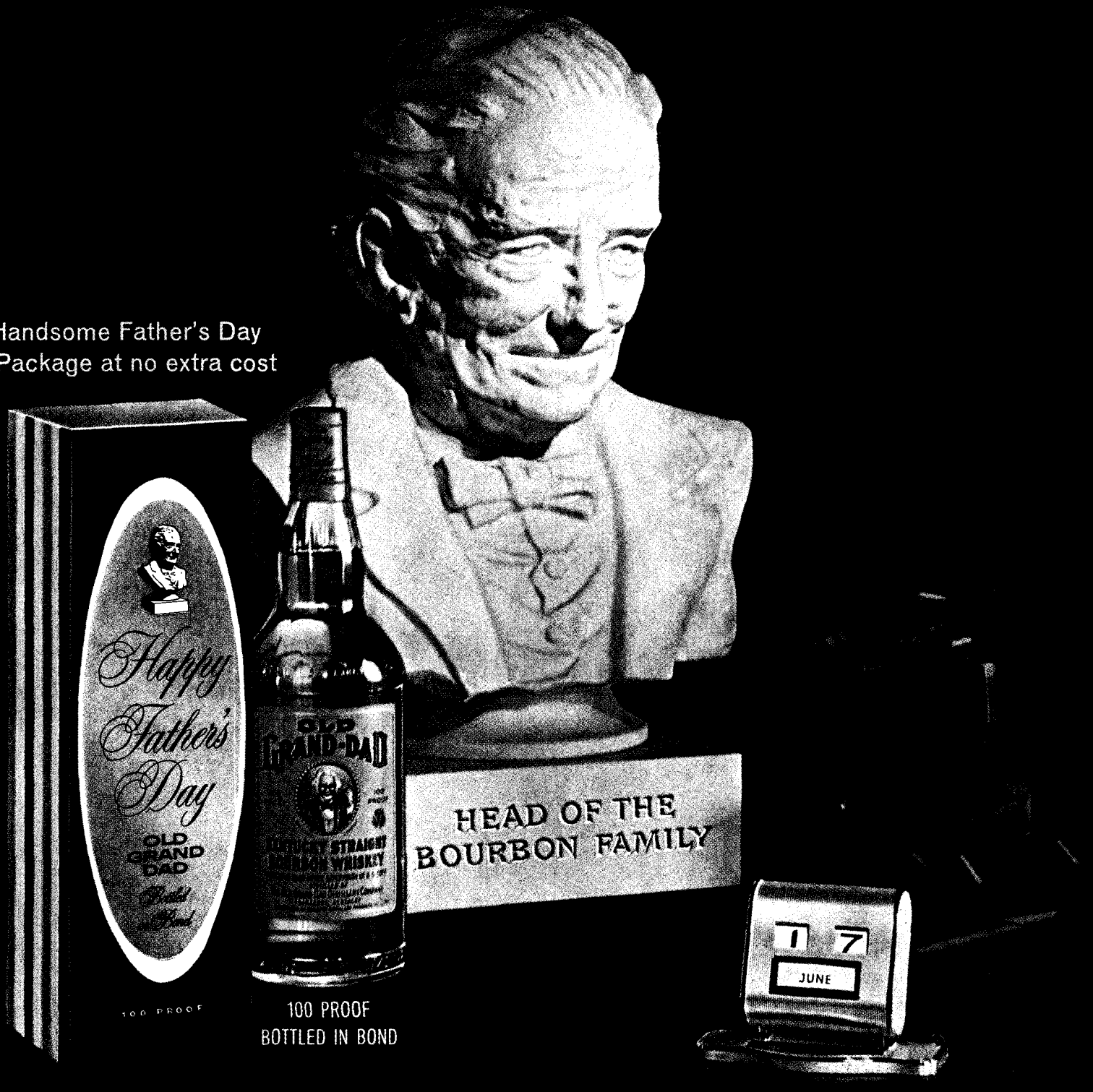
PRINTED IN U.S.A.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Give the Father's Day Favorite

REMEMBER DAD ON JUNE 17TH

In Handsome Father's Day
Gift Package at no extra cost



The Perfect Gift for the Head of Any Family

Good fathers deserve good things and Old Grand-Dad bottled in bond is the finest of all Kentucky bourbons. In its beautiful gift package, Old Grand-Dad is the most welcome of all gifts for Father's Day.

Old Grand-Dad

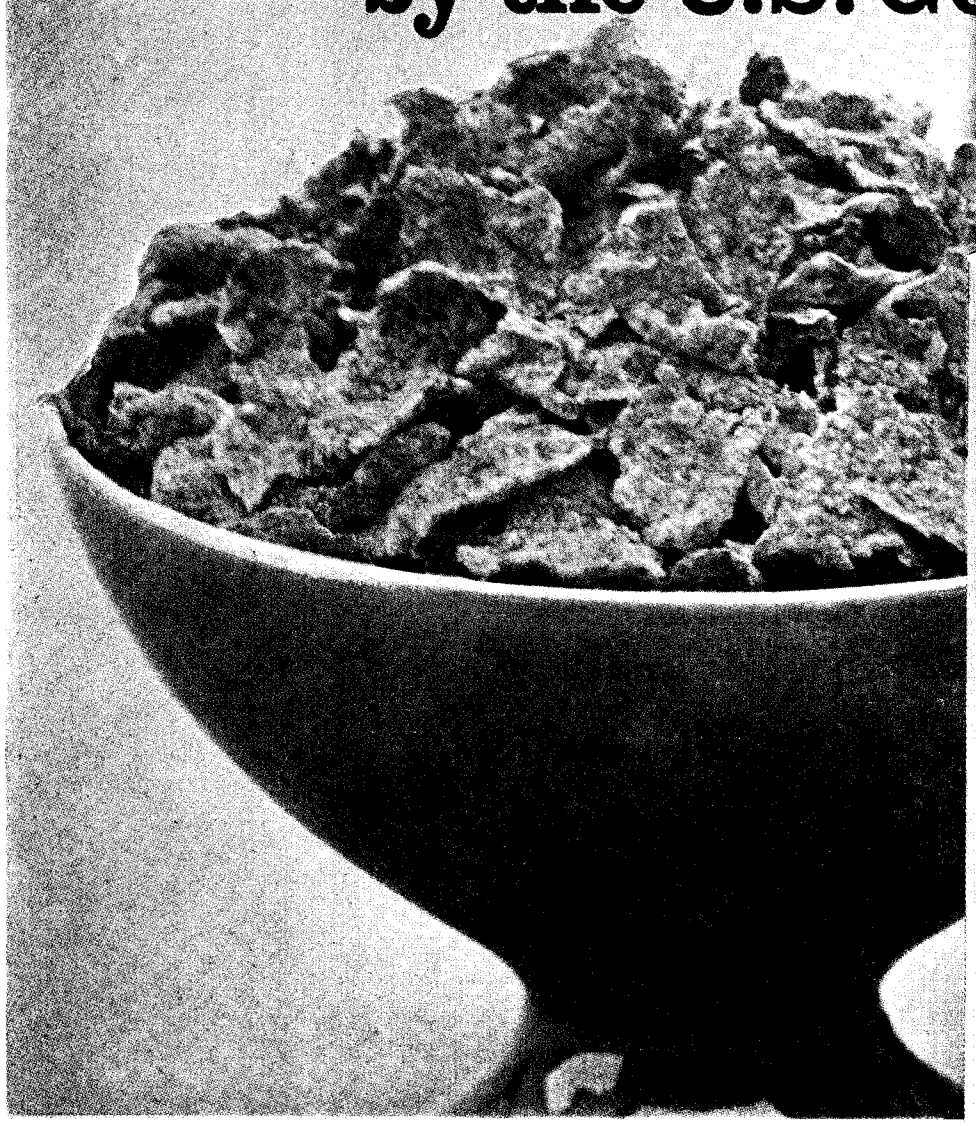
HEAD OF THE BOURBON FAMILY

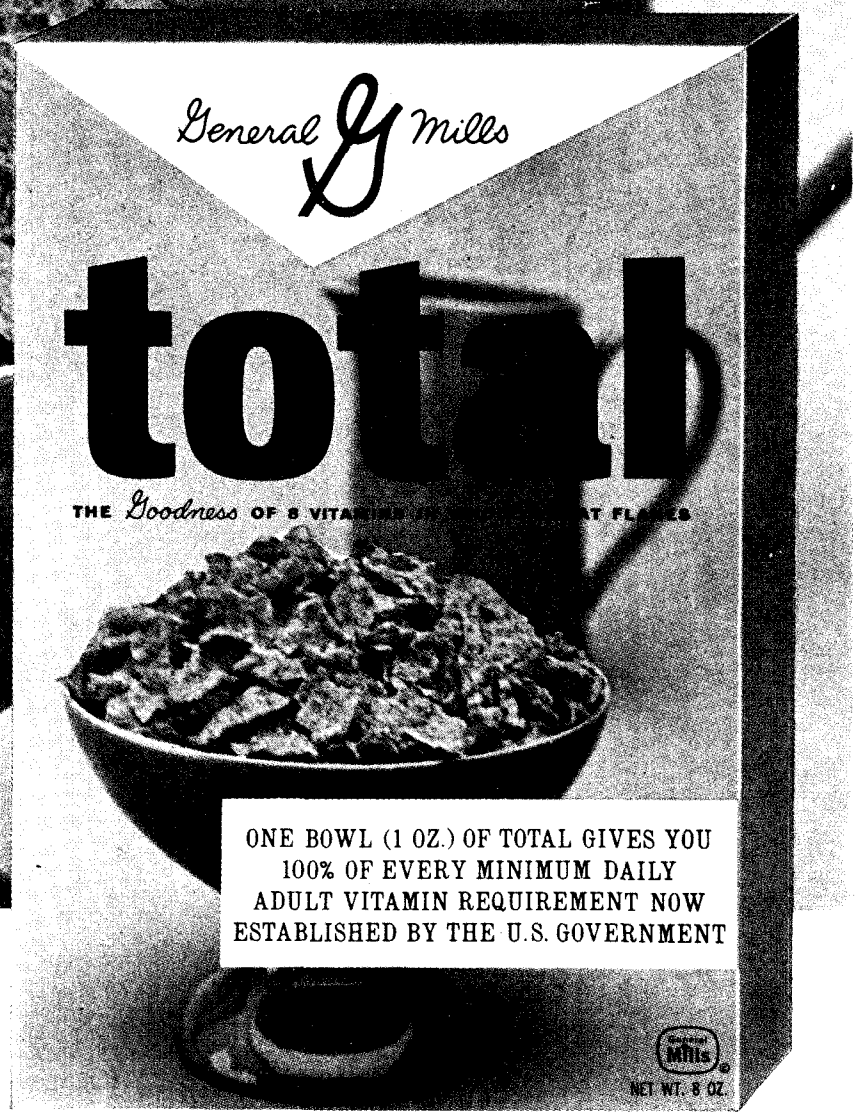
GIFT PACKAGE AVAILABLE IN STATES WHERE LEGAL • THE OLD GRAND-DAD DISTILLERY COMPANY, FRANKFORT, KENTUCKY • DISTRIBUTED BY NATIONAL DISTILLERS PRODUCTS CO.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

new! **total**! low-fat, low-calorie cereal!

One bowl (1oz.) of total gives you 100% of every minimum daily adult vitamin requirement now set by the U.S. Government





Enjoy total in the morning—
feel more vitamin-safe all day!

No other cereal—no other food on earth—gives you this **total** combination of five big advantages in a single one-ounce (1 cupful or bowl) serving **just as it comes out of the package!**

1. **VITAMIN ASSURANCE**—one hundred percent of every minimum daily adult VITAMIN requirement now set by the U. S. Government.
2. **LOW FAT—ONLY 2.2%.** One ounce has about as much fat as a ripe pear!
3. **ONLY 106 CALORIES**—about the same as a cup of fresh orange juice!
4. **NATURAL BULK** to comfortably satisfy the appetite!
5. **SUPERB FLAVOR!** Children as well as adults love the taste of these golden, richly-toasted wheat flakes. **total** is the good tasting way to give your family these 8 vitamins!

NEWEST BIG G CEREAL FROM GENERAL MILLS

Get all these vitamins in just one serving

% OF MINIMUM DAILY REQUIREMENTS IN 1 OZ.	
VITAMIN A	100%
THIAMINE (B_1)	100%
RIBOFLAVIN (B_2)	100%
NIACIN	100%
VITAMIN C	100%
VITAMIN D	100%
VITAMIN B_6	1.2 mg.*
VITAMIN B_{12}	2.2 mcg.*

*Minimum daily requirements have not been established for Vitamins B_6 and B_{12}.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED